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WHY
BATMAN AND
SUPERMAN
HATE EACH
OTHER

SERGIO ARAGONÉS BLASTS "THE FORCE AWAKENS"

MAD
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#538 APRIL 2016 \$5.99 CHEAP!

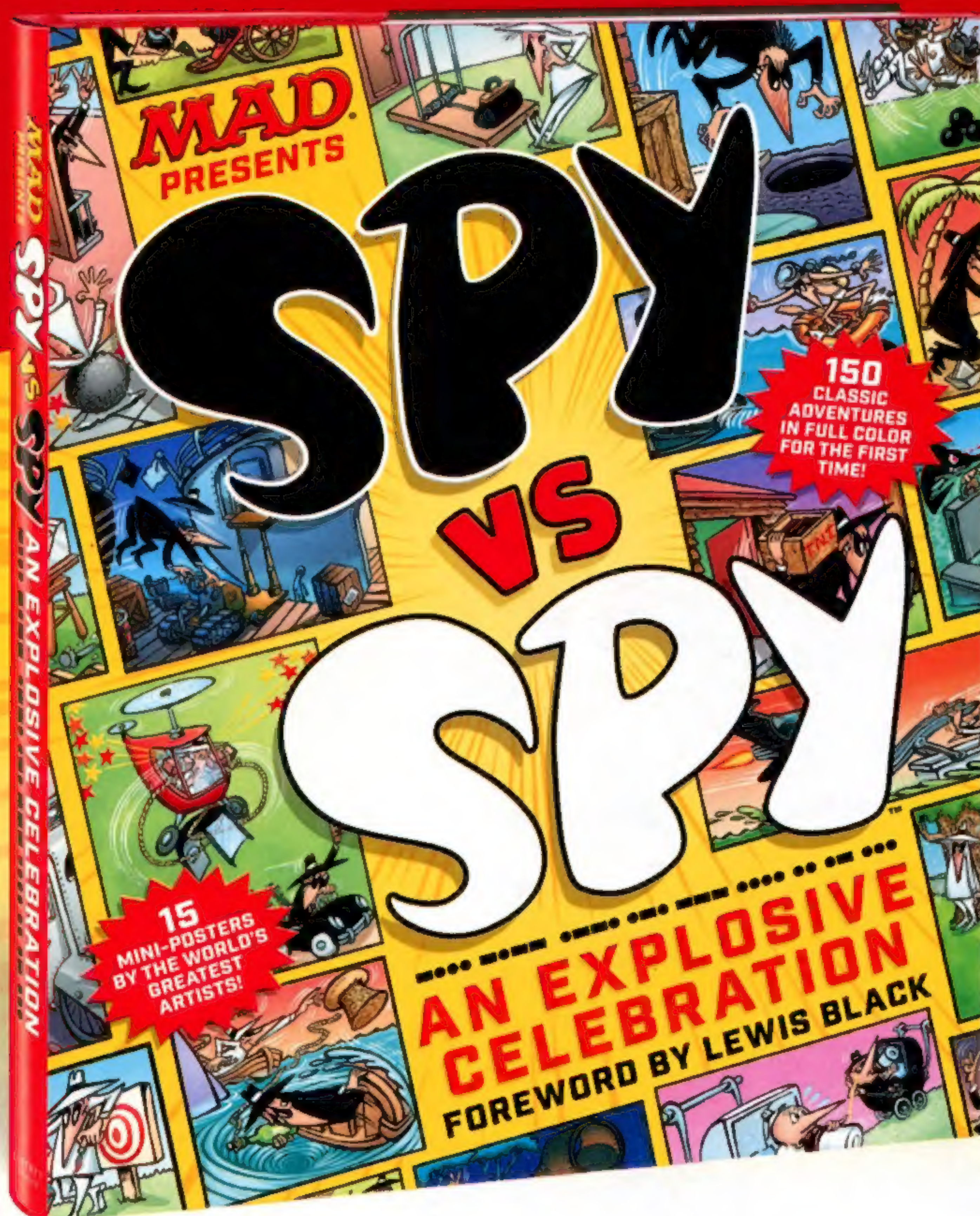


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LET THE BATTLES BEGIN!

NOW IN
FULL
COLOR



Special extras include Sergio Aragonés' illustrated memoir of the Spies' creator, Antonio Prohías, an ode to master cartoonist Peter Kuper, and exclusive new art by these acclaimed graphic artists:

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MAD's new Spy vs Spy anthology celebrates 150 classic adventures, now masterfully colorized for the first time.

WITH EXCLUSIVE FOREWORD BY SUPERFAN LEWIS BLACK!



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STREET

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MAD

Departments

Too many skinny dippers concentrate only on the dipping, and not enough on the skinny!



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APRIL 2016

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COVER ARTIST: MARK FREDRICKSON

Letters and Tomatoes

CELEBRITY SNAP: MAD OFFICES EDITION!

You never know who's going to stop by the MAD offices! (Seriously — the security here is terrible!) So we were pleasantly surprised when, instead of a disgruntled delivery man or particularly-ambitious Jehovah's Witness, we got to hang out with Neil Patrick Harris! He was even nice enough to recreate the celebrity snap he sent in almost 25 years ago!



KNOW WHEN TO FOLD 'EM

Ok I just don't get it. I love your magazine and I have bought MAD for a whole year now (I just asked for a subscription for Christmas), I even have some vintage ones from the 70s. I've seen lots of Fold-ins and I just can't seem to get them to work. I fold point A to B and the message just doesn't make sense. I know you guys are idiots, so how do you get them to work? Can you make a Fold-in that you don't have to fold in? I think you guys broke me.

Coleman Smith • Fort Smith, AR

Coleman and the Sea — Confession time: we've NEVER been able to do the Fold-in. And, at this point, we're too embarrassed to ask Al Jaffee to explain it. For the last 50 years, we've just taken Al at his word that whatever he hands in is a functional Fold-in! Whew — it feels good to finally admit that! But we're happy to honor your request for a "Fold-in that you don't have to fold in." Just turn to any other page in the magazine — boom! Wish granted! —Ed.

CORRECTION!

Look, we make mistakes. Many and often. Let's face it — none of us would have wound up working at MAD if that weren't the case. In fact, just this morning, we put Elmer's glue in our cereal instead of milk! Glue! How does that happen? Why is glue even on the breakfast table?!? Which brings us to our most recent screw-up — in MAD #537, we forgot to credit Desmond Devlin as the writer of "An Open Letter to SeaWorld Customers" and also neglected to credit Matt Lassen as the writer of "Bribes Made." What can we say other than "Sorry"? (Not much...on account of all the glue in our mouth.)

HELLO AND GOOD BYPASS

MAD has been a part of my life for over 50 years. We both made our worldly debuts in 1952, and my reading adventure with MAD began 10 years later; thanks to a forward-thinking uncle. Flash forward 53 years to 2015 and I'm introduced to emergency heart surgery. Nowhere near as funny as MAD. Thought you'd like to know that I'm good as new and looking forward to many more years with my beloved MAD.

Earl Holden • New York, NY

Holden a Grudge — We can't even begin to tell you how happy and relieved we were to read your letter! Not because of your recovery (that's fine and all, we guess), but because you said your surgical procedure wasn't as funny as MAD! That made our day! We've been a little down because, on a recent survey asking people how they like to spend their time, "reading MAD" ranked significantly below "undergoing emergency heart surgery"! They also ranked it under "enduring a shark attack," "eating my weight in thumb tacks" and "having phone sex with Kevin Hart." But we'll take this as a victory! Look out, dirty-talking Kevin Hart — we're gaining on you! —Ed.

PRESENTS, TENSE

I recently gave gift subscriptions of your magazine to two "friends"! Do you have any advice as to how I can best take advantage of them before they begin receiving your magazine and realize that I clearly don't like them?

Elias Kirtz • Astoria, NY

Kirtz So Good — Hmmm...well, you could tell your story in the pages of MAD and get some free stuff for having your letter published. How'd that be, super-pal? Your friends, on the other hand, get those free gift subs AND get you out of their lives, so it sounds like maybe they're the big winners in all this. Anyhooooo — enjoy the goodies! —Ed.

MAD BLURBS

On a recent installment of The NY1 Channel's "One on 1 with Budd Mishkin," Mishkin spoke to Pulitzer Prize-winning poet Gregory Pardlo. And, as is so often the case when a Pulitzer Prize winner is interviewed, the conversation turned to MAD Magazine's influence on his or her work. (Seriously, John Steinbeck couldn't talk five minutes without raving about Don Martin!)

“I've always been fascinated by those folding illustrations. And that is a metaphor, the Al Jaffee and the Rube Goldberg machines, this complexity is absolutely a metaphor for how I envision my own work, how I envision the poem. So these hidden correspondences — so you're looking at one image, and there's another image that's tucked within that, and there are deepening layers of meaning. That's absolutely how I come to the page.”

—Gregory Pardlo



MAD TWEETS

Lin-Manuel Miranda, the creator and star of the hit Broadway show *Hamilton*, recently took to Twitter in an obvious attempt to lose some followers.



Lin-Manuel Miranda

@Lin_Manuel · 30 Nov 2015



As long as Dick DeBartolo is still writing spoofs for @MADmagazine everything's gon' be okay. Funny and merciless, my whole life.

INDIAN INKED

Growing up in India in the 60s, MAD was difficult to obtain. New copies were expensive, and I could not afford them. Used, second-hand issues were in great demand. We schoolboys would delightfully pass them around. Your humor cuts across culture — even we Indians get it! After coming to the U.S., 18 years ago, the first magazine I ever purchased was MAD from a newsagent in Manhattan. It was a thrill to have a crisp, new copy of my own. I have been a regular subscriber for years. Your magazine is the most witty and intelligent contemporary publication. I especially commend you for acknowledging climate change, evolution and science. May you continue to regale people around the world.

Lalit Gupta • Decorah, IA

Cupta Noodles — Hold on a second — you said having an issue of MAD was “a thrill”? And MAD is “witty and intelligent”? And that we “regale people”? It sounds to us like in your reading of MAD, something was definitely lost in the translation, because none of that jibes with the product we’ve been putting out all these years. Thanks anyway — and given your kind words, it seems like we’ve been trying to appeal to the wrong country all these years. Maybe we should cater more to the complimentary and appreciative people of India! How big a place is India, anyway? Rhode Island-ish? Bear with us — we’re not exactly “globe guys.” —Ed.

AN OXY(GEN) MORON

Greetings from Singapore — we have been plagued by a bad case of air pollution and some have taken to using masks. Here is my crazy sister who came up with a novel way of getting Alfred in on the action.

Trevor Nerva • Serangoon North, Singapore

Nerva Say Die — We’re no experts on pollution (although our office’s kitchenette was recently declared a Superfund site by the EPA). However, we DO know that if you’re wearing a gas mask indoors, it’s not an “air pollution” problem, it’s a “house cleaning” problem. Just a thought, but maybe put down the mask and pick up a Swiffer, eh, jefe? —Ed.



WIRE WE HERE?

I am a wire sculptor and I have used Sir A. E. Neuman in several of my sculptures and drawings over the years. I thought you might like this particular piece. It’s called “The Night Rex Discovered MAD Magazine in the Garbage.” Everything except the light bulb and base were hand-crafted. Here’s the story. My oldest brother Mike was a smart, serious kid. In 1961 when Mike was 12, he spotted a paperback book in the gutter when he was walking home from school. It was *The MAD Reader*. The book featured “Super-Duperman” — my brother was a huge Superman fan at the time. This version of his boyhood hero shook him to the core. At that young, impressionable age he was introduced to cynicism and satire. He realized there was more than one way to look at life. That was his epiphany, the episode that shaped his character. This piece is dedicated to my satirical, cynical, very funny brother Mike.

Wendy Ballen • Santa Cruz, CA



Ballen and Shotcallin’ — Consider this: every issue of MAD is guaranteed to end up in the trash! And — statistically — of all those discarded issues, at least one of them will be pulled from the garbage by a giant anthropomorphic dog! Life imitates art! Well, maybe “art” is too strong a word. But life imitates whatever it is you’re doing. Uncanny! —Ed.

READING BETWEEN THE PUNCHLINES

I am 64 years old. I have been following MAD since I first learned to read. Would you please say something sarcastic about this?

John Lockwood • Washington, D.C.

Locky Charms — So you’ve been following MAD for six months? Big deal! —Ed.



Letters and Tomatoes



PORN TO LOSE

I wanted to tell you about my introduction to MAD Magazine, because it still haunts me. I was in sixth grade and a friend of mine gave me two issues on the bus that morning. These issues were #455 and #419 (the version with Padme and Anakin and the "limp lightsaber"). As I put them in my locker, the girl with the locker next to mine took one look at the limp lightsaber and ran off screaming that I had porn! The principal opened my locker in front of everyone and took me to his office, saying I knew better than to bring "dirty magazines" to school. I tried saying it was just MAD, not porn, but he said he didn't see a difference. He called my mom and I received "corporal punishment." I never forgave the girl or the principal and now MAD comes to my house, so no one can see my shameful MAD Magazine porn collection.

Joseph Metcalf • Crossville, TN

Slippery When Metcalf — You know, we hear a lot about how education is suffering and the schools in this country are failing their students (and judging by the quality of the letters we receive, there's quite a bit of validity to that argument). But things can't be that bad if America still has schools where MAD is not only prohibited, but a student caught with an issue can be paddled! If more schools had that kind of "zero tolerance" policy for stupidity, maybe we wouldn't be getting crushed by China! On the upside, we still lead the world in producing MMA fighters and professional eaters! U-S-A! U-S-A! —Ed.

IT'S GONNA BE A BUMPY WRITE

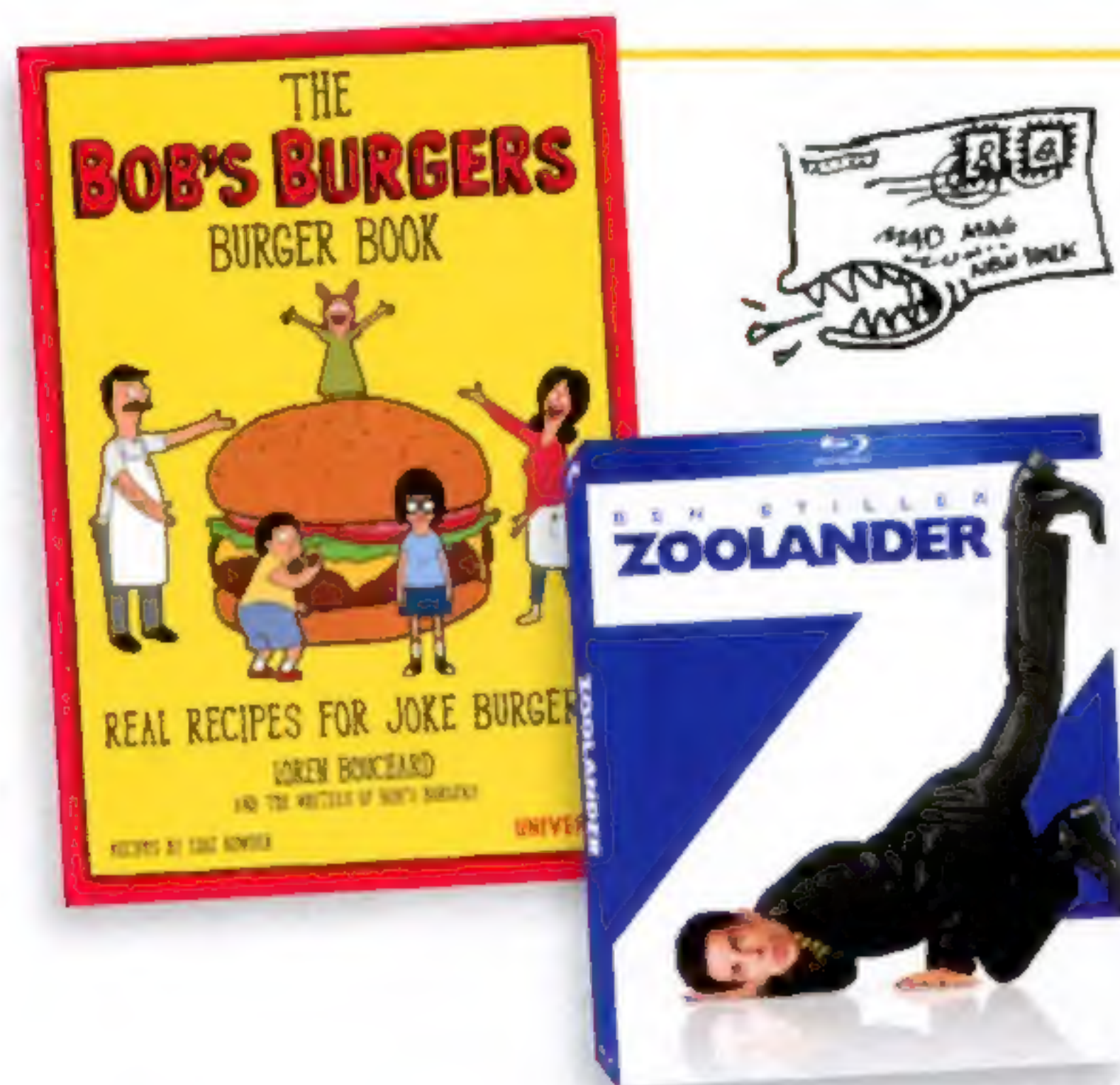
Long time reader, first time writer. No, I mean, it's my first time writing anything. I think reading your magazine's crude jokes and stupidity made my brain get the wrong idea. Of course, I still read it. Maybe you should put an addiction warning on the cover. Good bye, college.

Lee Lohman • Gaston, OR

Lohman on the Totem Pole — Not a bad first effort! Most of the words make sense, and are in (more or less) the correct order — which puts you ahead of most MAD staffers (and a good portion of our readers). Still, addiction is a serious problem. And in our experience, the best way to beat it is to quit cold turkey — which means you must never write to us again. It's for your own good (and it'll be pretty great for us, too). Good bye, Lohman! —Ed.

FOLLOW MAD ONLINE!

Looking for a way to waste time AND open yourself up to public ridicule? You're in luck! You can do both simply by liking us on Facebook and following us on Tumblr and Twitter! It's a perfect plan! (Except for the ridicule — but that's your problem, not ours!)



READER ALERT

Was your letter printed in this issue? Well, guess what, Shakespeare — all that writing is finally paying off! You'll be receiving a copy of *The Bob's Burgers Burger Book* by Loren Bouchard, from our friends at Universe Publishing; *Lego Star Wars: Small Scenes From a Big Galaxy* by Vesa Leh- timäki, courtesy of our buds at DK Publishing; *Batman: Bad Blood*, from our chums at Warner Bros. Home Entertainment; and a copy of *Zoolander*, courtesy of our amigos at Paramount Home Media Distribution. What are you waiting for? Put quill to parchment and send a missive our way!



MAD

MAD #539 is on sale April 19!

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John Ficarra Senior VP & Executive Editor

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Dave Croatto Editor
Jacob Lambert Associate Editor

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Ryan Flanders Associate Art Director
Mallory Herman Assistant Art Director
Marc Russo Production Artist

Contributing Artists And Writers
The Usual Gang of Idiots

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MAD

ALFRED'S UMBRELLA
By KELLY FREAS
FIRST EDITION

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CHIPOTLE'S NEW FOOD-SAFETY PRECAUTIONS

Sour cream will no longer be stored next to the twenties in the cash register

"Just stirring it in" is no longer an acceptable reaction after sneezing into the guacamole

Produce will no longer be procured from Farmer Sketchy's BrownWater Farms™

Any cheese that's a suspicious shade of green will be given a good, healthy sniff before being served



Raw Chicken Burritos Deluxe will immediately be removed from the menu

Flour tortillas will no longer be kept under the men's room sink

Adding a few gallons of Purell into the salsa, just to be on the safe side

Any table on which a customer vomits and/or poops blood after eating a Chicken Bowl will be temporarily cordoned off

Helpful new signs will be posted in all restrooms: "You Take A Dump, You GOTTA WASH YOUR HANDS!!!"

Artist: Chris Houghton

Eckstein Marks the Spot



"Take, opinions are like podcasts, everyone has one."

Writer and Artist: Bob Eckstein

Groucho Marx Character or Nobel Prize Winner?

- | | |
|---------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1) George Schmidlap | 11) Rufus T. Firefly |
| 2) Jeffrey T. Spaulding | 12) Emile J. Keck |
| 3) P. Showalter Hench | 13) Leo J. Rainwater |
| 4) Julius "Julie" Axelrod | 14) Rolf M. Zinkernagel |
| 5) Quincy A. Wagstaff | 15) Hugo Z. Hackenbush |
| 6) J. Cheever Loophole | 16) R. Adolf Zsigmondy |
| 7) D. Crowfoot Hodgkin | 17) Otis B. Driftwood |
| 8) S. Quentin Quale | 18) Wolf J. Flywheel |
| 9) J. Warcup Cornforth | 19) J. Rudyard Kipling |
| 10) G. Hoyt Whipple | 20) Rudolf L. Mössbauer |



ANSWERS: Groucho played numbers 1, 2, 5, 6, 9, 11, 12, 15, 17 and 18. Nobel Prizes were awarded the rest.)

Writer: Desmond Devlin Artist: Rick Tulka

Hamilton on Rye



"THEY'RE TASTY, BUT YOU HAVE TO BE CAREFUL NOT TO CHOKe ON THEIR SELFIE STICKS."

Writer and Artist: Tim Hamilton

LESSER-KNOWN WEDDING SUPERSTITIONS

IT'S GOOD LUCK...  If the groom doesn't see the bride in her dress before the wedding.	IT'S BAD LUCK...  If the bride sees the groom in her dress before the wedding.
IT'S GOOD LUCK...  If the couple wants to save the top layer of the cake for their one-year anniversary.	IT'S BAD LUCK...  If the couple wants to save the top layer of the cake to divide equally upon their divorce.
IT'S GOOD LUCK...  To catch the bride's bouquet.	IT'S BAD LUCK...  To catch the bride with the best man out in the back alley.

Writer: Matt Lassen Artist: Paul Coker



Tom Brady

Had lackeys deflate his balls.

CHEATING

Pass It On.

NOVALUES.COM
THE FOUNDATION FOR A CRAPPY LIFE


Writer: Caitlin Bitzegaio

The Stupid 7 FICTION ABOUT FICTION

- 1 John Grisham used to sell his early novels out of the trunk of his car. For old time's sake, he still does.
- 2 *Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone* was originally a book of slow-cooker recipes, but things got out of hand somewhere along the way in the second draft.
- 3 In addition to his numerous memoirs, Barack Obama used to write Regency romance novels under the pen name Clarissa McCrimson.
- 4 If you read the book carefully, there are actually only *thirty-seven* shades of grey mentioned.
- 5 Most years, the Pulitzer Prize committee just picks winners' names out of a hat without slogging through each and every novel.
- 6 Unlike the movie adaptation, most characters in the book version of *The Color Purple* were white.
- 7 Herman Melville was working on an even longer *Moby Dick* sequel, featuring an octopus named Purple Fred, but the author died before finishing the first chapter.



Writer: Jeff Kruse Artist: Phil McAndrew



Kanye West

Every reason to smile, but doesn't.

DICKISHNESS

Pass It On.

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Photo: Dreamstime
Writer: Caitlin Bitzegaio

Pull My Cheney



"SO MUCH FOR THE MINEFIELD - NOW ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS GET PAST THE RECEPTIONIST."

Writer and Artist: Tom Cheney

3 REASONS TO WORK OUT

Being able to crack open walnuts with your butt cheeks is an awesome party trick.

Having a constantly oiled-up body means you can just belly-slide anywhere you need to go.

The loud clangs of the weight machine provide the perfect cover for your protein shake farts.



...AND 3 REASONS TO NOT WORK OUT

Never sweating means you can wear the same shirt for weeks at a time.

You'll be irresistible to girls with a Pillsbury Doughboy fetish.

If stranded on a desert island, you can live off that spare tire long after your fellow "in-shape" castaways have starved to death.



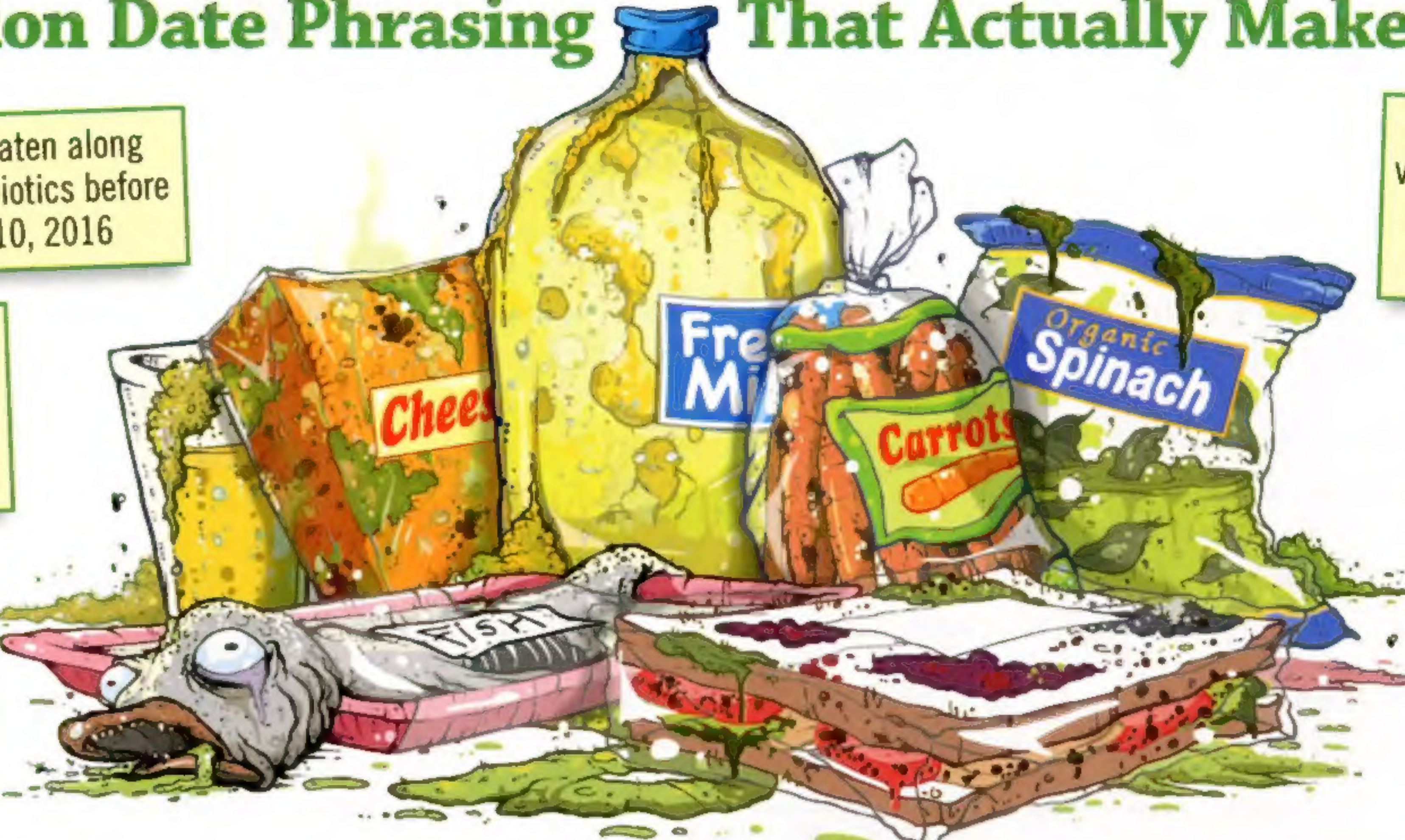
Writer: Mike Morse
Artists: Evan Dorkin & Sarah Dyer

Expiration Date Phrasing That Actually Makes Sense

Best if eaten along with antibiotics before April 10, 2016

Legally exempt from all responsibility if not consumed by March 4, 2016

May cause cognitive impairment if eaten after Novembuary 43, 20Z%



Less likely to cause vomiting and stomach cramps if eaten by February 26, 2016

Keep out of reach of suicidal persons after May 8, 2016

Probably still edible if smothered in hot sauce and spices after June 6, 2016

Writer: Jeff Kruse
Artist: Josh Mecouch



Ivanka Trump

Got a job from her father.

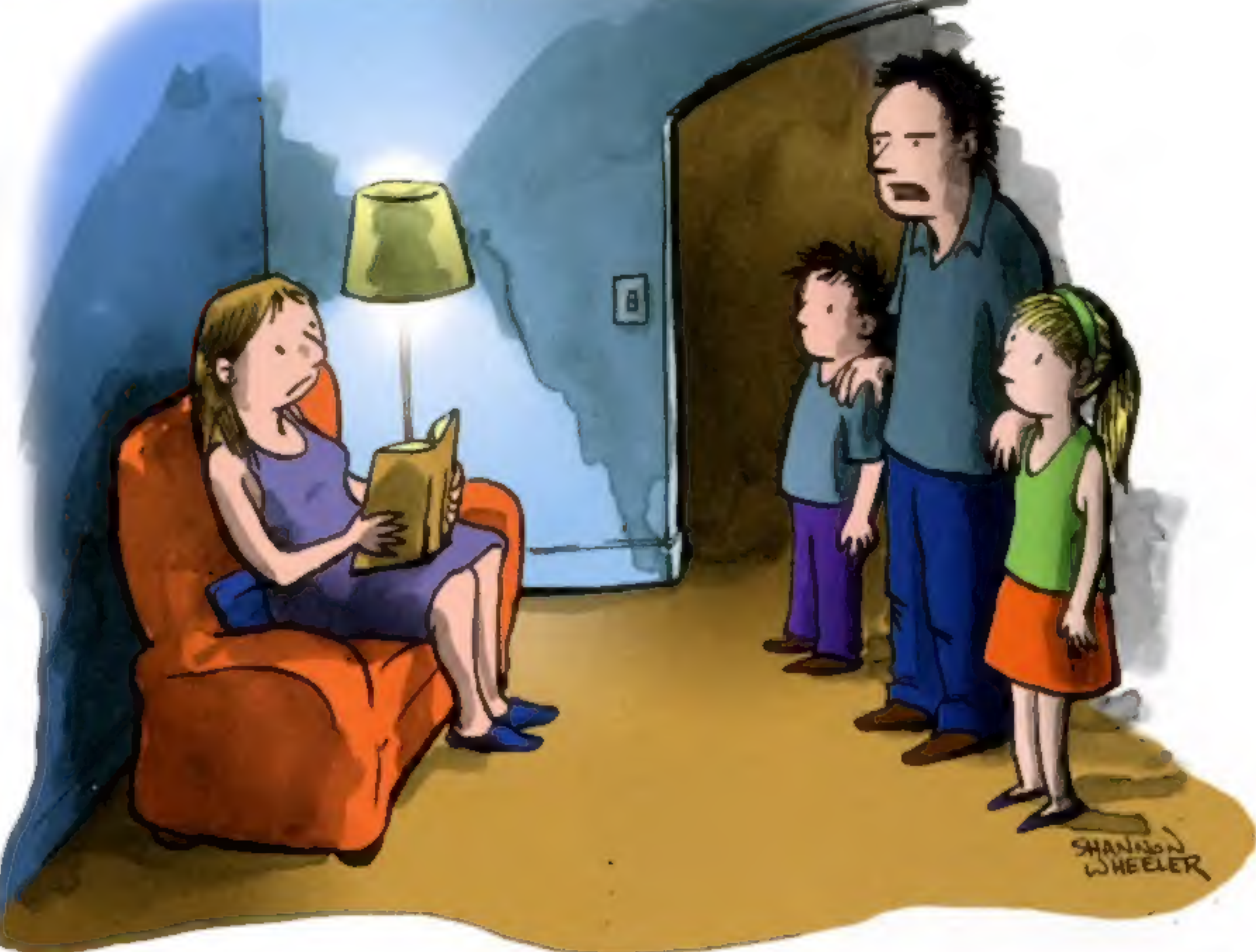
NEPOTISM

Pass It On.

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Writer: Caitlin Bitzegaio

The Squeaky Wheeler



"I CAUGHT THEM PLAYING 'AIRPORT SECURITY.'"

Writer and Artist: Shannon Wheeler

BENEFITS OF HAVING IRON MAN AS PRESIDENT



He could be his own Air Force One, and even fly other elected officials around to save taxpayer money.



He'd make the coolest Supreme Court appointments ever.



Watching him throw out the first pitch at baseball games would be highly entertaining.

Writer: Mike Morse
Artist: Justin Peterson

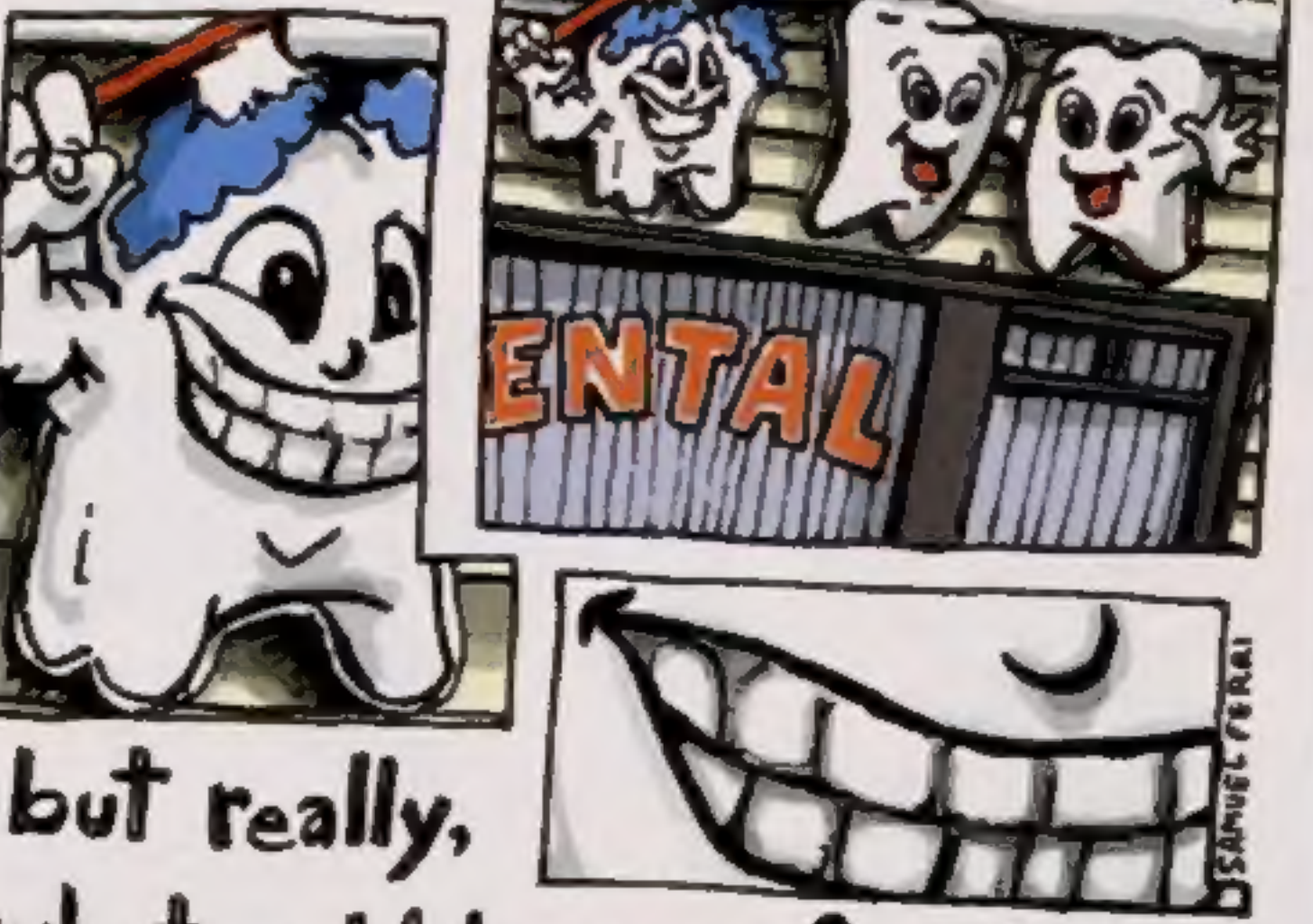
Samuel Ferri's Misconnected Moments

What a relief that movie companies finally offer pre-ordering for digital downloads.



No one wants to go online the day of release and discover that the internet ran out.

It seems like dentists will sometimes use images like this to make themselves seem more approachable.



but really, what could be more frightening than a tooth with teeth?

While in a hotel, I suddenly had an UNBELIEVABLE, Earth-shattering craving for soda. Then, like magic, I found two half-drunk bottles sitting by the elevator...



and realized it was a more mild urge than I'd thought.

Writer and Artist: Samuel Ferri



Brian Williams

Reported fiction as news.

BULLSH*T

Pass It On.

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Writer: Caitlin Bitzegaio

Craigslist Missed Connections We'd Hate to See

personals > missed connections

- ★ I was in the 48th row at the Beyoncé concert wearing a blue t-shirt. You were onstage singing "Single Ladies"...Call me?
- ★ We met on Black Friday at Wal-Mart. You were wearing a sweater with cute little reindeer on it. I was stabbing you in the neck over a LEGO Star Wars playset. Want to grab a coffee sometime?
- ★ You were at the free clinic reading People magazine. I was the guy in the baseball cap itching uncontrollably. Wanna get together in, say, seven to ten days?
- ★ You came to my bank branch last week wearing a clown mask, waving a shotgun and demanding large, unmarked bills. I thought to myself, "Finally, a man who knows what he wants!" Call me!
- ★ To the extra-grabby TSA agent working at Denver International Airport last Tuesday: Was it really just a "random" screening...or something more?

Writer: Kenny Keil

FALLOUT FROM CLAIMS THAT PROCESSED MEATS CAUSE CANCER

Upon request, Applebee's will remove one of the nineteen strips of bacon from its Triple Bacon Burger

The FBI has added Oscar Mayer to its Most Wanted List

Sales of Soylami have doubled, bringing the total number of American Soylami eaters to four



The frantic executive staff at Boar's Head convened an emergency meeting in The Baloney Room

Dogs who eat Snausages are 52% more likely to get Snancer

Office workers now have to go outside to enjoy a ham sandwich

Hormel announced they're replacing the trace amounts of rat hair in their hot dogs with trace amounts of chemotherapy drugs

Incredibly, vegetarians have become even *more* smug and condescending

Artist: Kevin Pope

Oy Vey!



"HEY FRANK, CAN YOU DRY OFF MY IPHONE?"

Writer and Artist: P.C. Vey



Floyd Mayweather

Undefeated,
against all
genders.

DOMESTIC VIOLENCE

Pass It On.

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THE FOUNDATION FOR A CRAPPY LIFE

Writer: Caitlin Bitzegaio



DONALD

GOP NUTS

A MAD POLITICAL MOVIE POSTER

SERGIO ARAGONÉS
 PRESENTS

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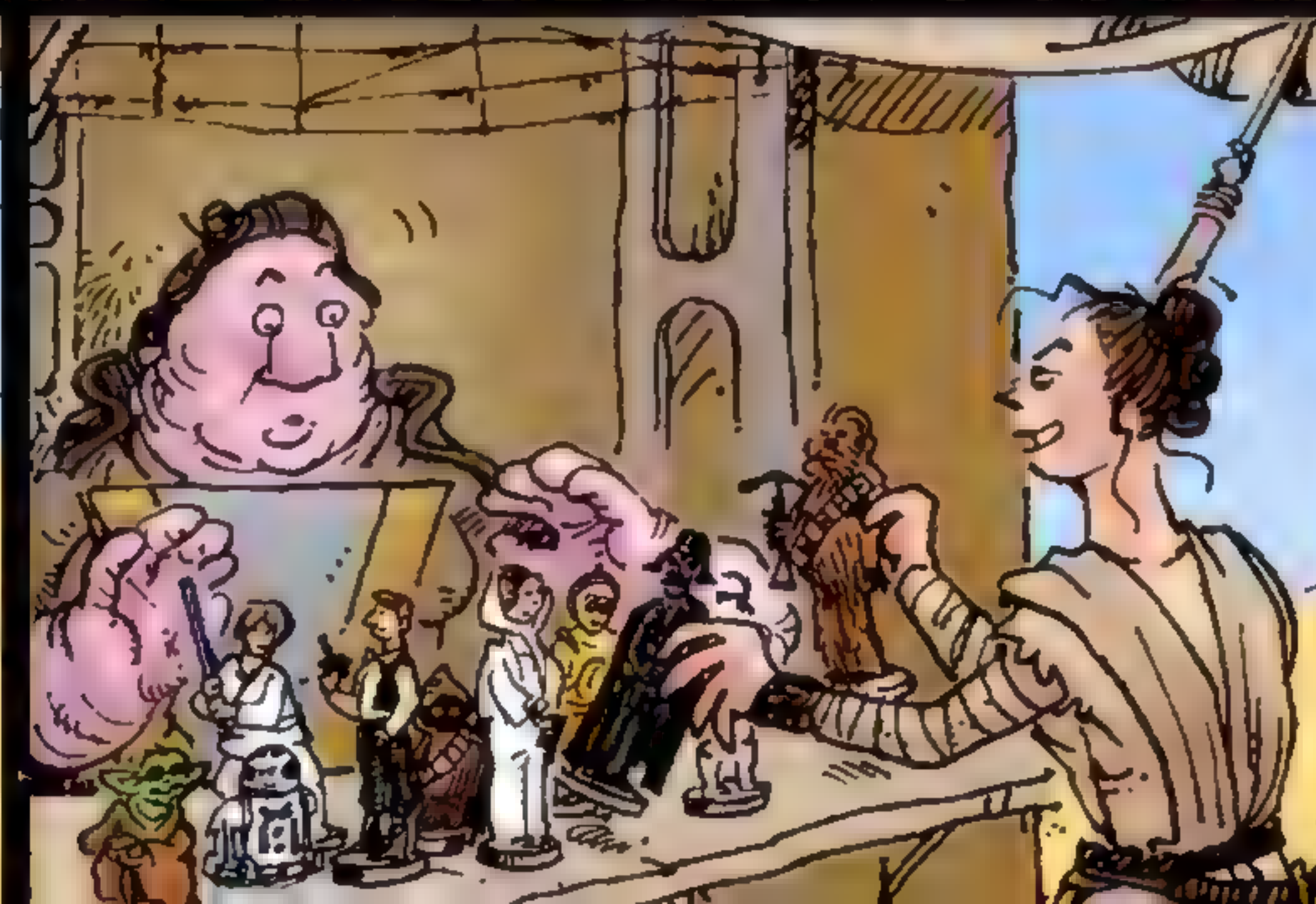
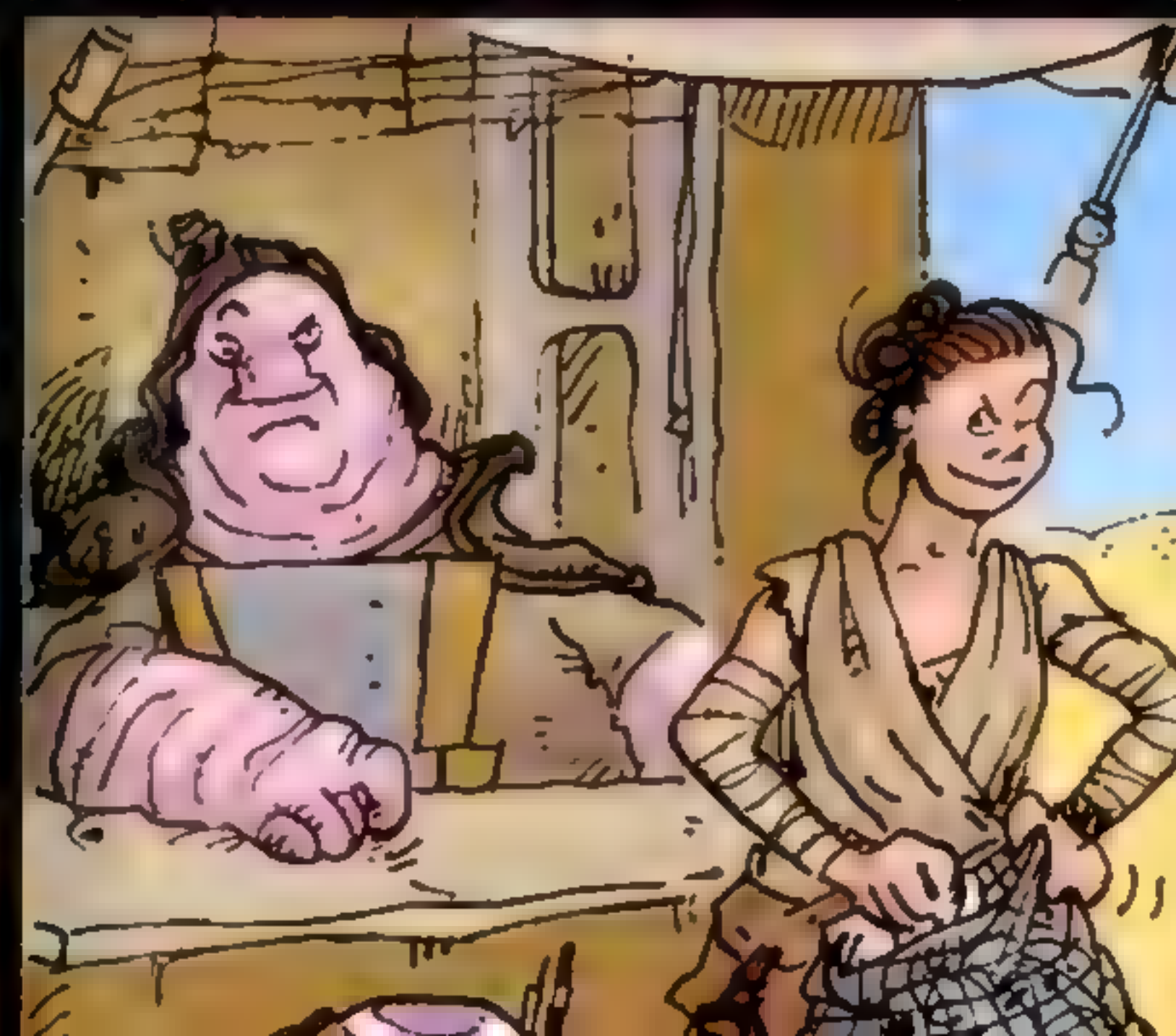
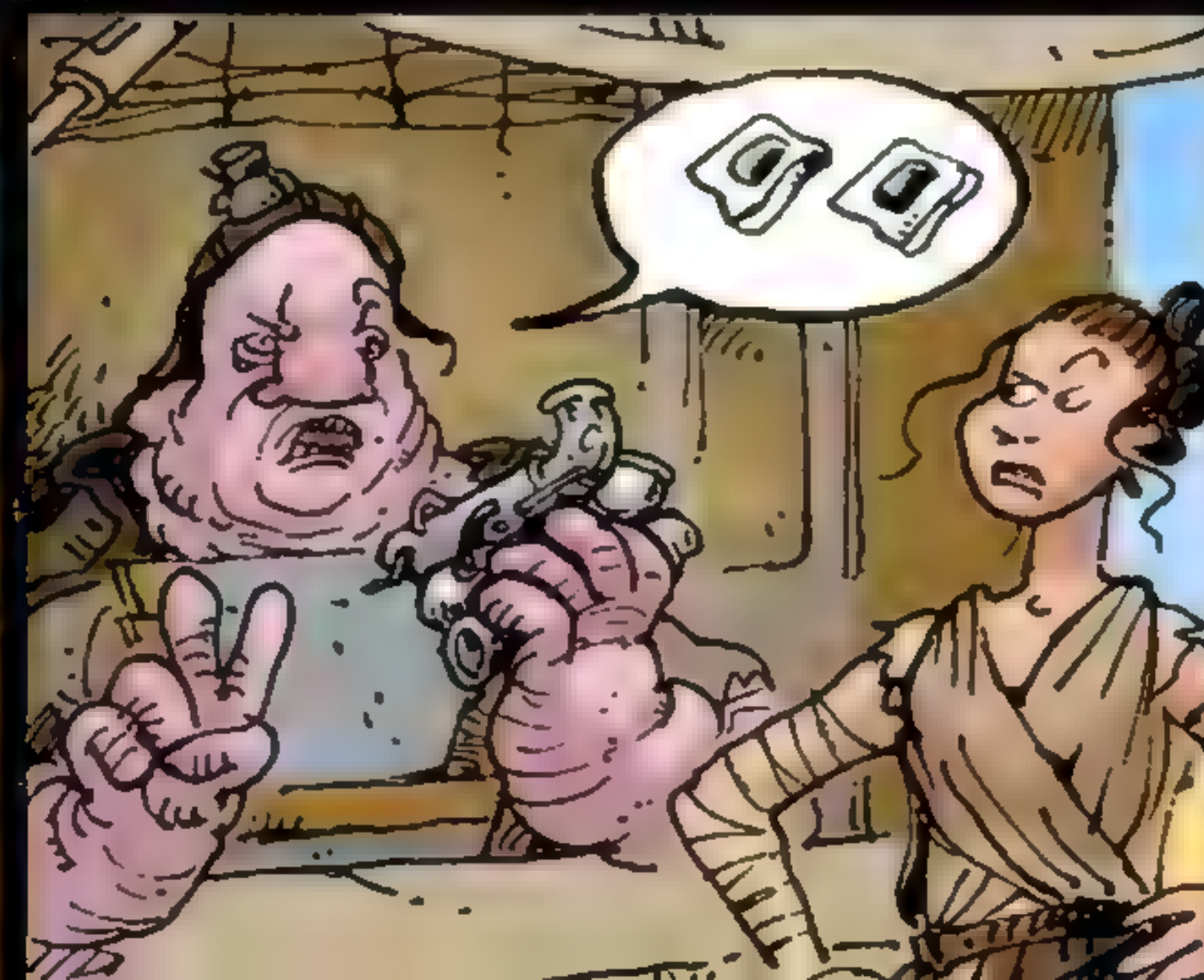
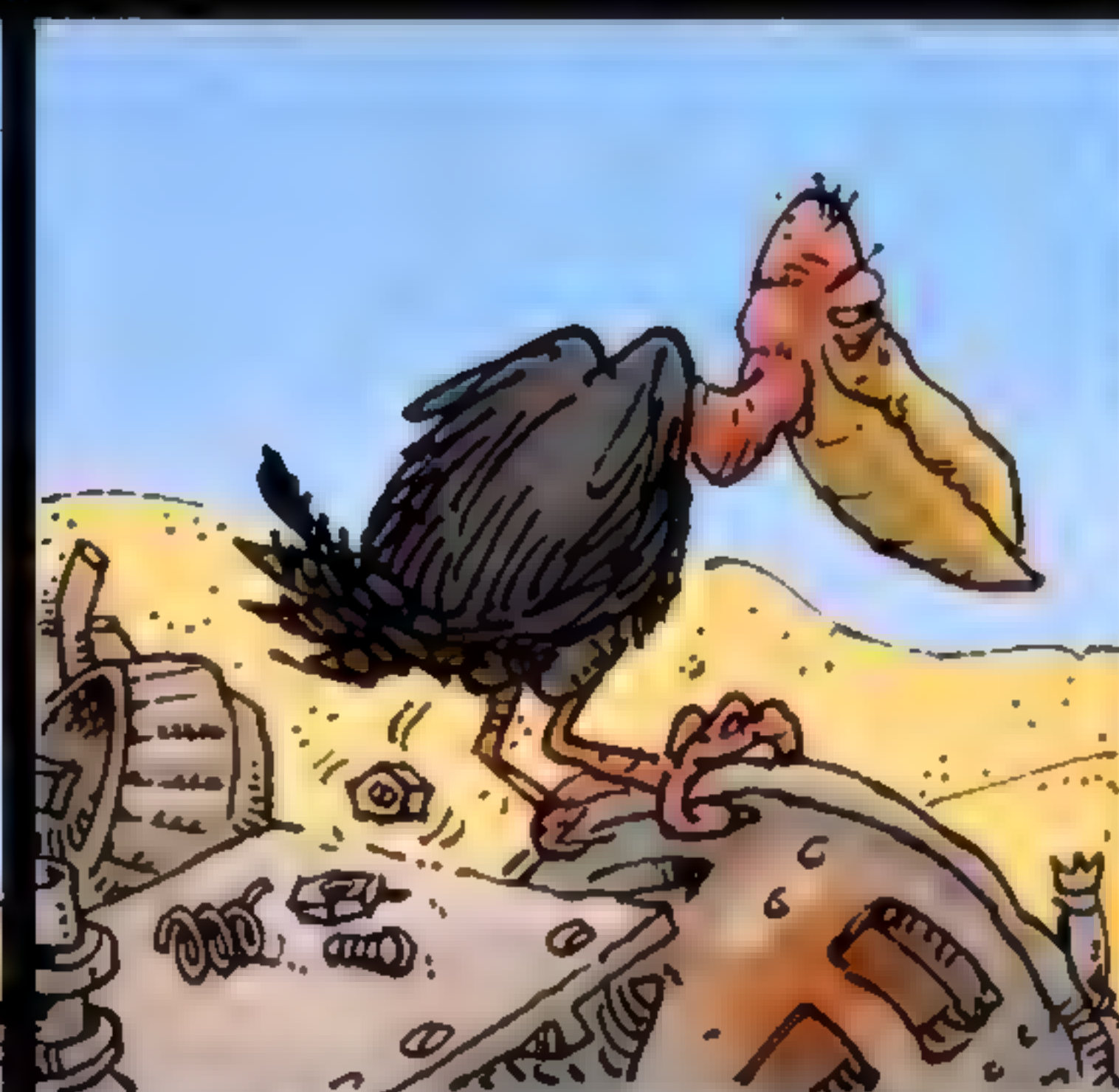
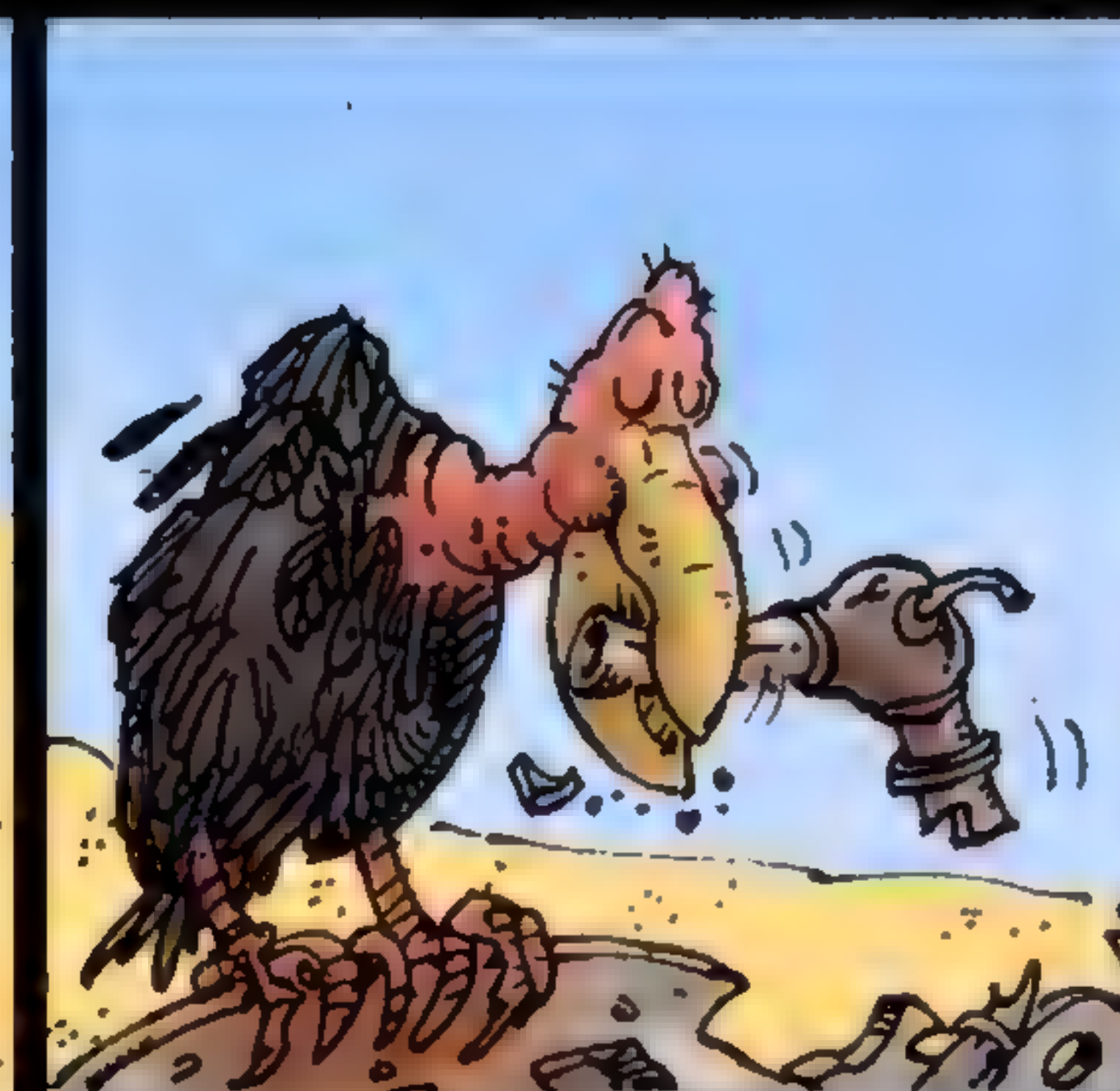
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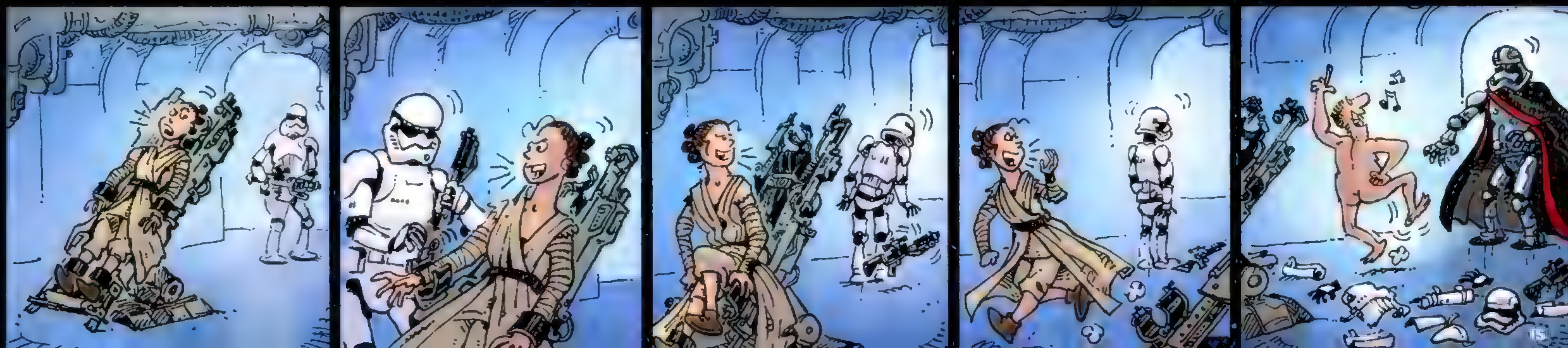
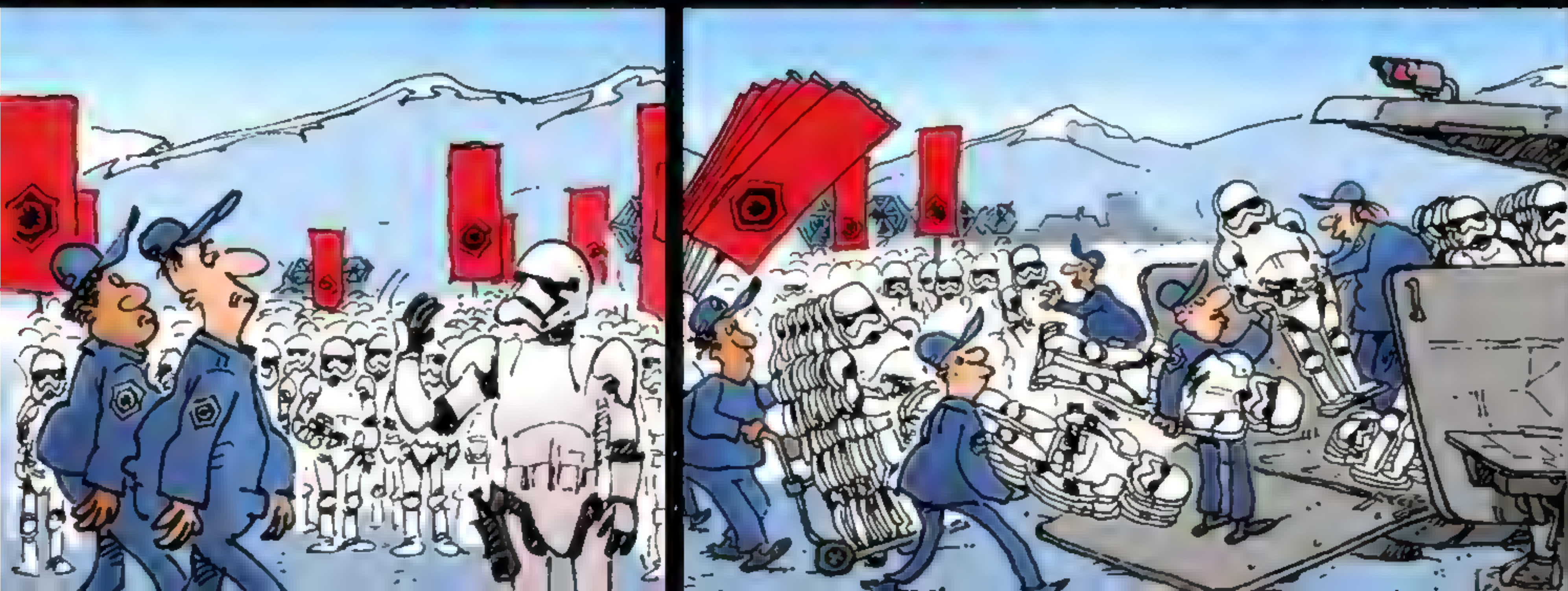
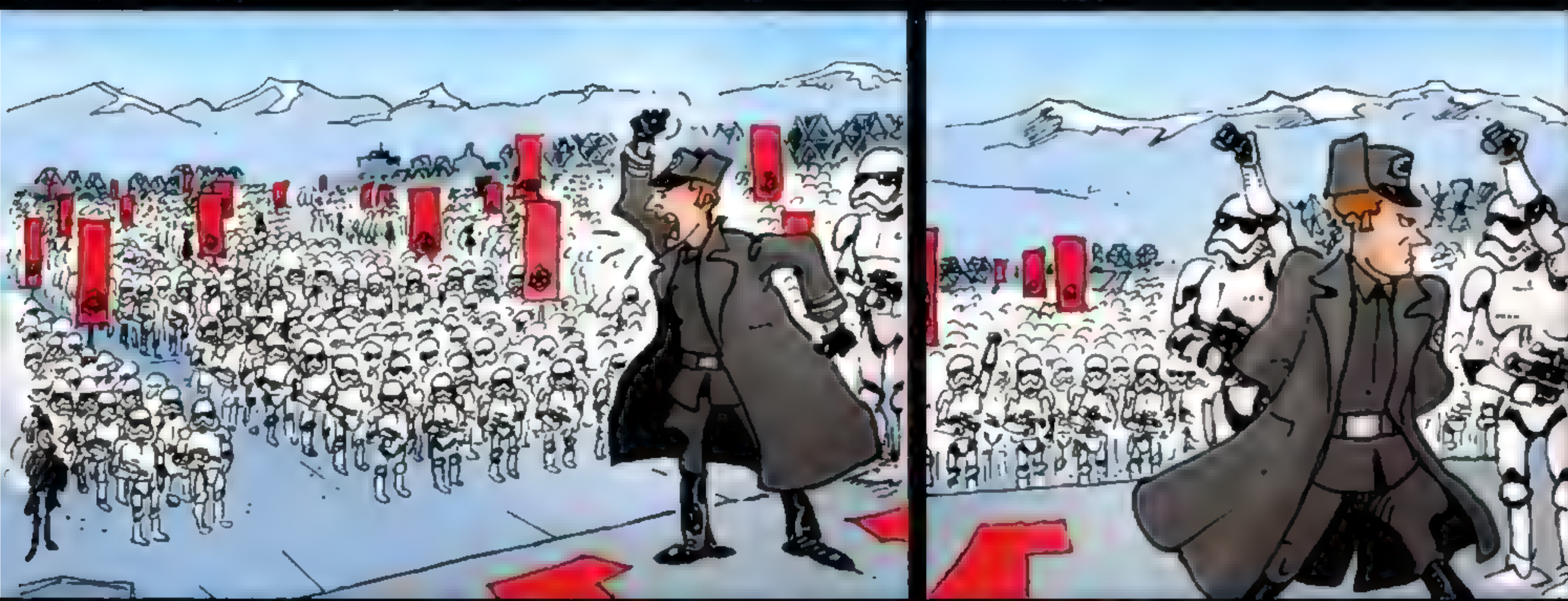
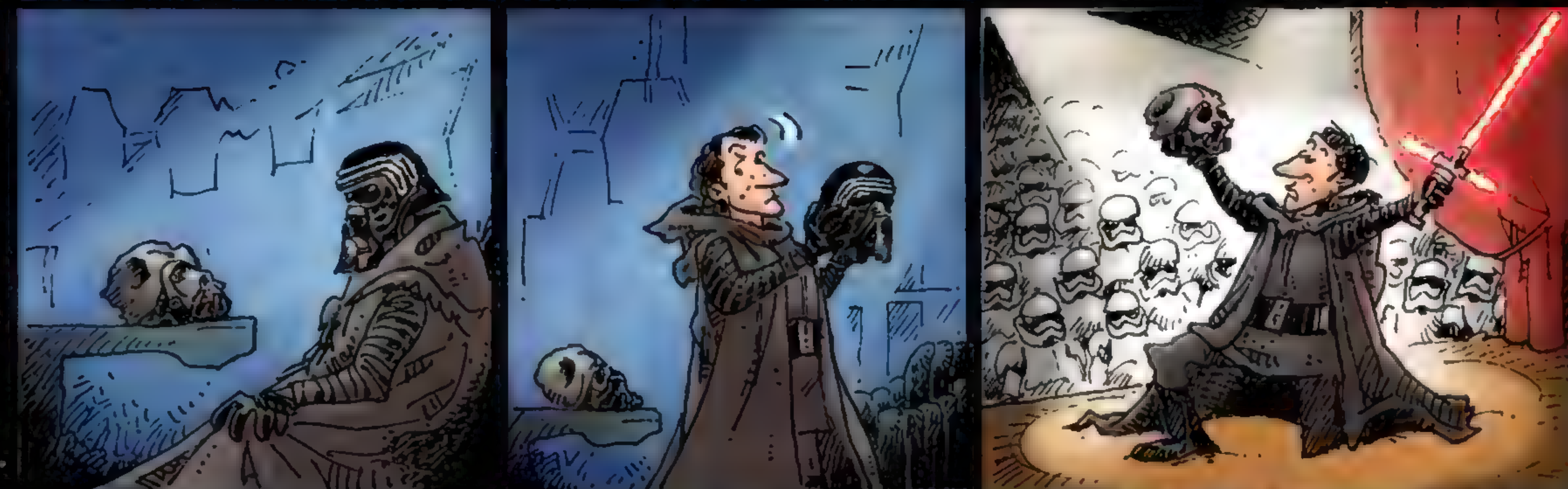
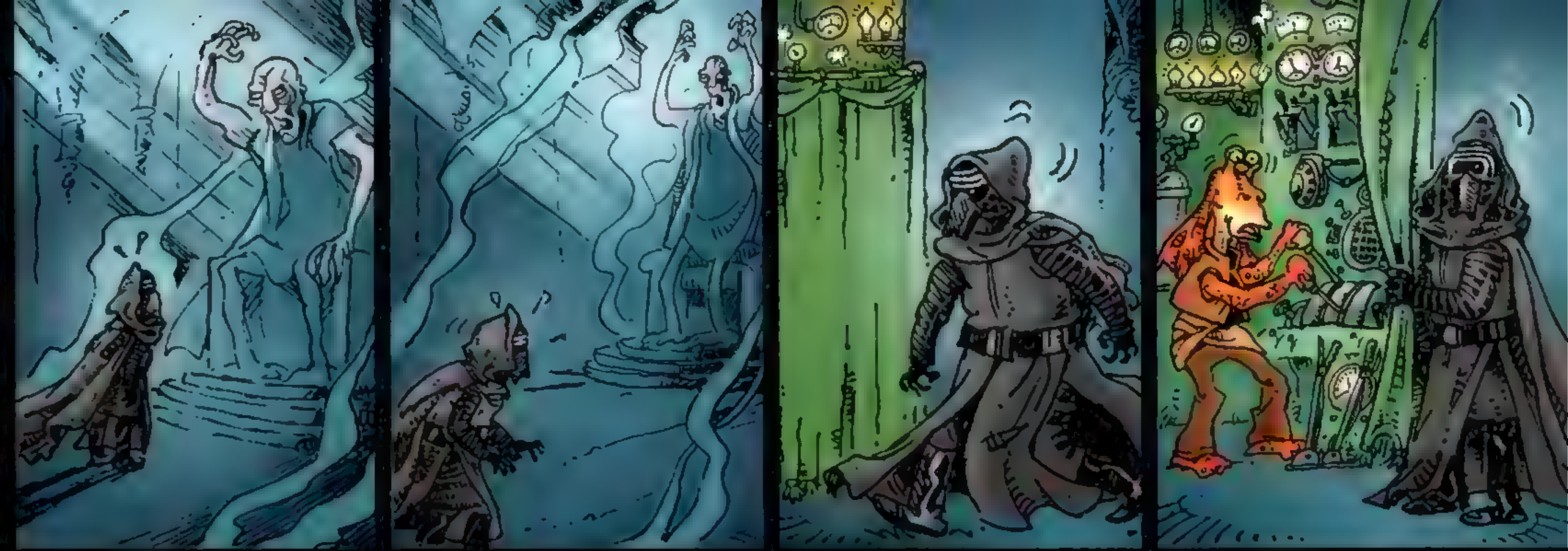
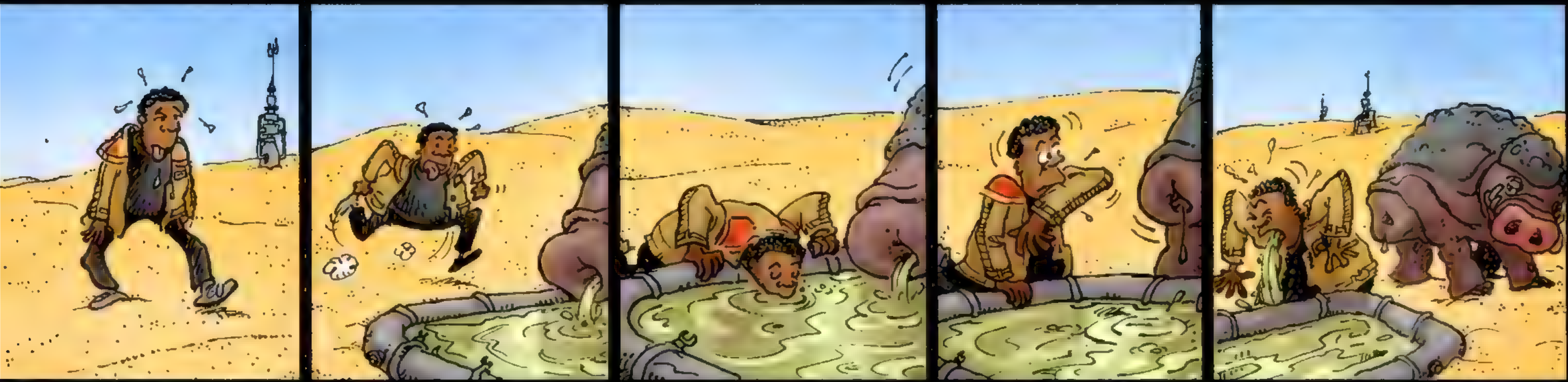
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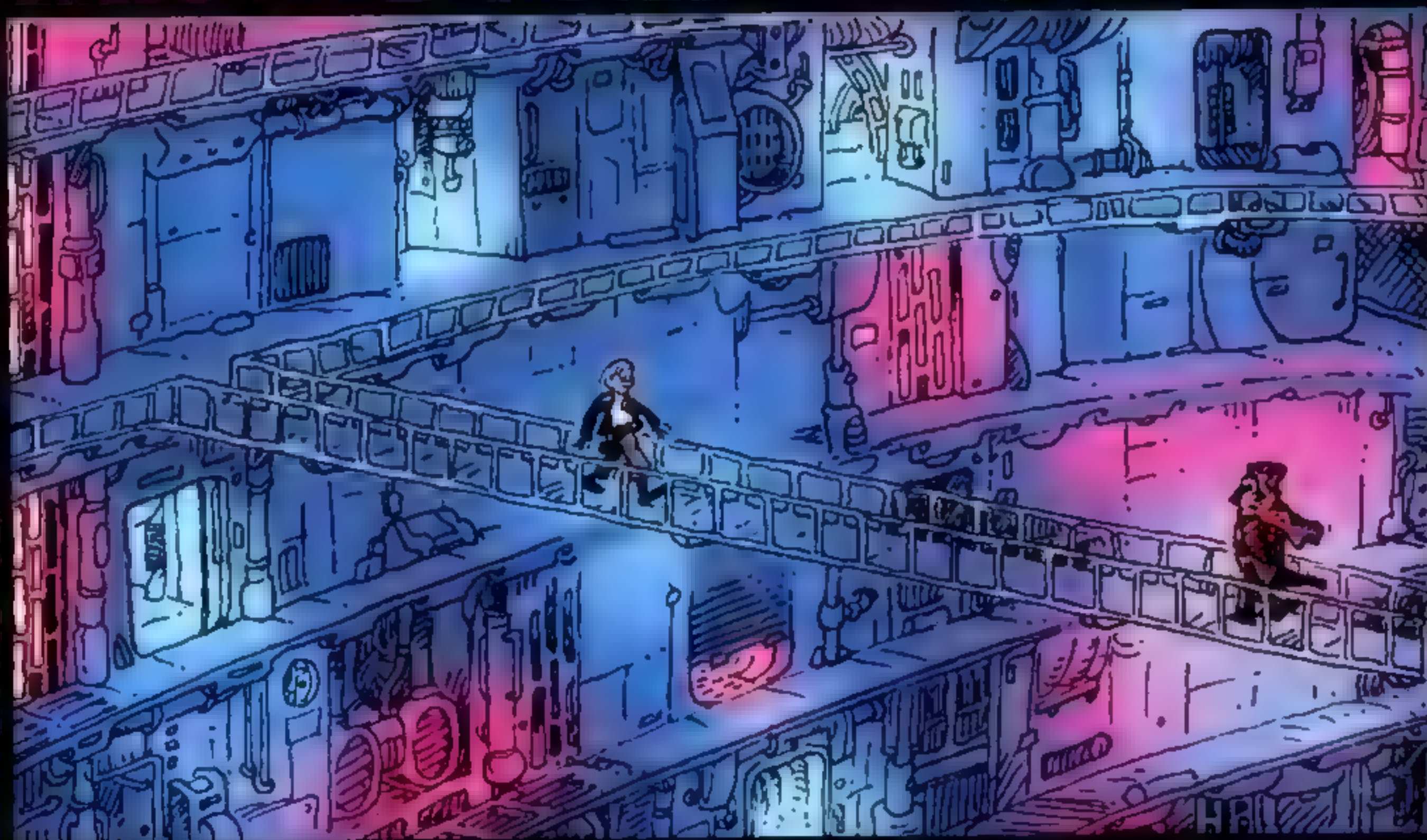
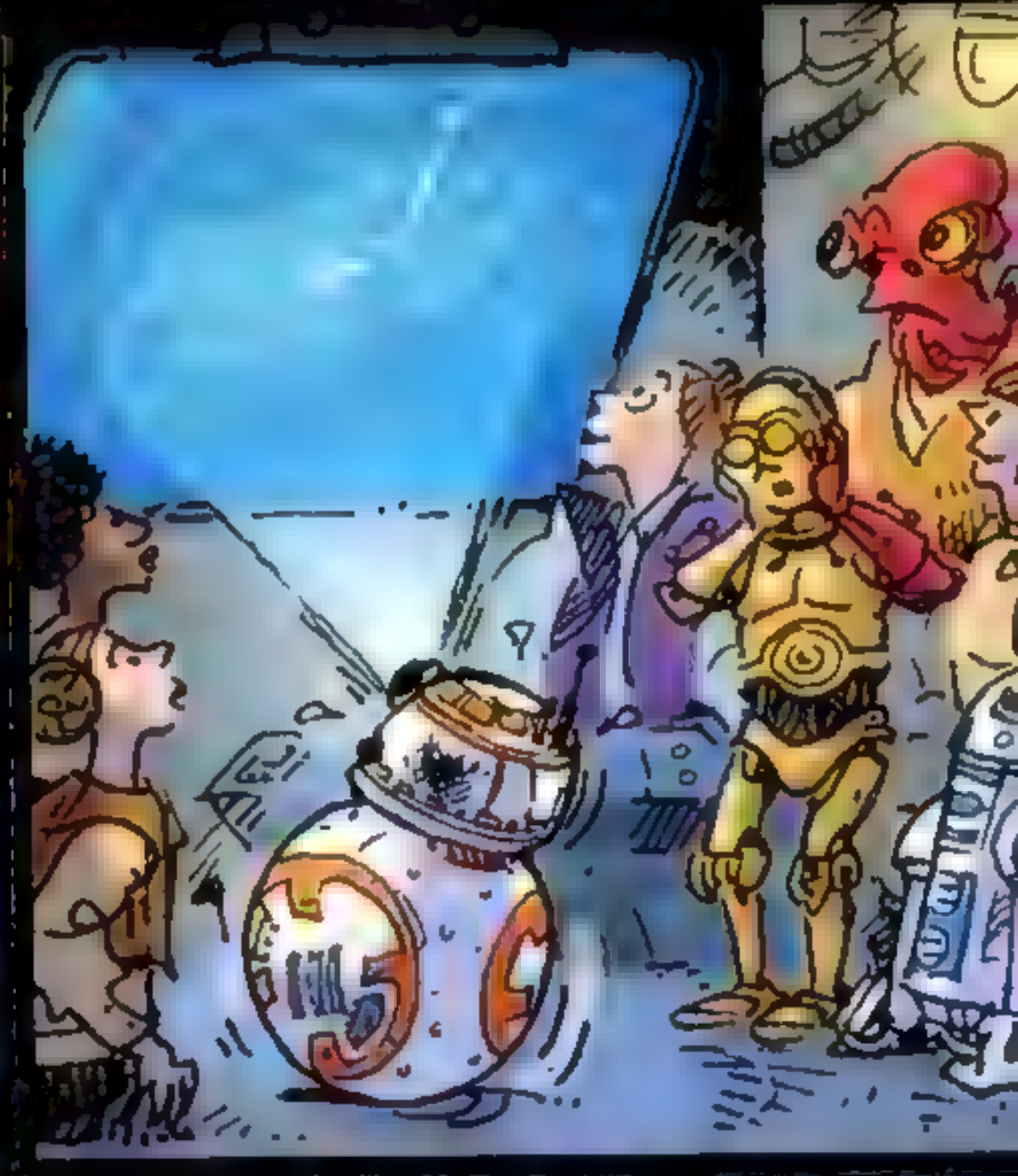
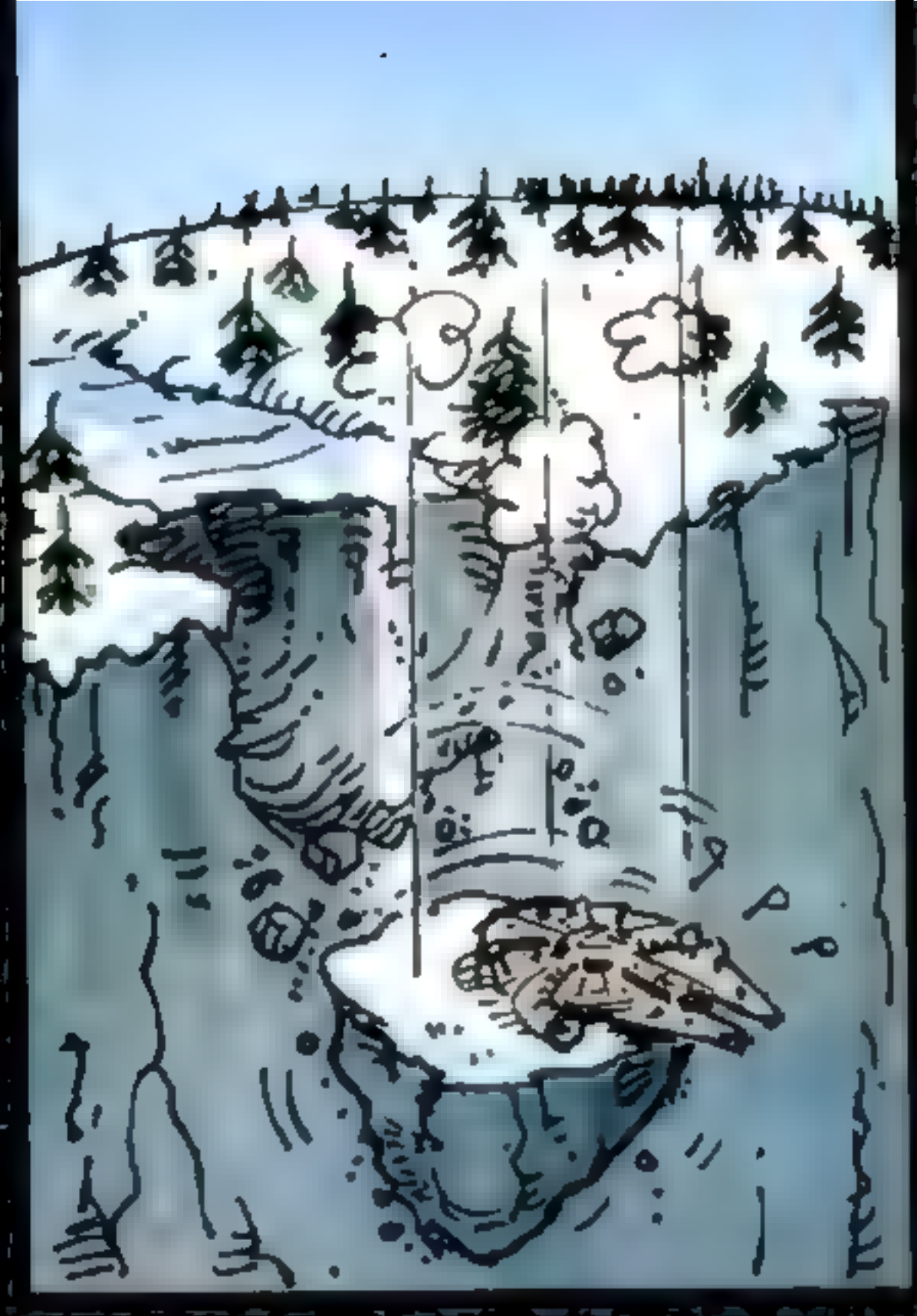
STAR
 THE FORCE AWAKENS
 WARS



WRITER AND ARTIST: SERGIO ARAGONÉS COLORIST: JIM CAMPBELL









A scientific research team recently announced that eight tobacco pipes taken from William Shakespeare's home contained traces of marijuana. CNN, the BBC, CBS, NBC and hundreds of other media outlets scrambled to report this startling discovery. So why should we be any different? Here now is a look at the immortal works of the Bard of Acapulco in a whole new indoor grow light. Forsooth, can't be true that literature's greatest scribe hath been...

William Shakespeare, POTHEAD?

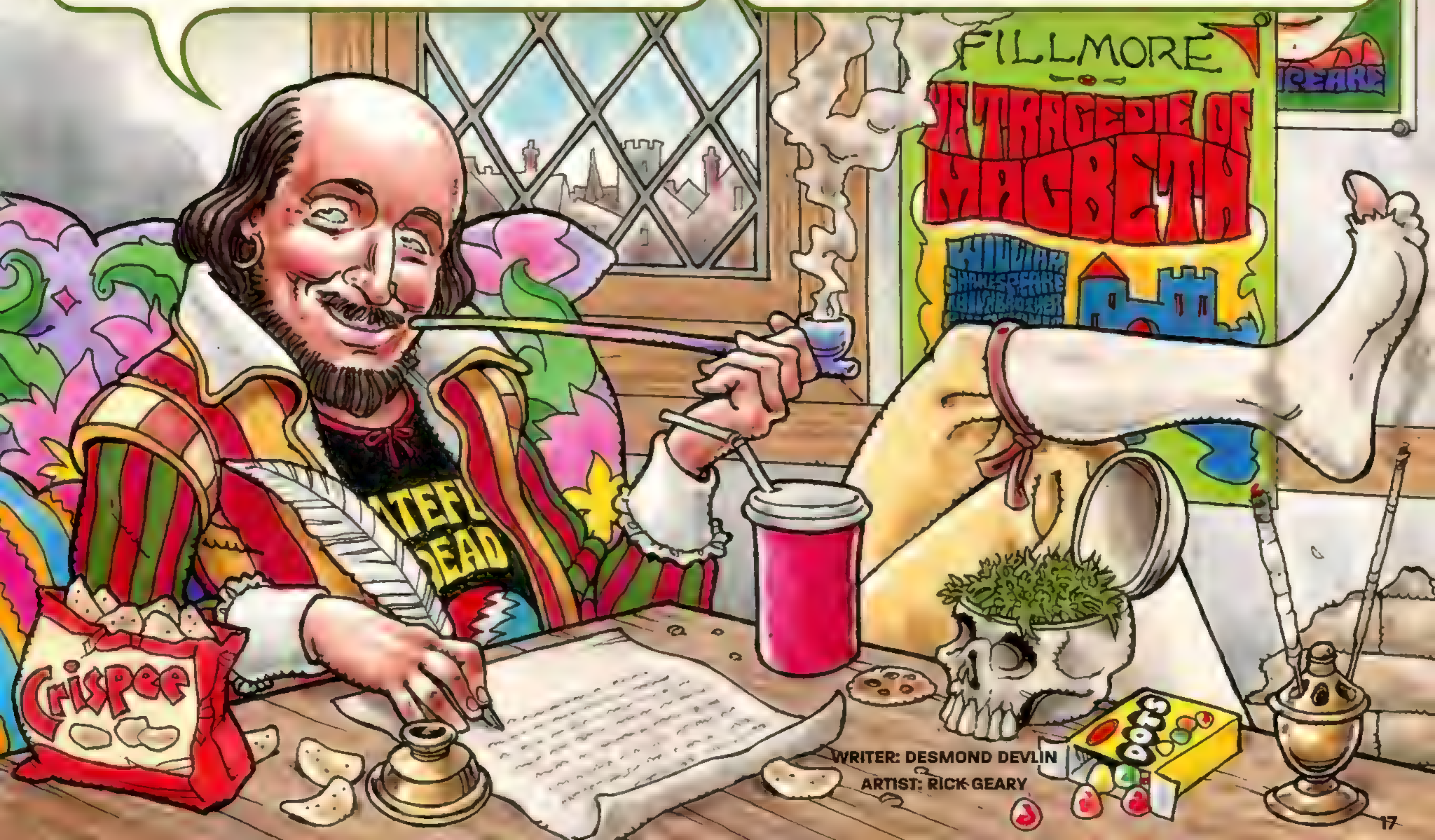
Doobie, or not doobie? That's, like, a question.
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to scarf down
The Slim Jims, follow'd by NutRageous, Funyuns,
Oreos, Charms, Nutella, Cheez-Its, Ruffles,
And accidentally, my keys. To blaze, then toke
Some more — and by a toke, I mean this hemp
Which can be used a thousand different ways...
But mostly just one. 'Tis an inhalation
That goes real good with Phish.

This skunk, this weed —
This weed — purchased from Dwayne. Ay, that's dank bud.
But there's one mountebank I'll ne'er forget!
A knave sold me oregano and lint.
I wept with rage until my eyes turn'd red,
And not the usual red, but redder still —
Whoa, dude, I'm freaking out. Is that a skull?

Past thoughts have slipp'd like clouds, what didst I say?
Alas, my memory is ruin'd and baked,
Brainstorms have shuffled off my mental coil.
All I recall for sure is this: t'was deep.
Such deep deeposity has deeped my work.

Think that you've glean'd the meaning of my plays?
Until thou'st seen them high, sir, thou hast not!
For only skunkweed dost convey my art.
With but a puff, you'll laugh thy bodkin off,
And at my tragedies, laugh harder yet.

In truth, a man's ambition makes a world;
To leave one's mark is life eternal aft.
I shall astound this world with hand and quill!
But first, I'll sit and smoke a bowl and chill.



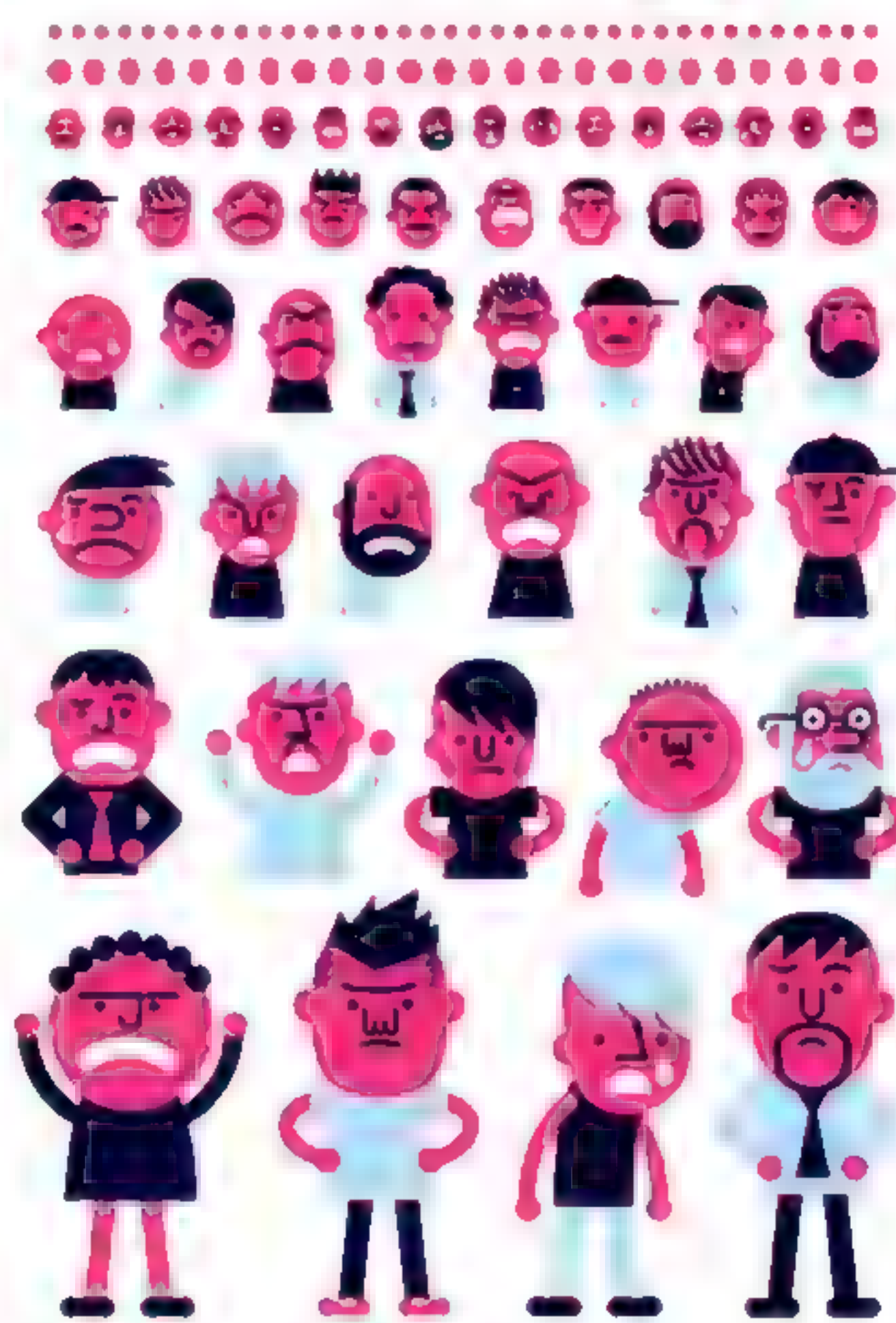
WRITER: DESMOND DEVLIN
ARTIST: RICK GEARY

Taylor Swift is a Grammy-winning singer-songwriter who has sold over 40 million albums. There you have it! Everything you need to know about Ms. Swift. Er... well...no. It turns out there's lots more to learn about her — especially when you're unencumbered by fact checkers. Here's...

Taylor Swift Fun Facts

1989

Both the name of Taylor's most recent album and the number of boyfriends she's had in the past eleven months.



Due to her status as the city's Global Welcome Ambassador, whenever she's in New York, Taylor can no longer be arrested for jaywalking, giving the finger to a pedestrian or urinating in public.

5'10"

Taylor's height, or roughly the equivalent of two Bruno Marses standing atop one Ariana Grande.

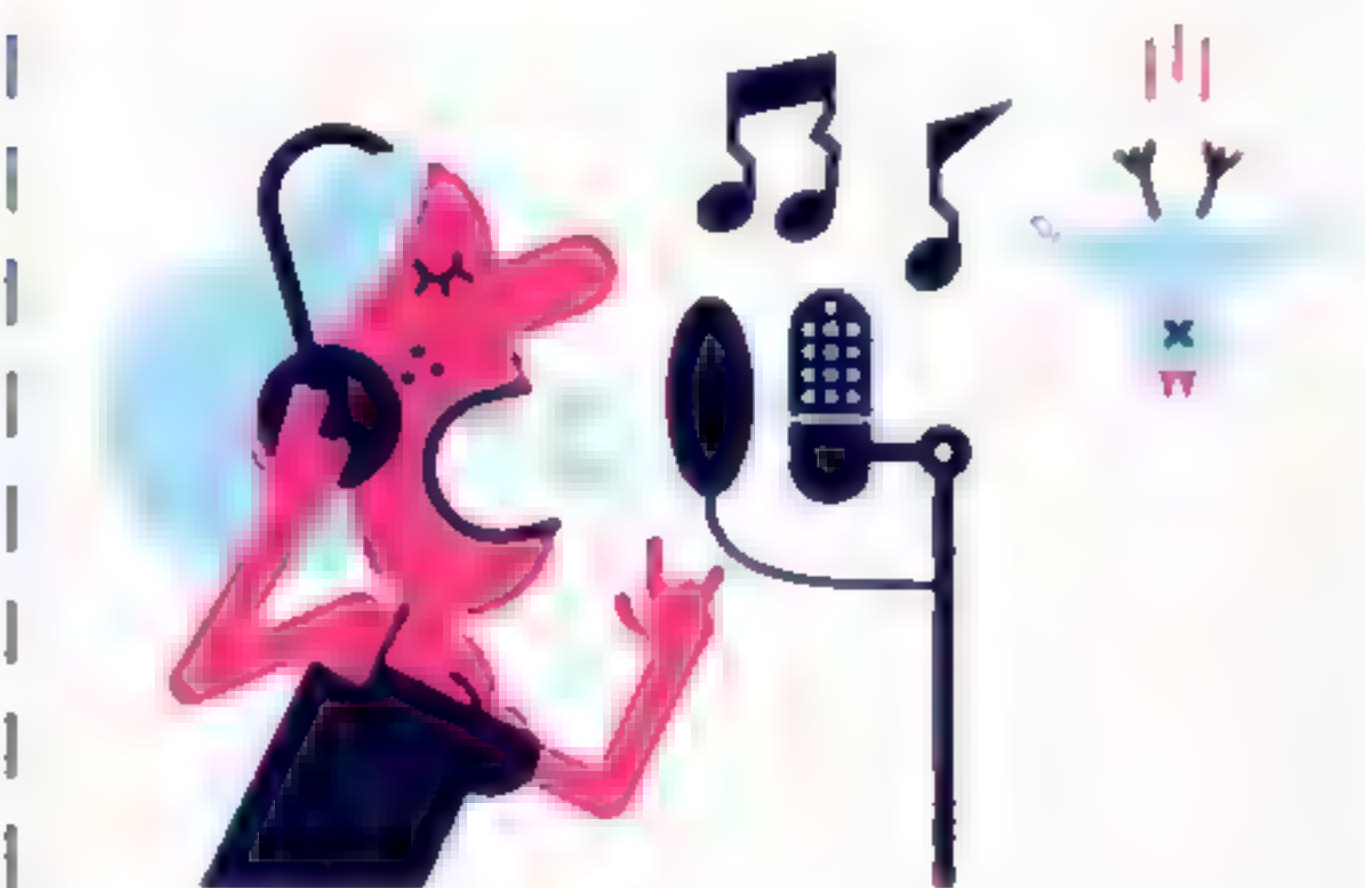


Fans of Taylor are called "Swifties." Non-fans of Taylor are called "music lovers."



250,000

Number of painfully untalented teenage female "singers" dropping out of high school to foolishly pursue their dreams of making it in the music business in an attempt to duplicate Taylor's success.



7

The number of security guards assigned to protecting Taylor's awards and making sure that Kanye doesn't steal one to give to Beyoncé.



Taylor's unique dancing style at award shows is inspired by those inflatable tube men seen outside car dealerships.

97%

Percentage of people over the age of 65 who think "Taylor Swift" is the name of a local one-hour garment repair shop.

Taylor is the only Grammy Award-winning female singer in the last 40 years who hasn't done an awkward duet with Tony Bennett. (She's probably planning one, though.)



\$40 million

The amount Taylor's legs are reportedly insured for. Her voice is insured for \$13.17.



16.5 seconds

The average amount of time a Top 40 radio listener can expect to go before the station plays a Taylor Swift song.



In a fight between Taylor and Katy Perry, the winner would be the passerby who recorded it and sold the video to TMZ.

In a few weeks, the hotly anticipated *Batman v Superman* will debut. If we're to believe the press leaks (we have no way of getting place down.) Meanwhile, Superman is distrustful of Batman, whom he views as a vigilante who tramples on civil liberties and causes liked each other. Truth be told, they loathe each other and get on each other's nerves for myriad reasons both big and small. Here's

insider information. Batman is angry and distrustful of Superman, whom he sees as an "alien" that could burn the whole Gotham City's residents to live in fear. While all of this may be true, the fact of the matter is that these two caped cretins have never something you'll never read in *The Daily Planet* or *The Gotham Gazette*.

THE REAL REASONS BATMAN AND SUPERMAN HATE EACH OTHER



He keeps tagging Bruce Wayne when he posts pics of us to Facebook.

Every time I invite him to the Batcave, he just complains about the smell of guano.

The way he carelessly lets bullets ricochet off his chest — that guy's gonna put an eye out one of these days!

He thinks it's so hilarious to fly in front of the Bat Signal and make obscene shadow puppets.

He won't stop trying to sell me on home delivery of *The Daily Planet*.

I develop a neural disrupter small enough to fit in my utility belt, and he calls it "one of your cute little Bat-doohickies."

He's never *once* invited me to the Fortress of Solitude.

That thing he does where he'll save an airplane mid-crash, then pose with it over his head for a few seconds before setting it down safely...We get it, dude: you're strong.

He routinely farts and blames it on Krypto.

He can't use his Super Breath without getting spit everywhere.

The way he pats my stomach and says, "Looks like donuts are YOUR kryptonite!"

Sure, he has super-hearing. But does he super-listen?

He *definitely* stuffs his tights.

The creepy way he's always sizing up orphans to be the next Robin.

He intentionally takes up two parking spaces with the Batmobile so no one will park too close to it.

That weird thing he does where he'll just squat on a gargoyle and brood for hours.

He always sounds hoarse, but gets mad when I offer him a lozenge.

He uses his acute detective skills to spoil movies that aren't even out yet!

He conveniently manages to disappear into the shadows whenever the waiter brings the check.

If his cape doesn't flap dramatically enough when he jumps off a rooftop, he'll climb back up and keep trying until he gets it right.

He keeps calling me "Clark" in public.

Calls himself "The World's Greatest Detective"...I'm pretty sure I could do the same thing if my enemies left their crime scenes littered with playing cards and live penguins.

Every time Lois is around, he starts with the "faster than a speeding bullet" innuendos.

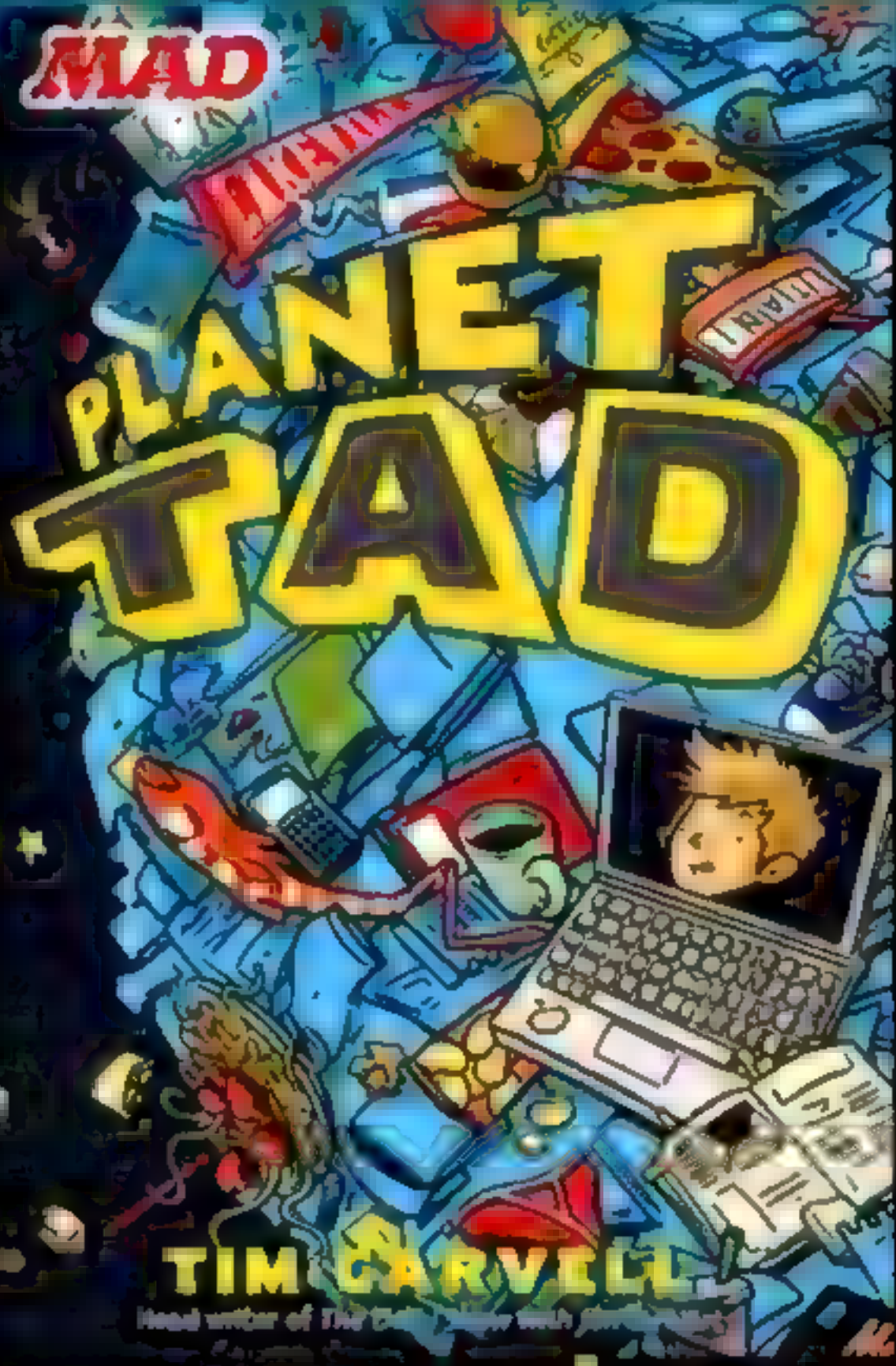
He won't stop asking about Supergirl.

It takes him at least 30 minutes after every battle to pick all his Batarangs off the ground.

He insists that having a Bat-Plane is technically the same thing as being able to fly. Yeah, uh, no.

WRITER: KENNY KEIL ARTIST: HERMANN MEJIA

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MAD'S
GREATEST
WRITERS:
**FRANK
JACOBS**

**PLANET
TAD**



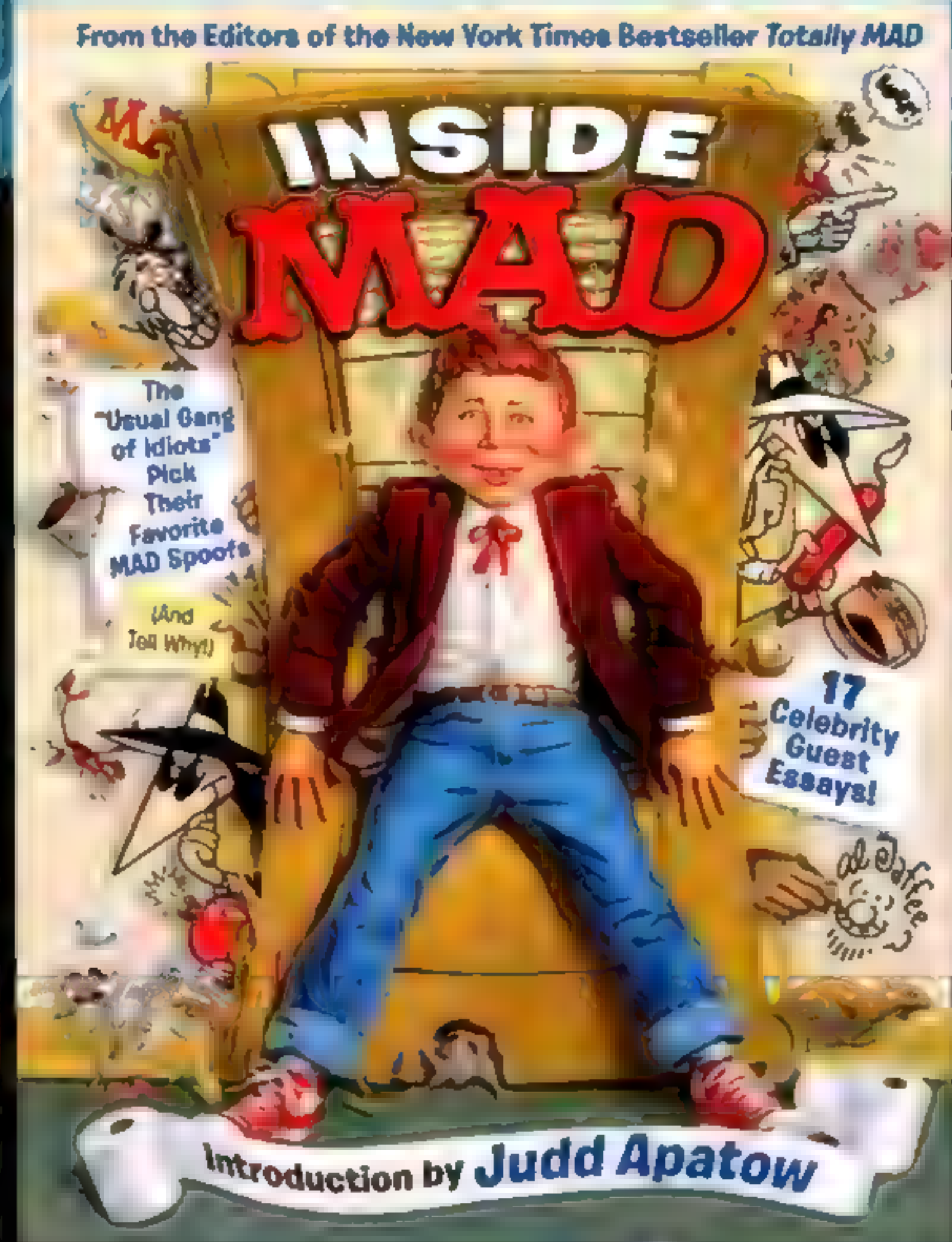
MAD'S
GREATEST ARTISTS:
DAVE BERG

**RETURN TO
PLANET TAD**



MAD'S GREATEST ARTISTS:
MORT DRUCKER

**SPY
VS. SPY:
THE TOP
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FILES!**



MAD'S GREATEST ARTISTS:
DON MARTIN

**INSIDE
MAD**



MAD'S GREATEST
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**SERGIO
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**SPY
VS. SPY:
FIGHT TO
THE FINISH!**



**SPY VS. SPY
VOLUME 2
AND
MORE!**

A celebration of the work of one of MAD's most prolific writers. Foreword by "Weird Al" Yankovic!

All-new adventures from the executive producer of *Last Week Tonight with John Oliver*!

Classic strips from 1961 to 2002! Plus Dave's rare early MAD work and MAD artists' tributes to "The Lighter Side of..."!

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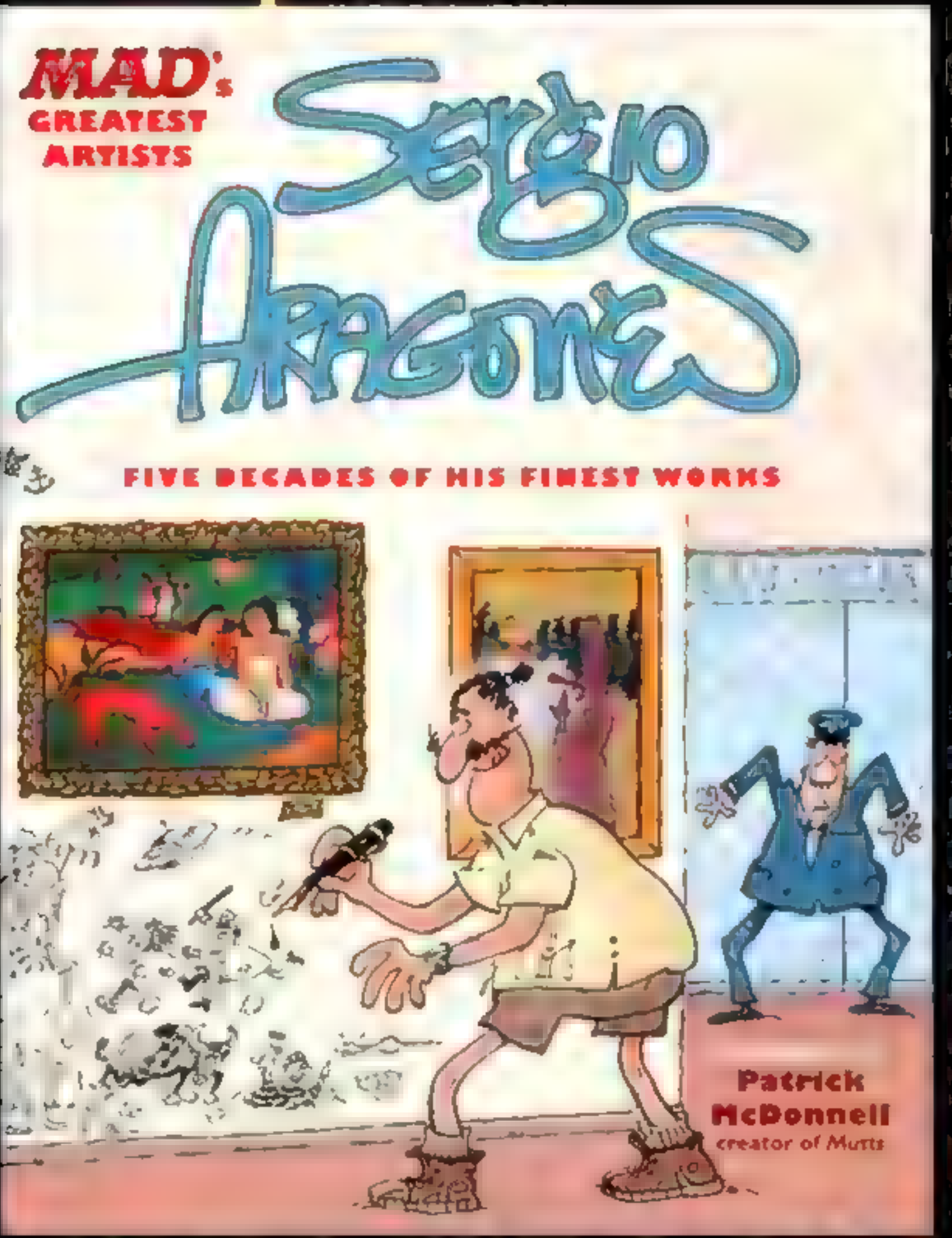
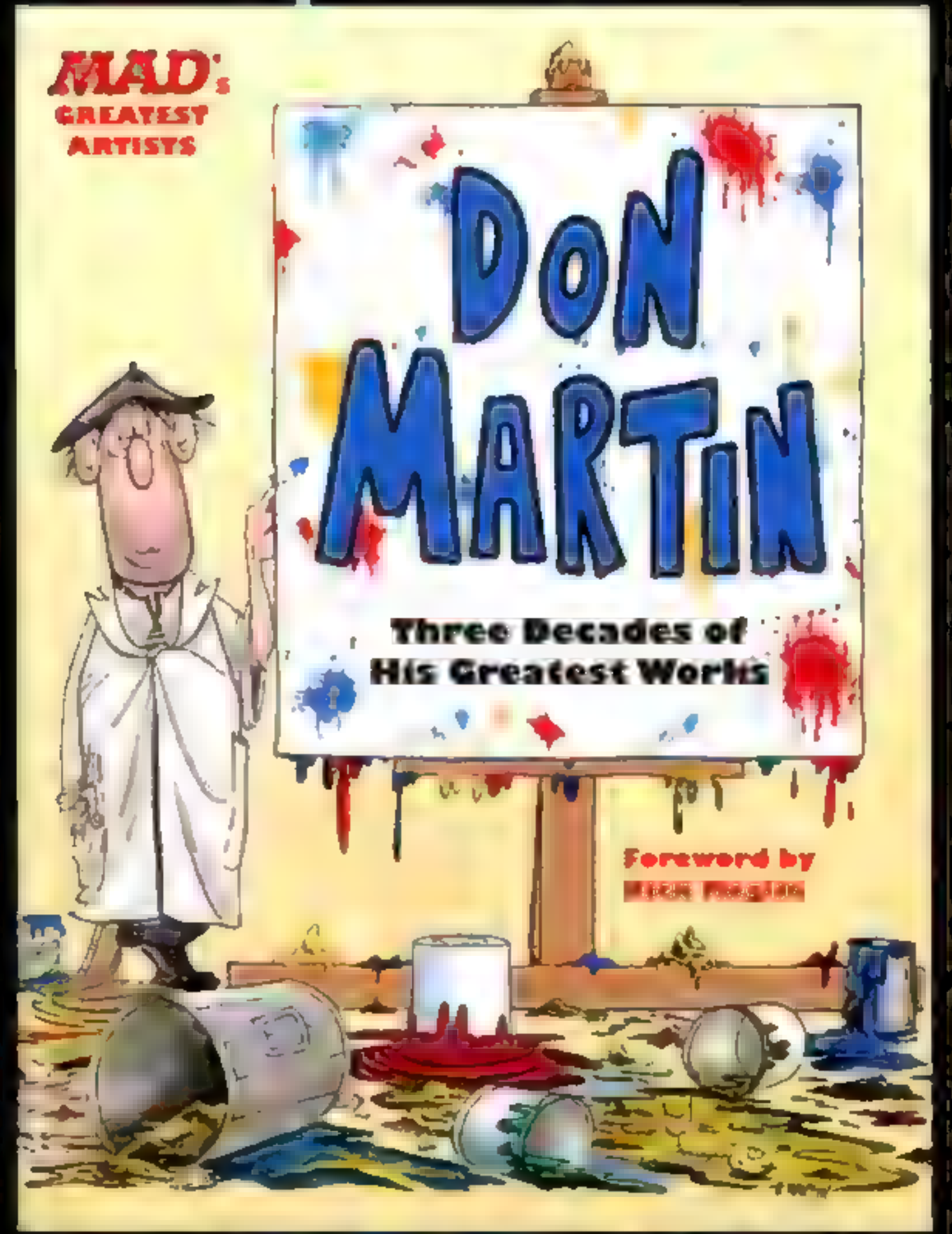
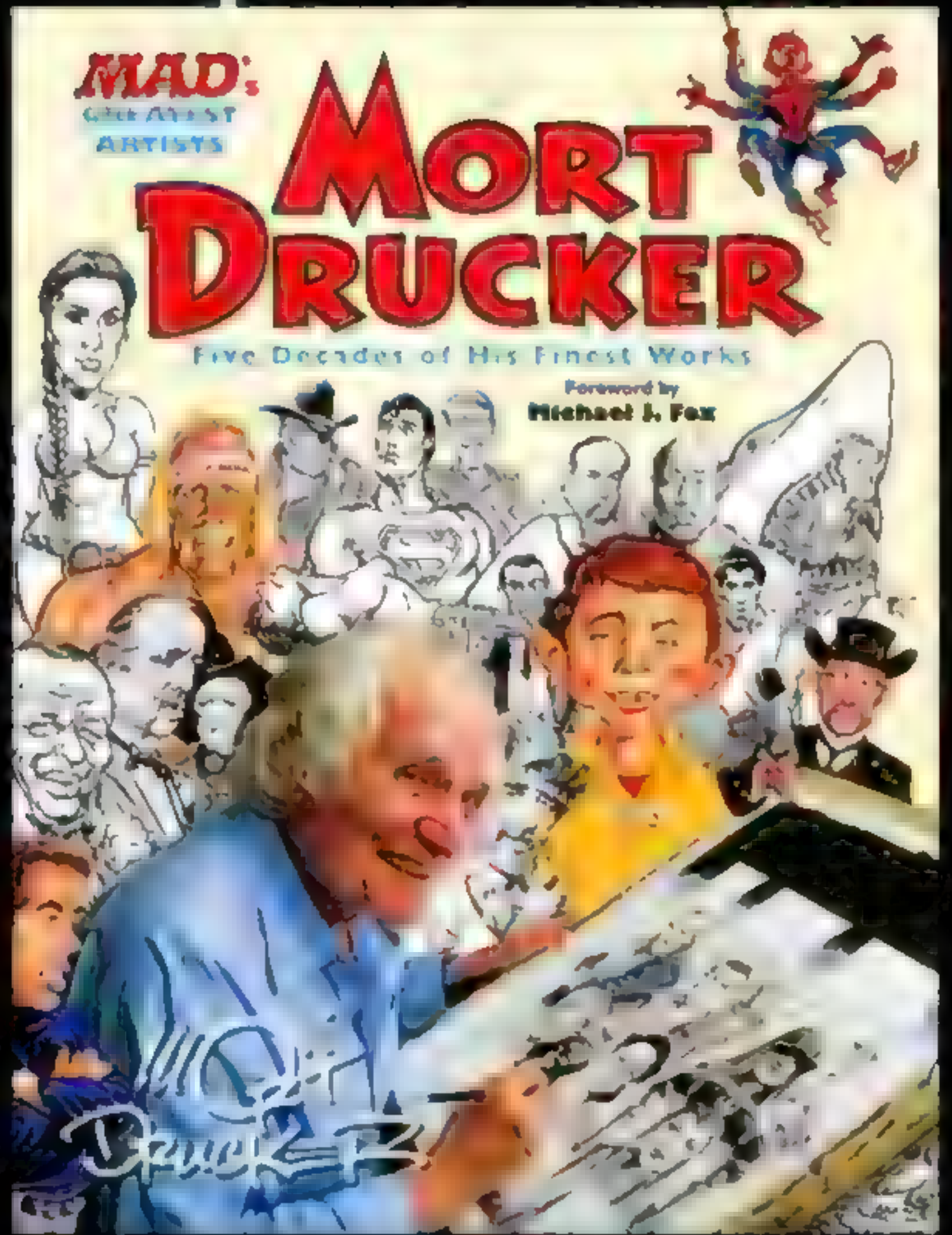
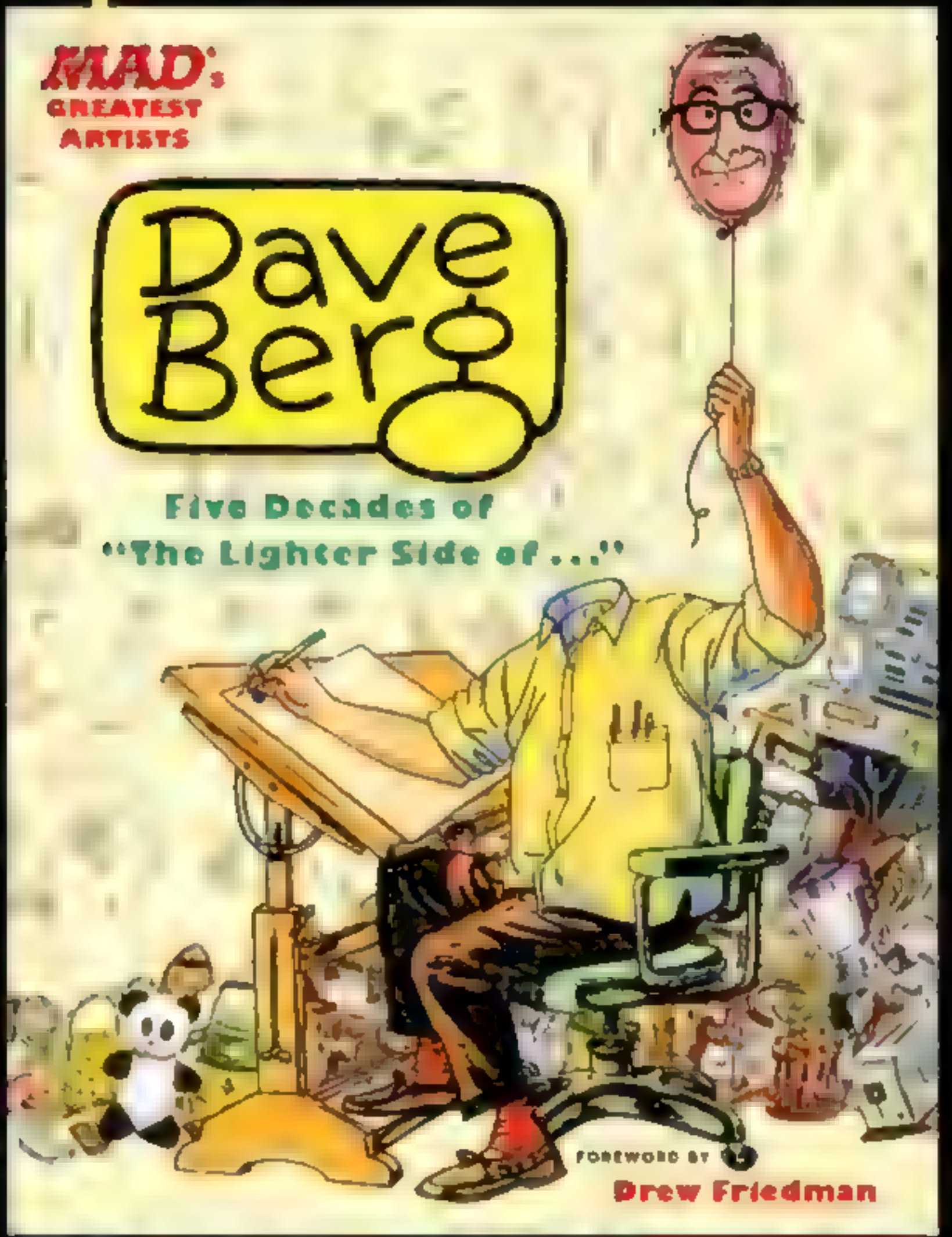
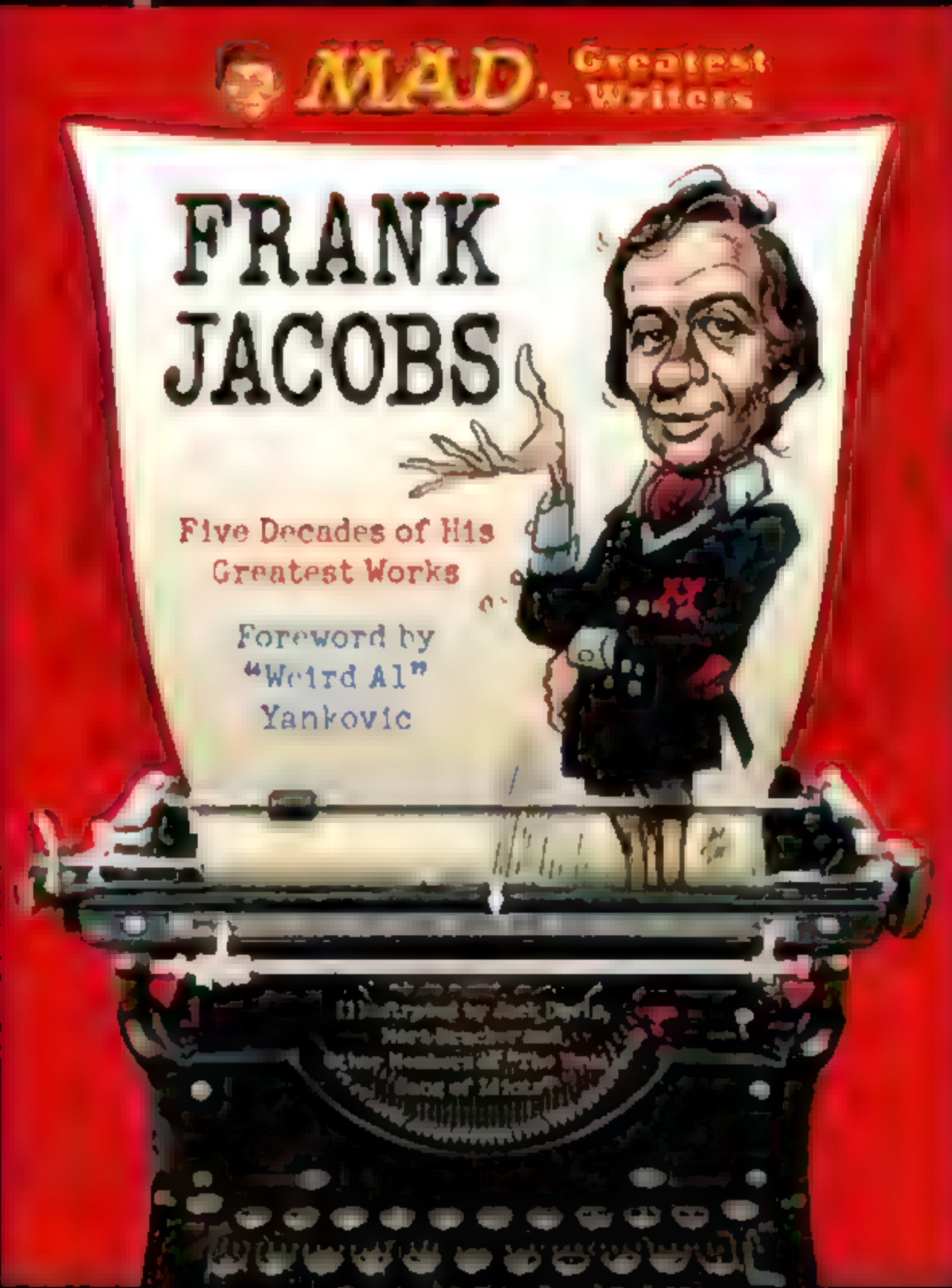
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Includes every Spy vs. Spy adventure from 1987 to 2007!

Six pointless collections, perfect for fans of MAD on Cartoon Network!

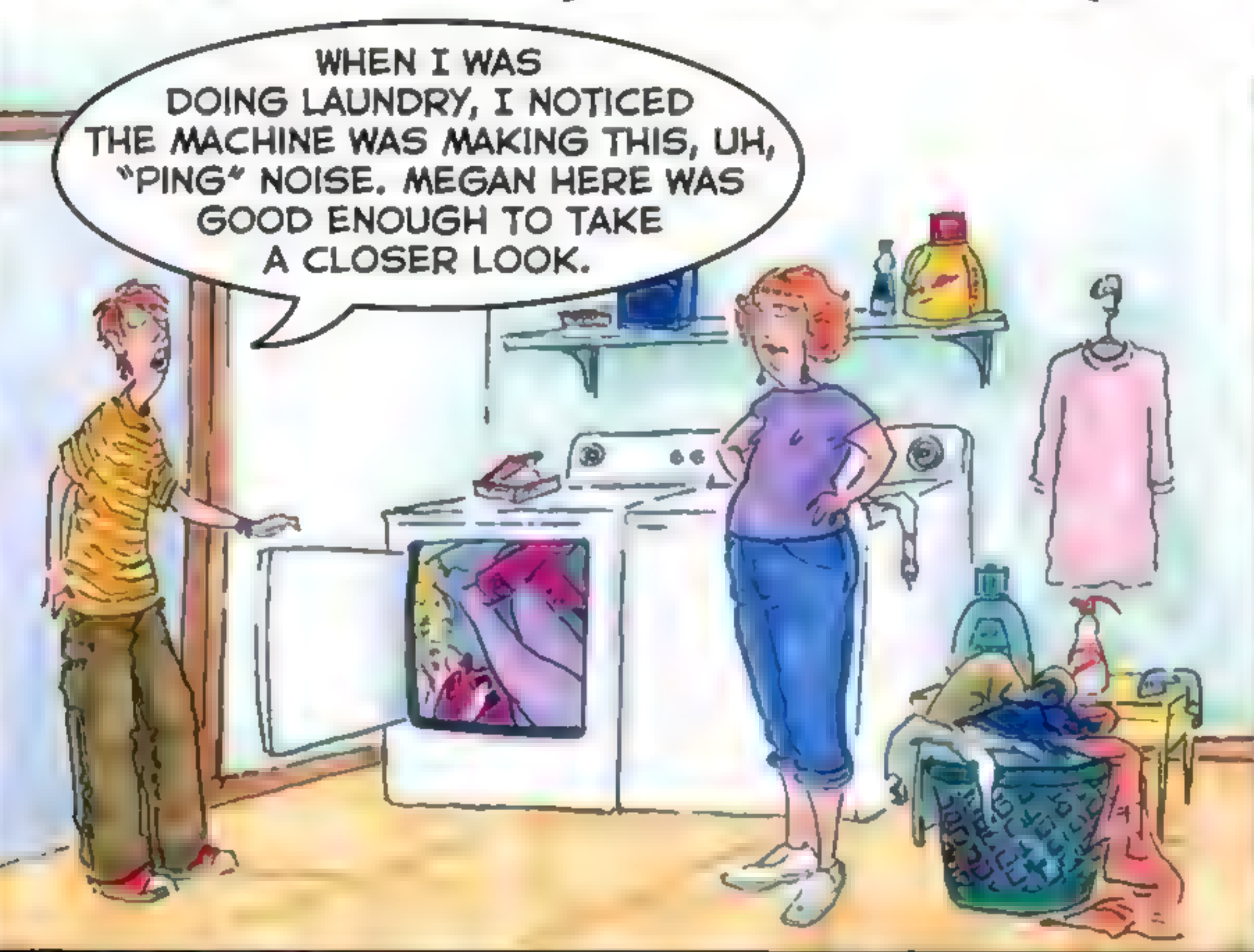


ON SALE NOW IN THE BOOK SECTION OF BOOKSTORES WHEREVER BOOKS ARE SOLD — DUH!

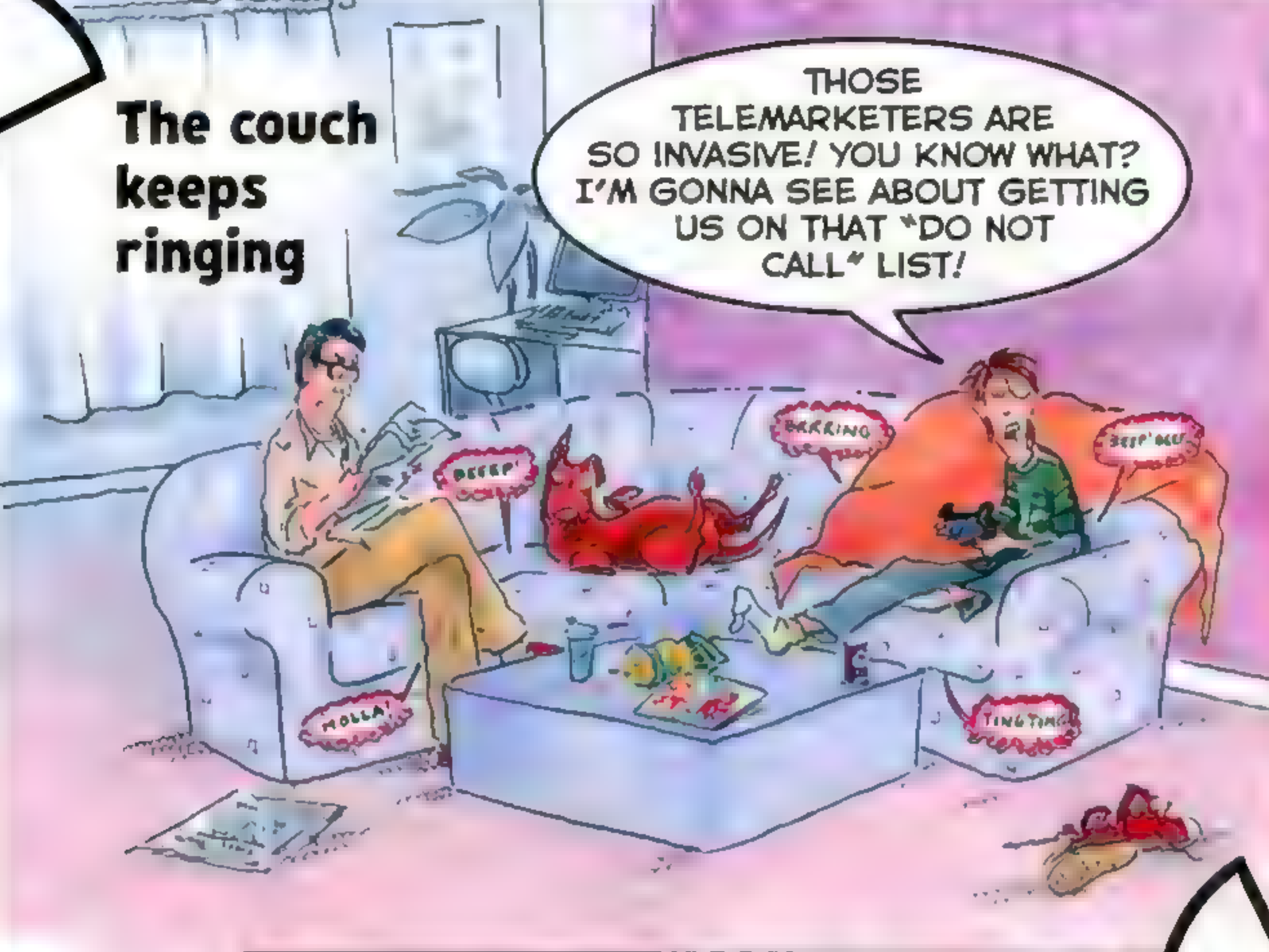
Let's face it — any time your parents leave you alone is cause for celebration! So when they're out of town, of COURSE you'll want to throw a party. Not that your parents understand the connection (ironically, this is exactly the type of cretinism that makes you want to celebrate them being gone in the first place!). So it's best if you just don't get caught — so do yourself a favor and study these...

SURE-FIRE WAYS YOUR PARENTS WILL KNOW YOU HAD A PARTY

There's an alcohol-poisoned stowaway



The couch keeps ringing



Your tattletale garbage disposal



You forget to replace stuff



The dog has a new chew toy



You didn't pay enough attention to how things looked pre-party



Your neighbor returns the speaker that wound up in her yard



Your mother wakes up with a retainer stuck on her foot



WRITER AND ARTIST: TERESA BURNS PARKHURST



IN STORES NOW
(AND FOR LIGHT YEARS TO COME)

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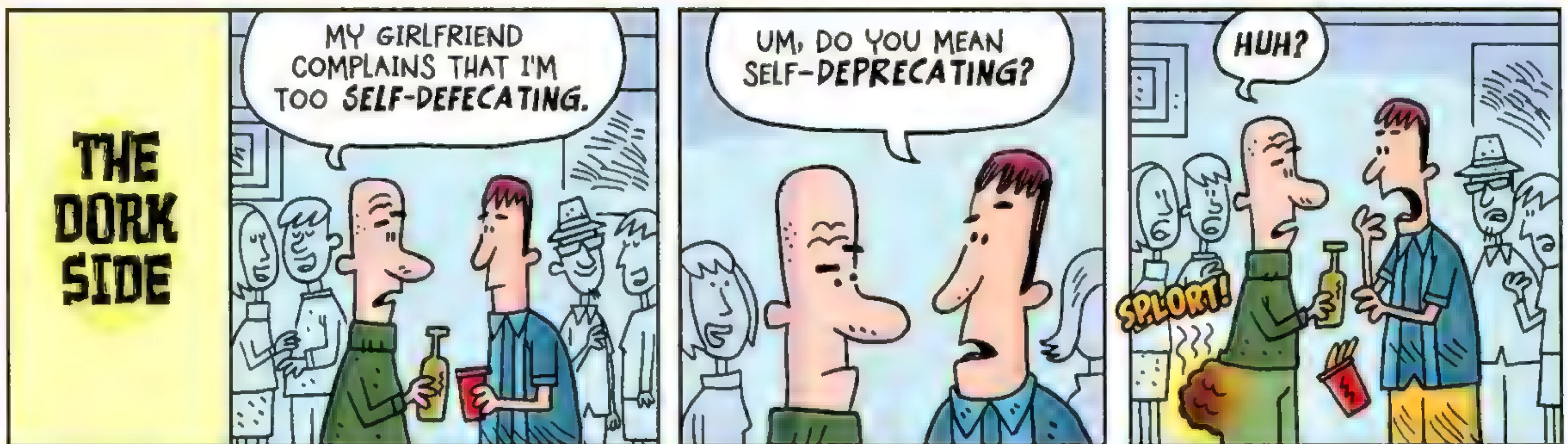
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in the search box and start
using your smartphone for something dumb!





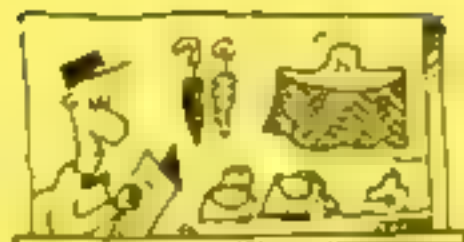
THE STRIP CLUB



KIT LIVELY & SCOTT NICKEL



CHRISTOPHER BALDWIN



**TRIGGER
McBRIDE:
HORSE COP**



IN
"ROTTEN
APPLES"

TRIGGER, HAVE
YOU SEEN MY
APPLE?

I HAD AN APPLE
ON THE TABLE -
NOW IT'S GONE!

I, UH - THAT IS...
I MEAN... WHAT'S
AN APPLE?

ALRIGHT! THE JIG IS
UP! I'M WITH INTERNAL
AFFAIRS! WE CAUGHT THE
WHOLE THING ON VIDEO!
WE EVEN GOT YOU
RAIDING THE SUGAR
CUBES, TOO!

OH GOD, IT'S TRUE!
I DID IT! I KNEW IT
WAS YOURS - BUT
I DIDN'T CARE!

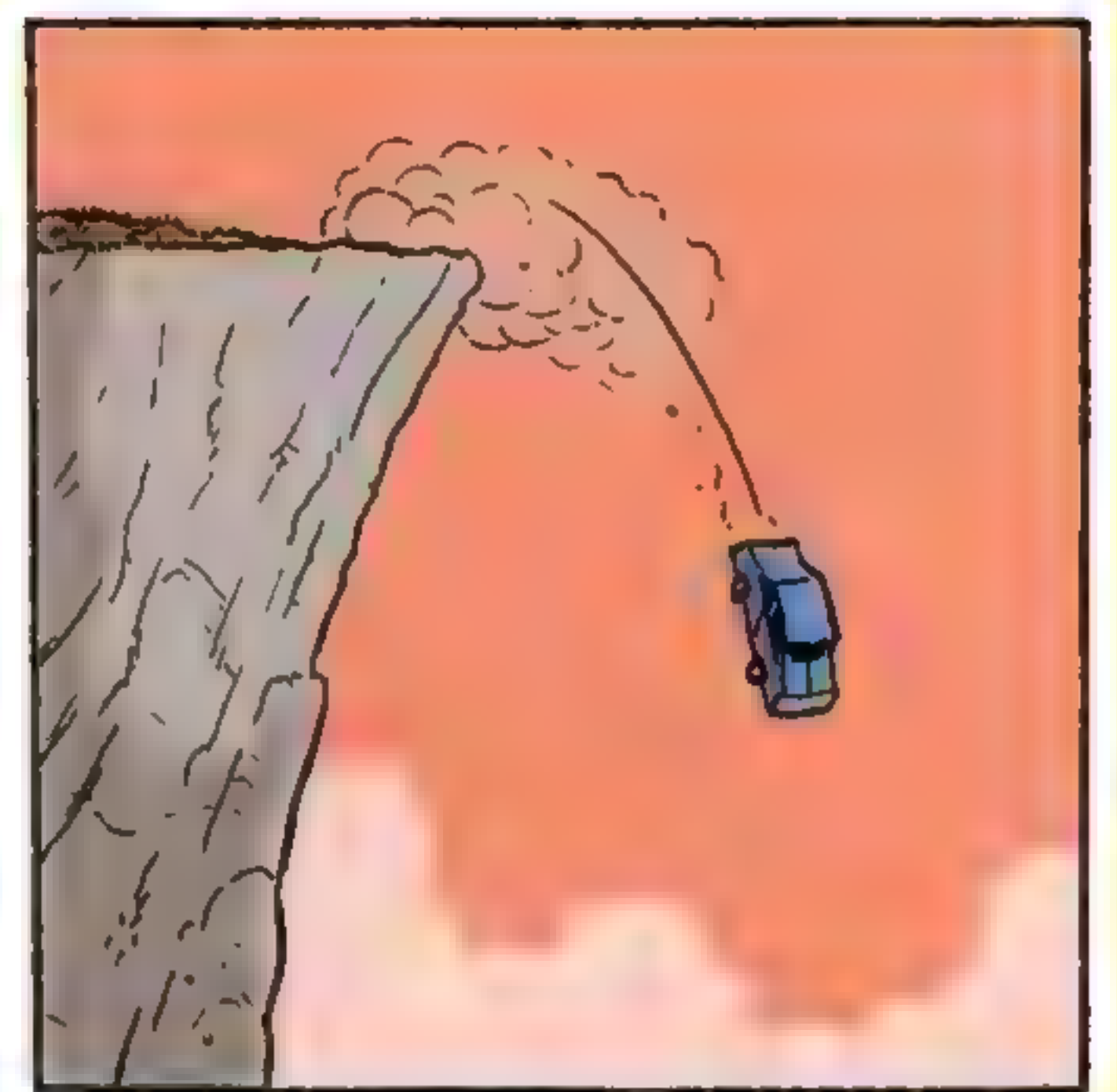
ONE MONTH
LATER...

I SAW TRIGGER
ON HIS NEW DETAIL
YESTER DAY.

I HEARD THEY THREW
THE BOOK AT HIM!
IS HE A METER
MAID NOW?

IT'S NOT THAT BAD,
THEY PUT HIM BACK
IN THE MOUNTED DIVISION...

CAN'T YOU GO
ANY FASTER?
HE'S GETTING
AWAY!!!

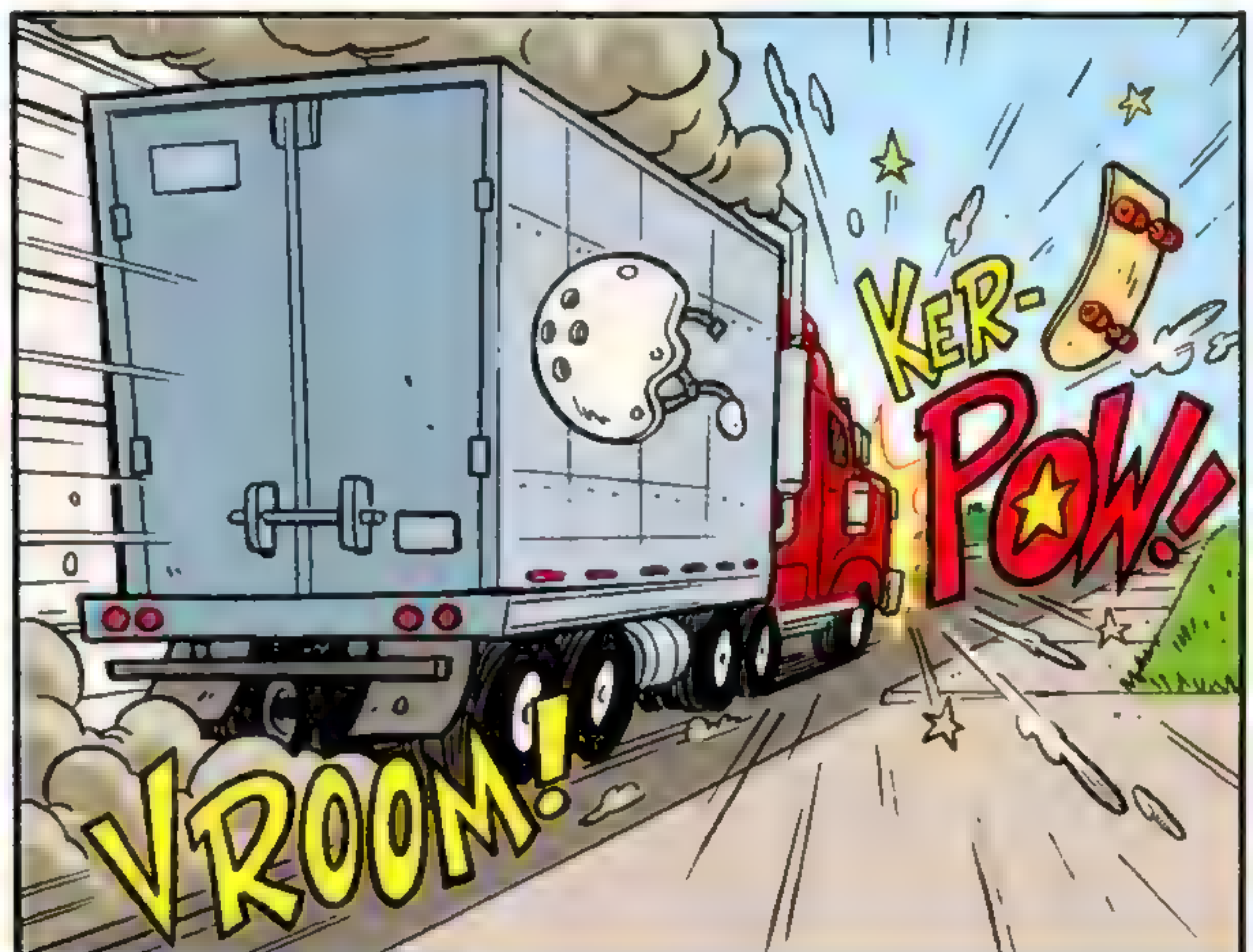
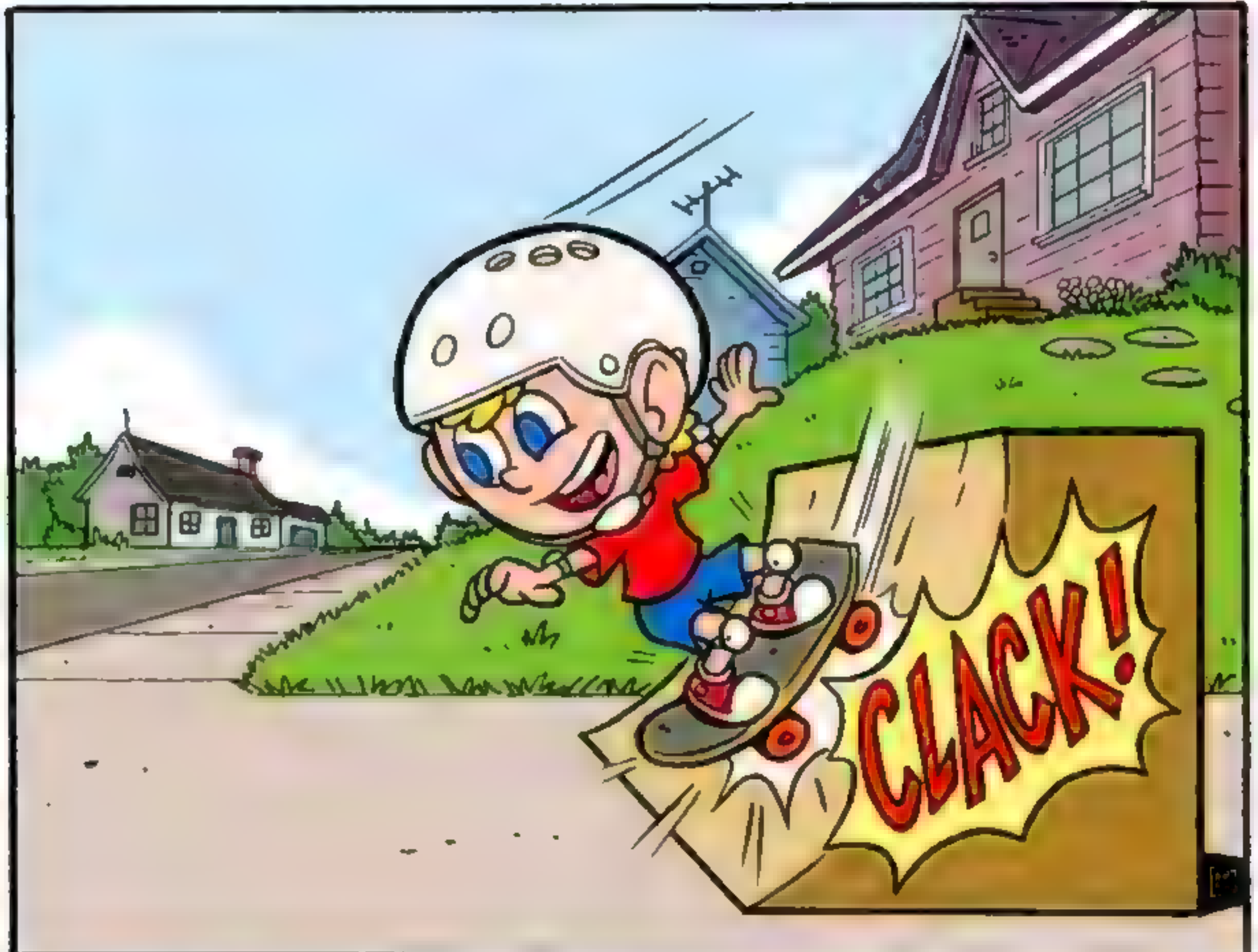
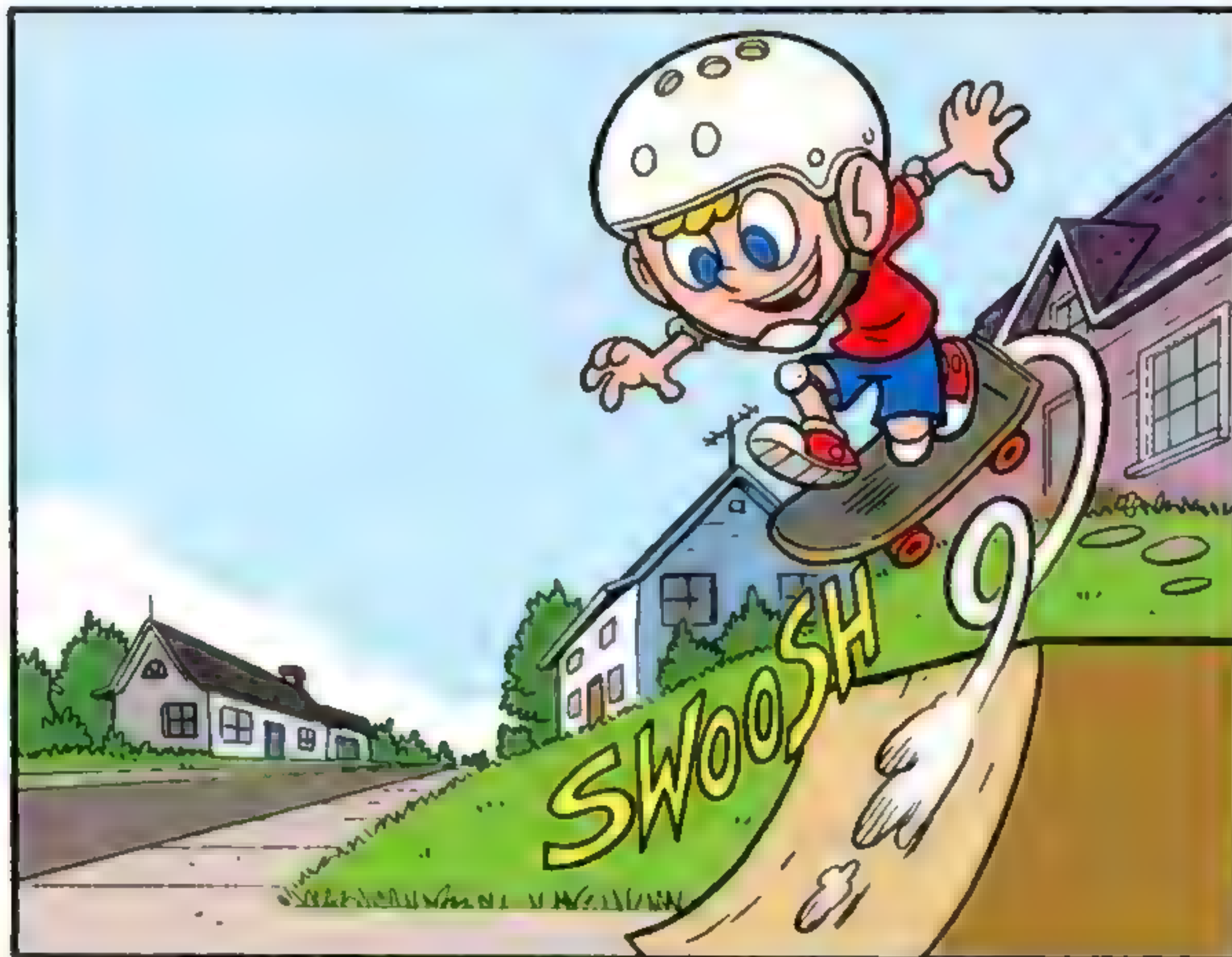
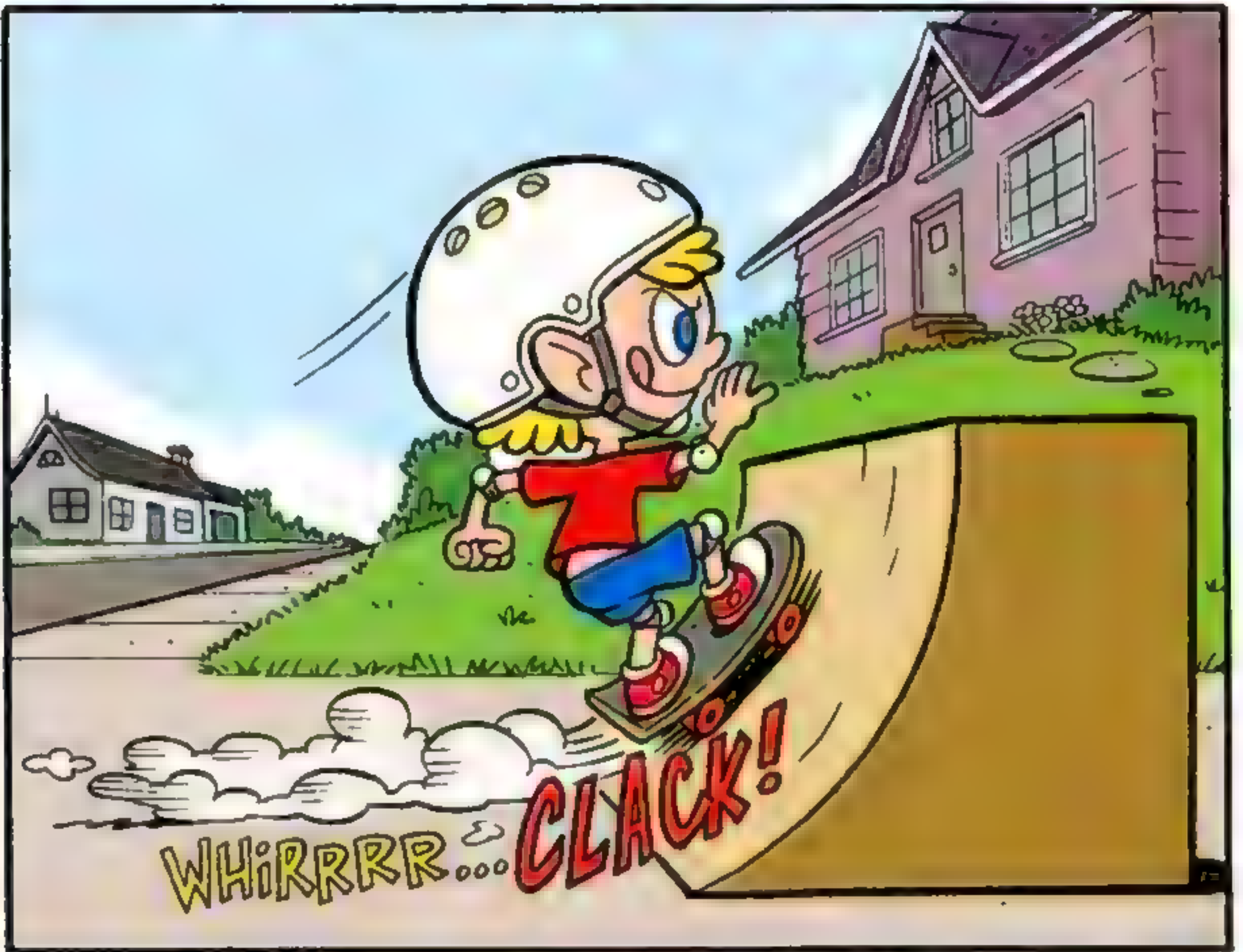


DAKOTA MCFADZEAN



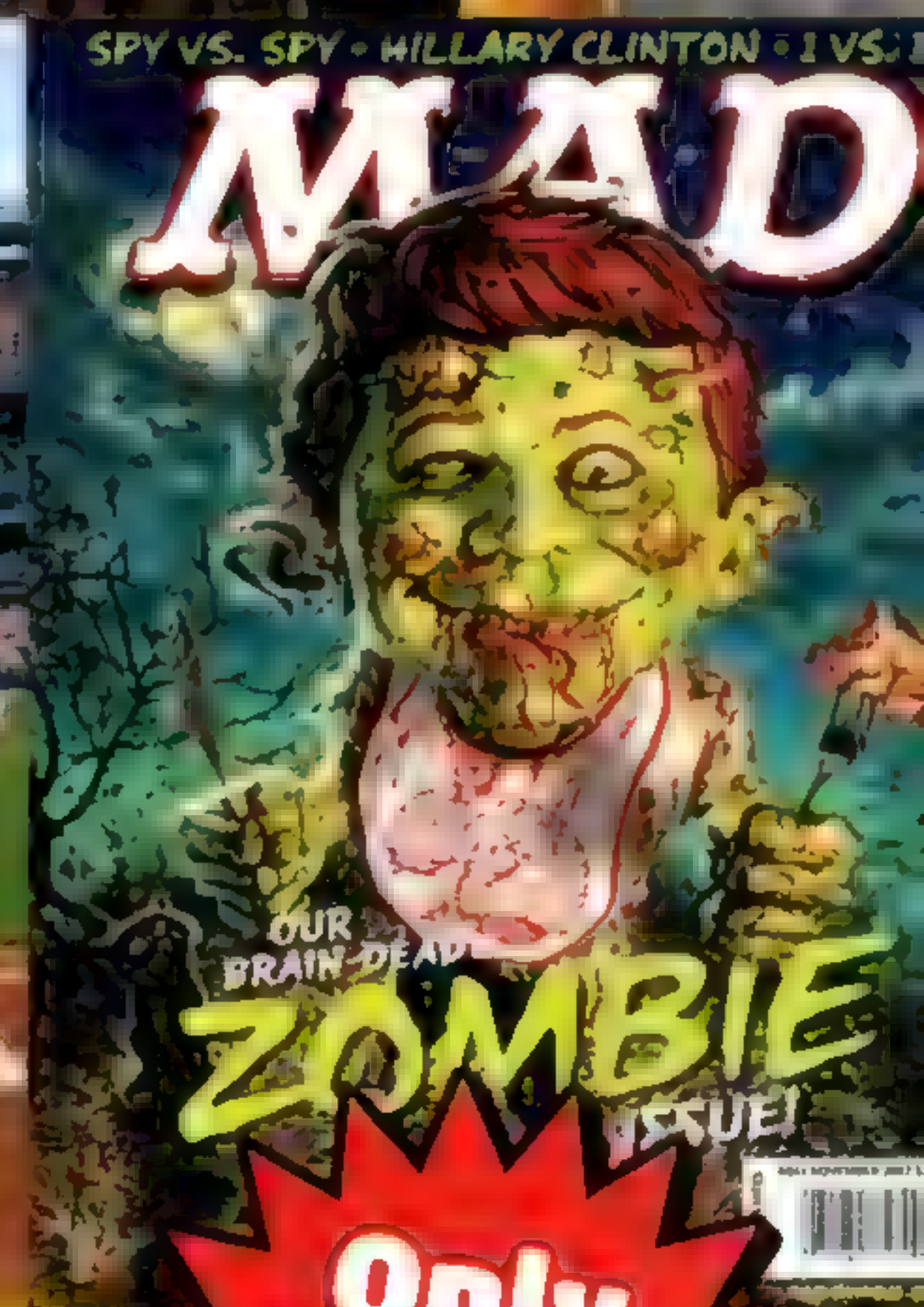
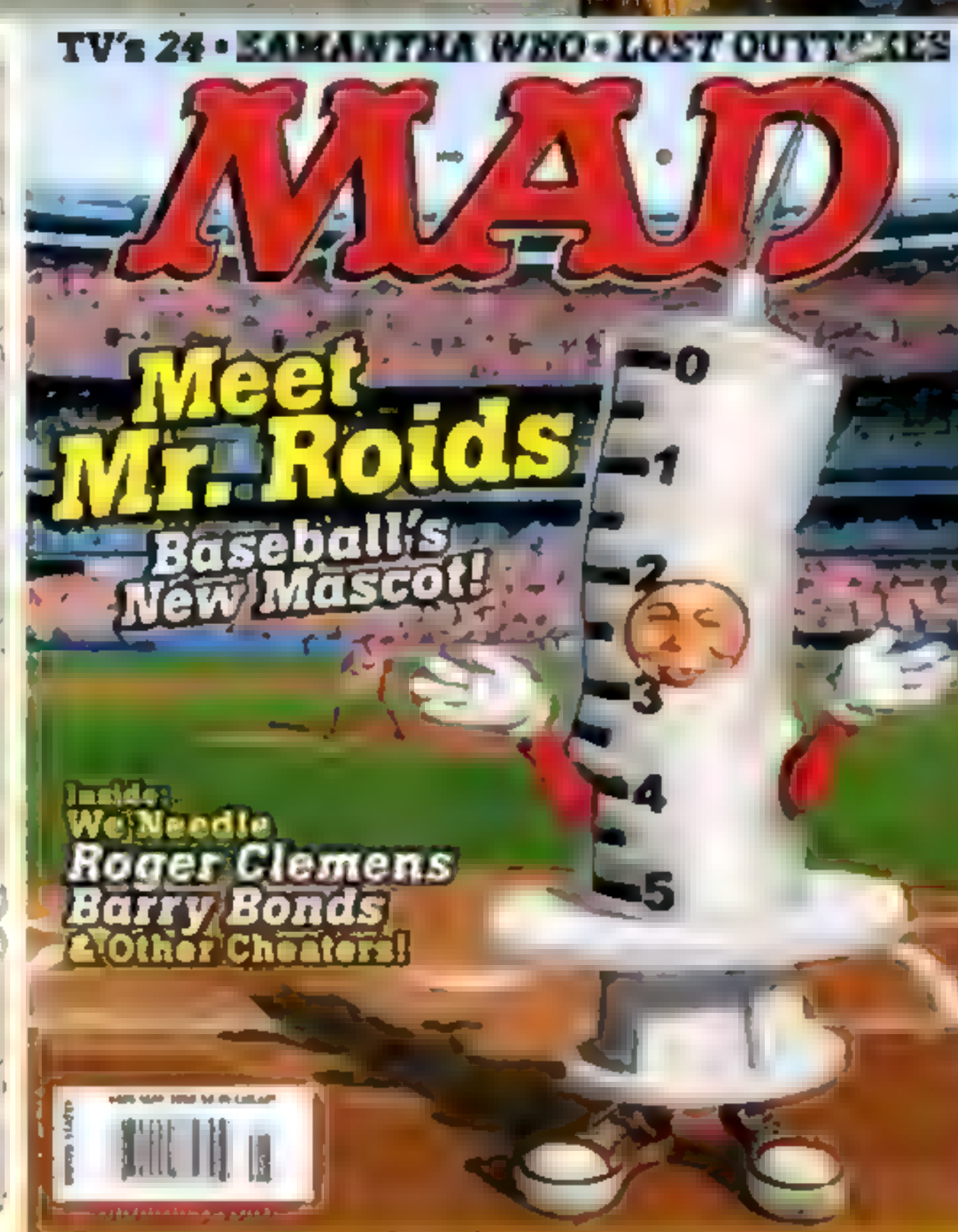
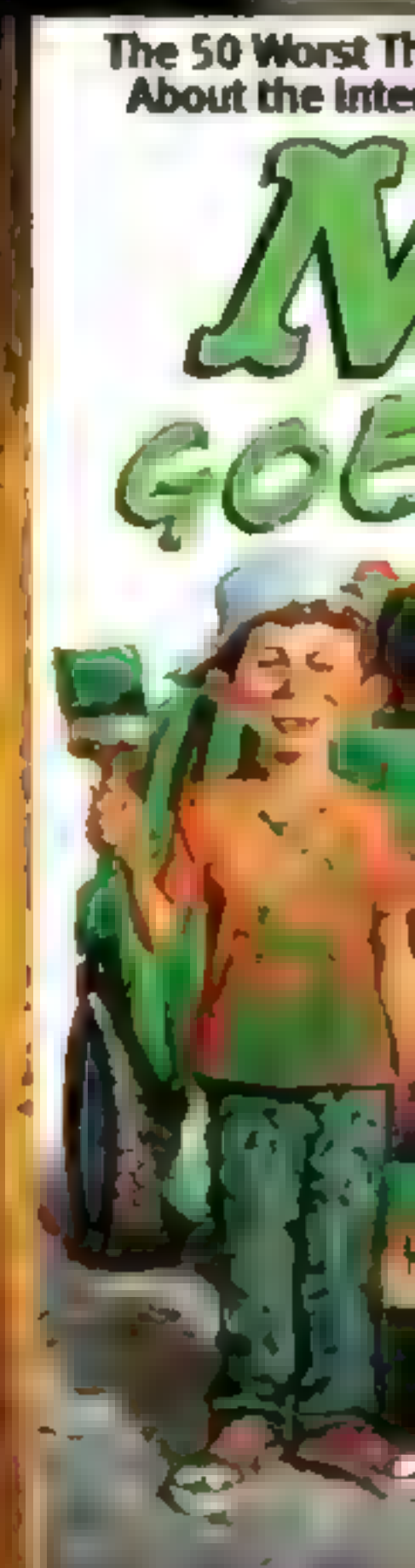
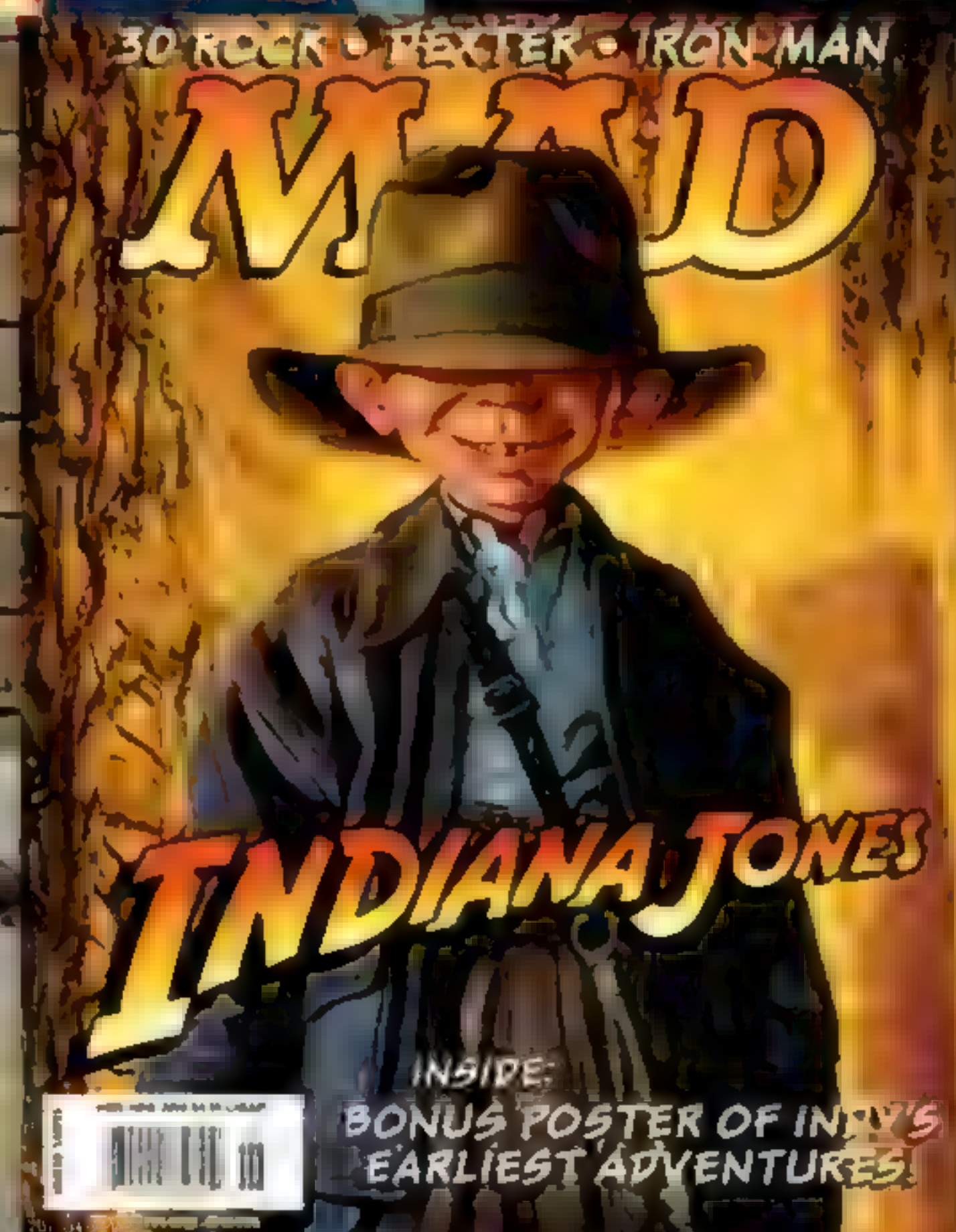
CHARLES BRUBAKER & PAT DORIAN

THE CONTINUING ADVENTURES OF **WILLY NILLY**



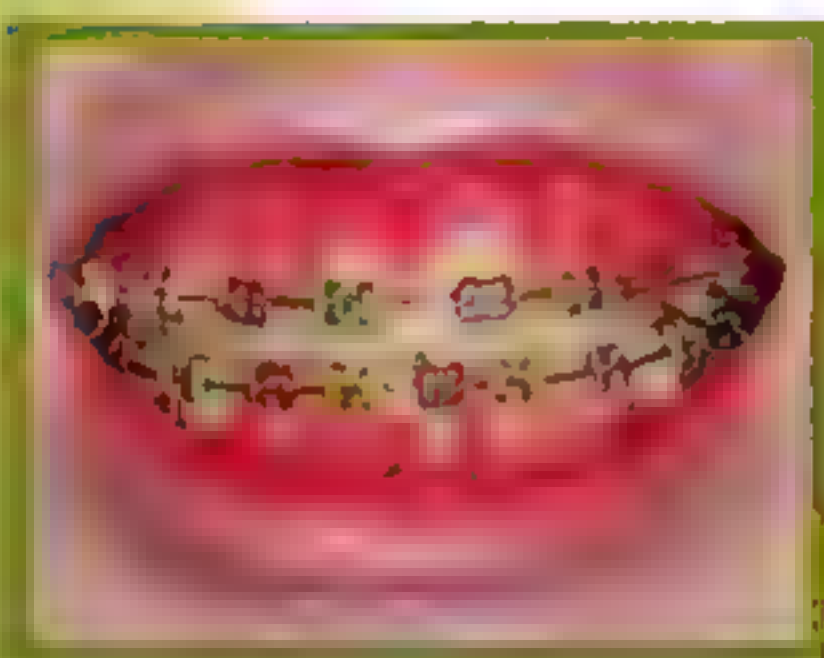
JOHN CALDWELL & JACOB CHABOT

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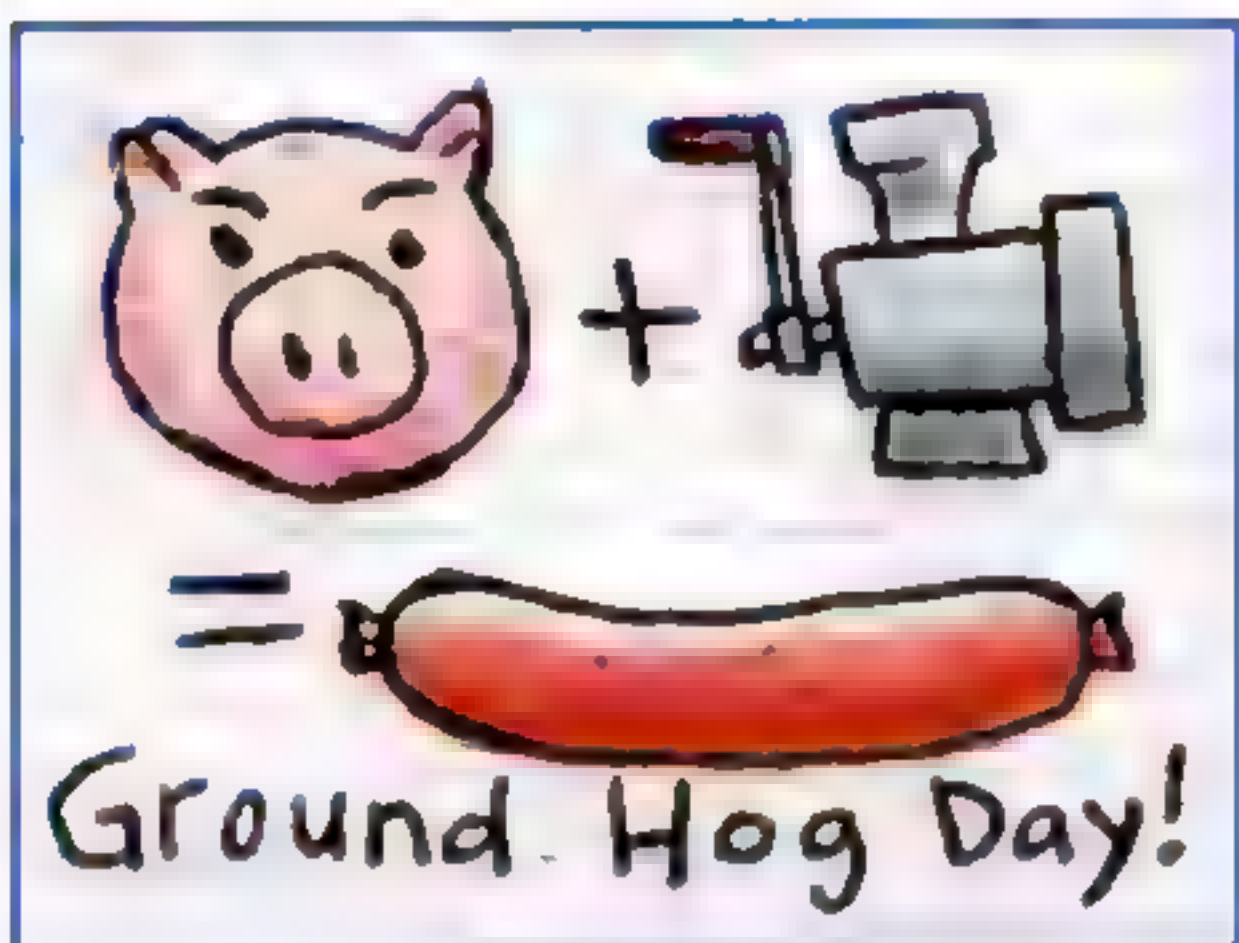


PLANET TAD!!!!

» NAME: TAD » GRADE: 9 » FAVORITE KIND OF STICK: FISH

FEBRUARY 2, 2016

It's **Groundhog Day!** It's a day that always makes me hungry for hot dogs, because hot dogs are made from ground hogs.



FEBRUARY 3, 2016

I wonder if Magneto's henchmen ever get annoyed that, every time he uses his superpower, they all have to buy new cellphones?



FEBRUARY 5, 2016

So, today at school, there was an announcement that, just ahead of **Valentine's Day**, our student council is having a "**Send-a-Carnation**" fundraiser all next week: For a dollar, you can buy a carnation and send it to anyone else in school. Which seems like an OK idea, I guess, even though I think carnations are weird. To me, they always look like a wad of used **Kleenex on a stick**. Like, I can't think of a less romantic plant you could send someone.

OK, I've thought about it, and a cactus would be less romantic.

And so would a Venus flytrap.

And so would seaweed.



So they're only the fourth least-romantic type of plant to send someone. But that's still pretty bad.

FEBRUARY 8, 2016

So, the Send-a-Carnation thing started today, and a lot of girls were walking around the halls with carnations from their boyfriends. At lunch today, my friend **Chuck's** girlfriend **Emily** came over and asked why he hadn't sent her a carnation. And he said, "Why? Do I need to? You already know I like you." And she said, "That's not the point. The point is that you should do something nice for me." And he said, "But it just seems like a waste of a dollar."

Chuck hates spending money. But he likes having a girlfriend. I feel like those two facts are pretty much on a collision course right now.

FEBRUARY 8, 2016

Whoever decided that the white house where the president lives should be called "**The White House**" should've taken more than ten seconds to come up with that name.

FEBRUARY 9, 2016

So, today at school, **Ashley Ames**, who's a senior, said "Hey" to me in the halls. She was walking past me with her friends **Britney Price** and **Dave Karp** — who were homecoming queen and king this year — and she looked right at me and pointed and said, "Hey! What's up?" And I was so shocked, I didn't even say anything back until I'd taken ten more steps, and I said, "Hey" back, but she and Britney and Dave were already gone.

I think she might like me. Which is amazing. Ashley is super-pretty, and she seems really nice, and she wouldn't just say "Hey" to a freshman for no reason, right?

I wish I'd said "Hey" back.

I should let her know that I like her, too. I think I'm going to send her a carnation, with a friendly note. Nothing too elaborate. Just something simple, like, "Hey, I like you too, do you want to go out or something?" You know. Just playing it cool.

FEBRUARY 10, 2016

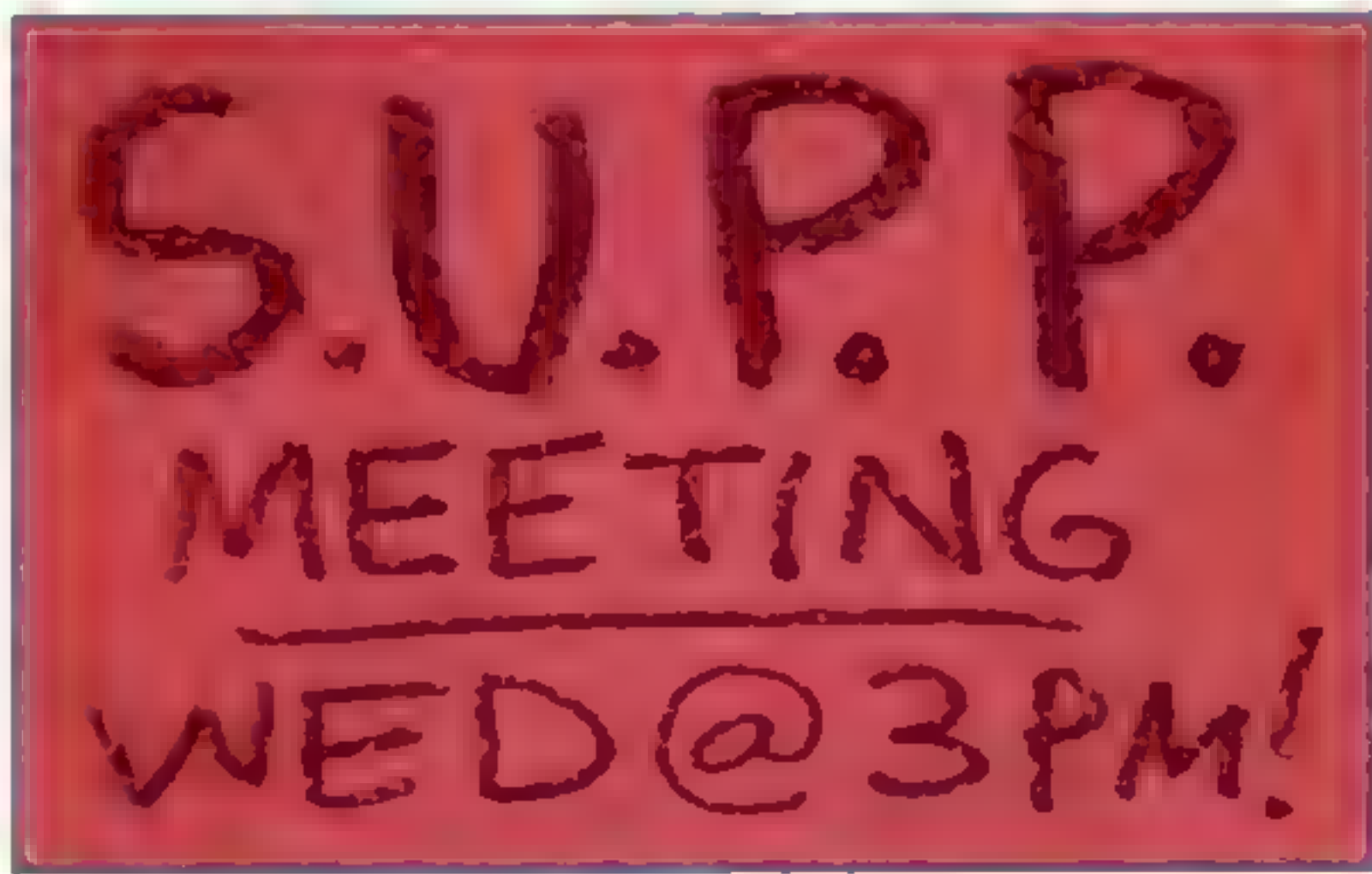
I know the story of "**The Ugly Duckling**" is supposed to be uplifting, but let's face it: It's not really a story about an ugly duckling. It's a story about a perfectly nice-looking swan. The moral of the story is basically, "If people don't find you attractive, cross your fingers and hope that you're secretly a different species entirely."

FEBRUARY 10, 2016

Ugh. So, today I sent Ashley a carnation. And at lunch, Chuck was like, "Don't turn around, but Ashley's sitting right behind you, and they're delivering your carnation to her right now." And I said, "Tell me what's happening." And he said, "She's taking the flower. She looks confused. She's opening the note. She's...oh." And I said, "What?" And he said, "Well, she tried to hide it, but Dave grabbed it. And now he's showing it to Britney. And they're laughing. And now...Ashley's taking the flower...and she just threw it in the trash." And I said, "Really?" And he said, "Yeah."

And then there was an awkward pause, and he said, "Hey, look: I know this sucks for you and everything, but...Do you mind if I go and get your carnation and give it to Emily?" And before I could answer, he said, "Ahh, never mind. Someone just threw out a **sloppy joe** on top of it."

Anyway, after school, Ashley came by my locker and said, "Um, thanks for the flower, but...I'm kind of not interested in you? In any way?" And I said, "OK. I guess I just misinterpreted it when you said 'what's up' to me the other day." And she said, "Oh! Oh, god, no. I was pointing at the poster behind you." And she pointed to the poster:



Ashley said, "I was asking them if they knew what **S.U.P.P.** was." And I said, "Oh. It's the **Students United to Promote Philately**. It's a new club for stamp collectors." And she said, "Yeah, see, the fact that you knew that is just one of the reasons why I'm not interested in you. Anyway, I'm sorry if Dave and Britney make fun of you over it. They're...they're kind of terrible people." And I said, "I thought you guys were friends." And she said, "Yeah. We are. They're my best friends. And even I think they're terrible people. So...sorry in advance."

FEBRUARY 11, 2016

Well, Ashley wasn't wrong about Britney and Dave being terrible people. I guess they told the whole senior class about me and my stupid carnation, and everywhere I go, I can hear people making fun of me behind my back. Which is bad, but it's not as bad as the fact that Dave makes fun of me to my face — at lunch today, I walked by his table and he shouted, "Hey, Romeo!", and made kissy noises, and then he and Britney just laughed and laughed.

It was terrible, and there's nothing I can do about it.

Well, almost nothing.

FEBRUARY 12, 2016

So, this morning, Dave Karp got a special delivery in homeroom, in front of Britney. It was a carnation with a message that said, "XOXO — you know who". A little while later, he got one that said, "I won't tell if you won't". And a little while after that, he got one that said, "It can be our little secret". He got a dozen carnations with messages like that, all day long. By the seventh one, Britney was so convinced he was cheating on her, she'd broken up with him.

It was the best \$12 I've ever spent.

LATEST TWEETS

- PLANET TAD** @PlanetTad 3m
Why do we add an extra day to February in leap years? February sucks. If anything, we should add a day to June.
- PLANET TAD** @PlanetTad 13m
I don't think live-action short subject films exist anywhere except in clip form during the Academy Awards.
- PLANET TAD** @PlanetTad 38m
You know what makes me sad? 1% milk. It's the milk for people who hate skim milk, but don't feel they deserve something as lavish as 2% milk.
- PLANET TAD** @PlanetTad 42m
The weirdest thing about the Apple logo is that there's a bite taken out of it. "Here. Buy our product. It's like a previously eaten fruit."
- PLANET TAD** @PlanetTad 1h
Ping-pong tournaments get a lot more interesting if you pretend they're elaborate games of "keep away" with Muppets' eyeballs.
- PLANET TAD** @PlanetTad 2h
If I had to guess, **Dave** is the one in charge of the business side of things, and **Buster's** the one in charge of the games.

FACEBOOK ACTIVITY

Tad shared a photo 2 hrs • 44

Just because you agree with something doesn't mean you have to share it.

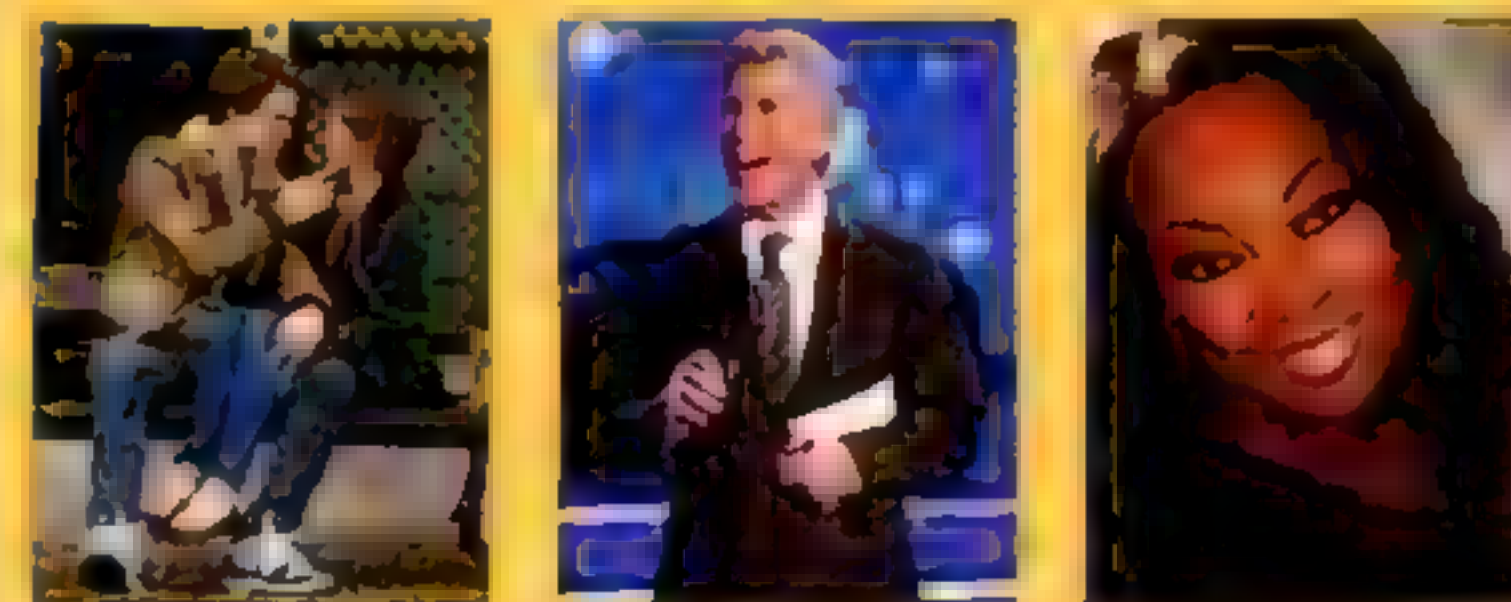
SHARE IF YOU AGREE!

LIKES



Star Wars Star Trek Stargate

DISLIKES

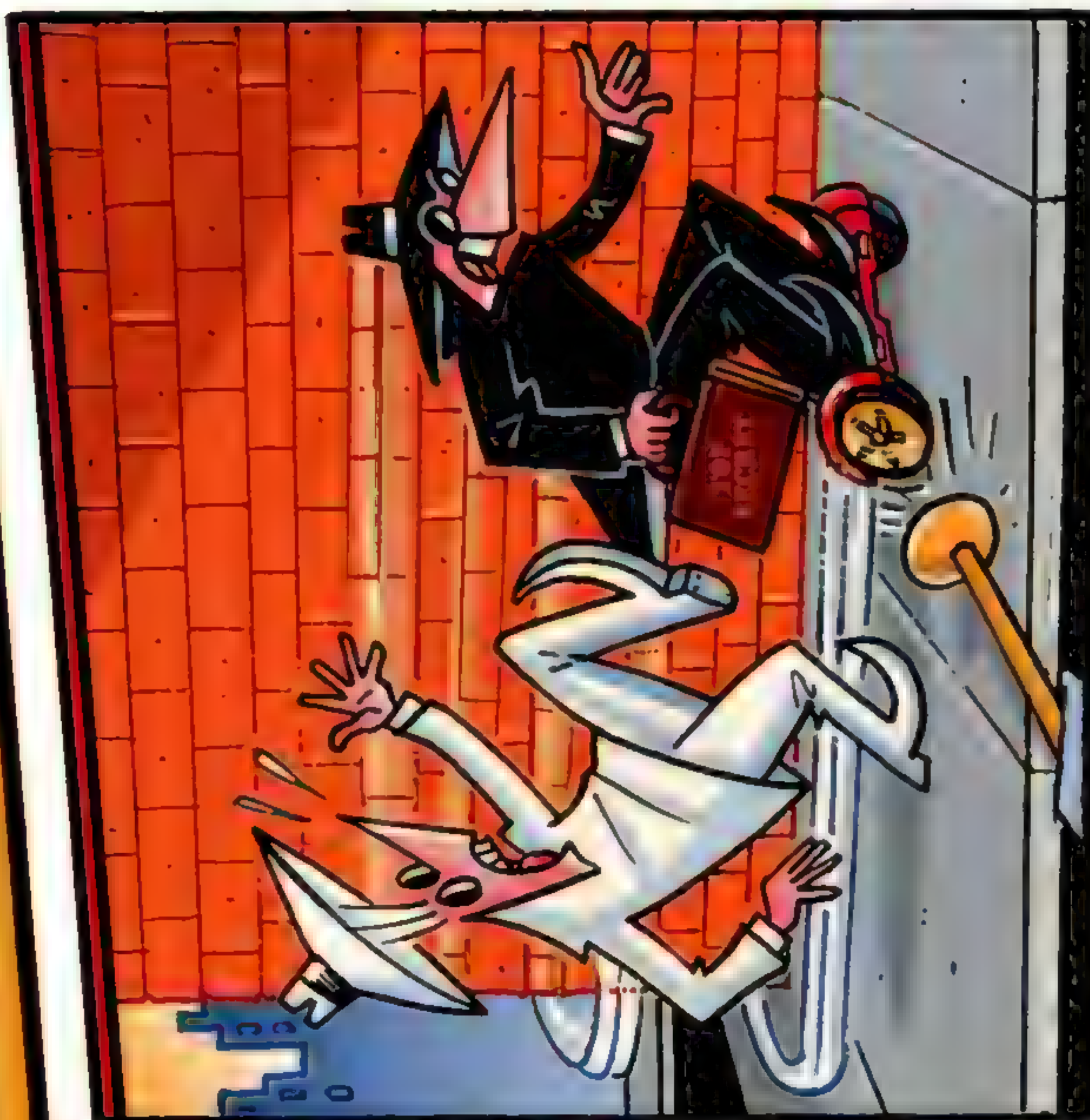


The Fault in Our Stars Dancing with the Stars Star Jones

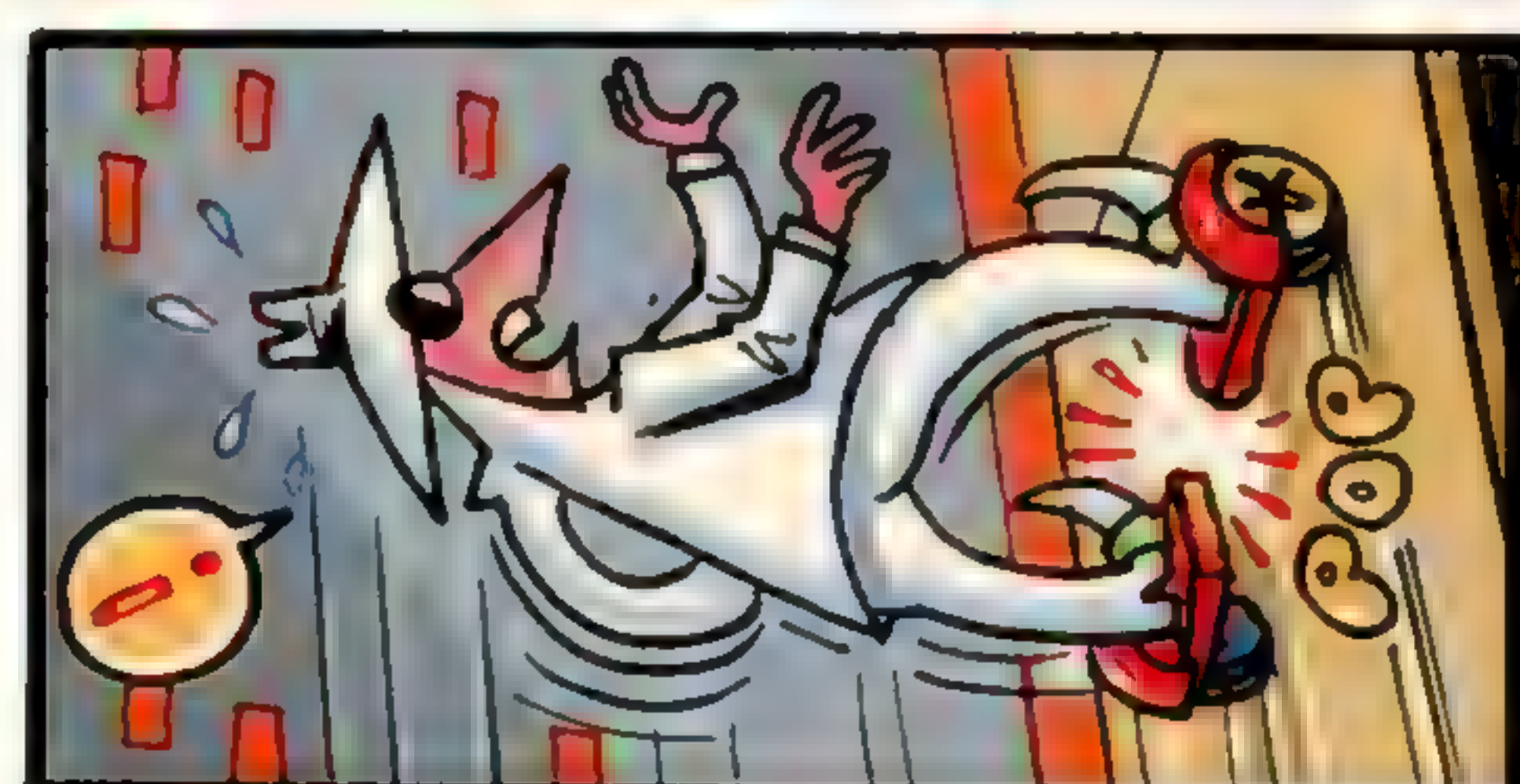
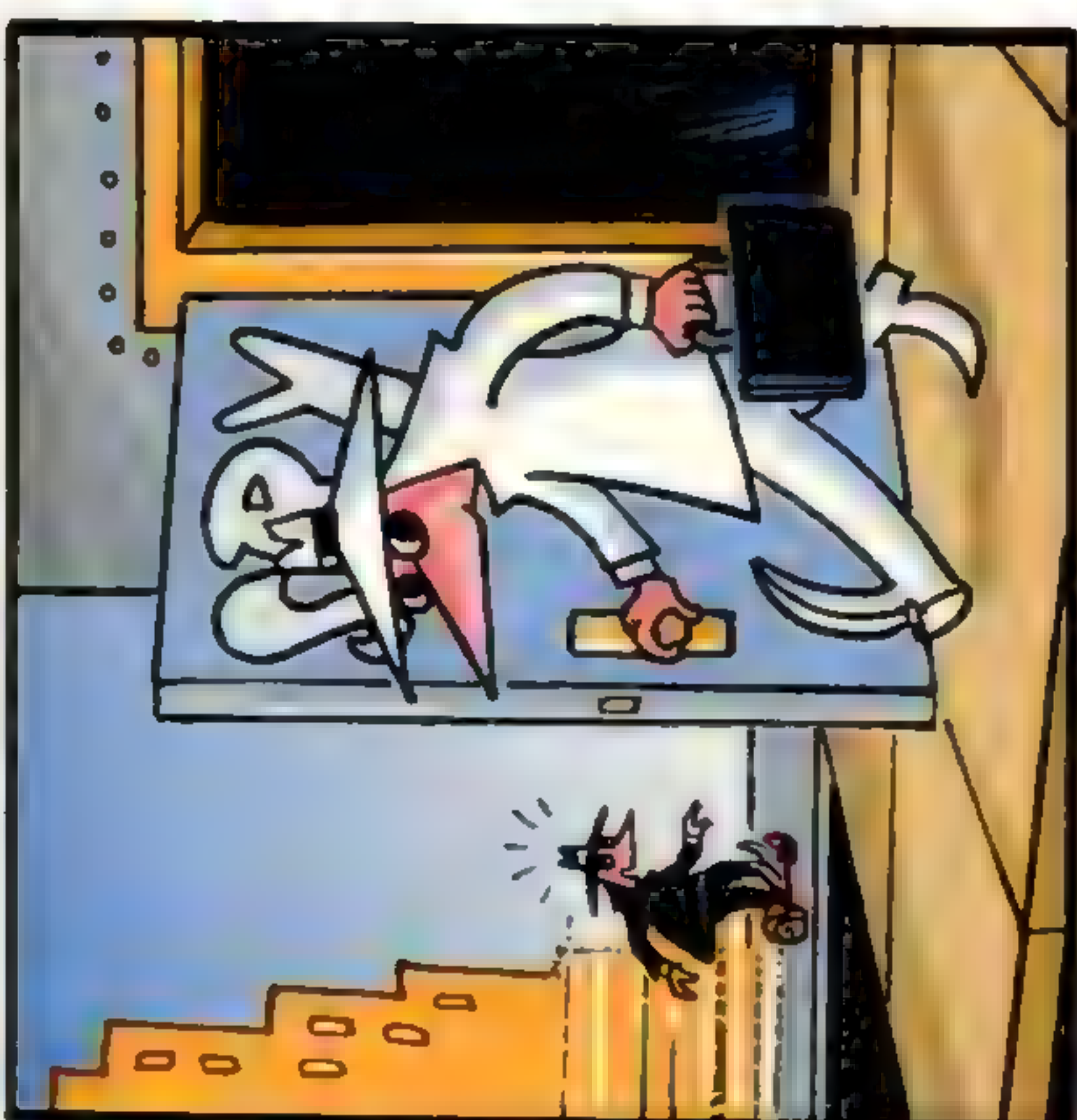
PLACES

- Tad visited:
- School
 - Home
 - Chuck's house

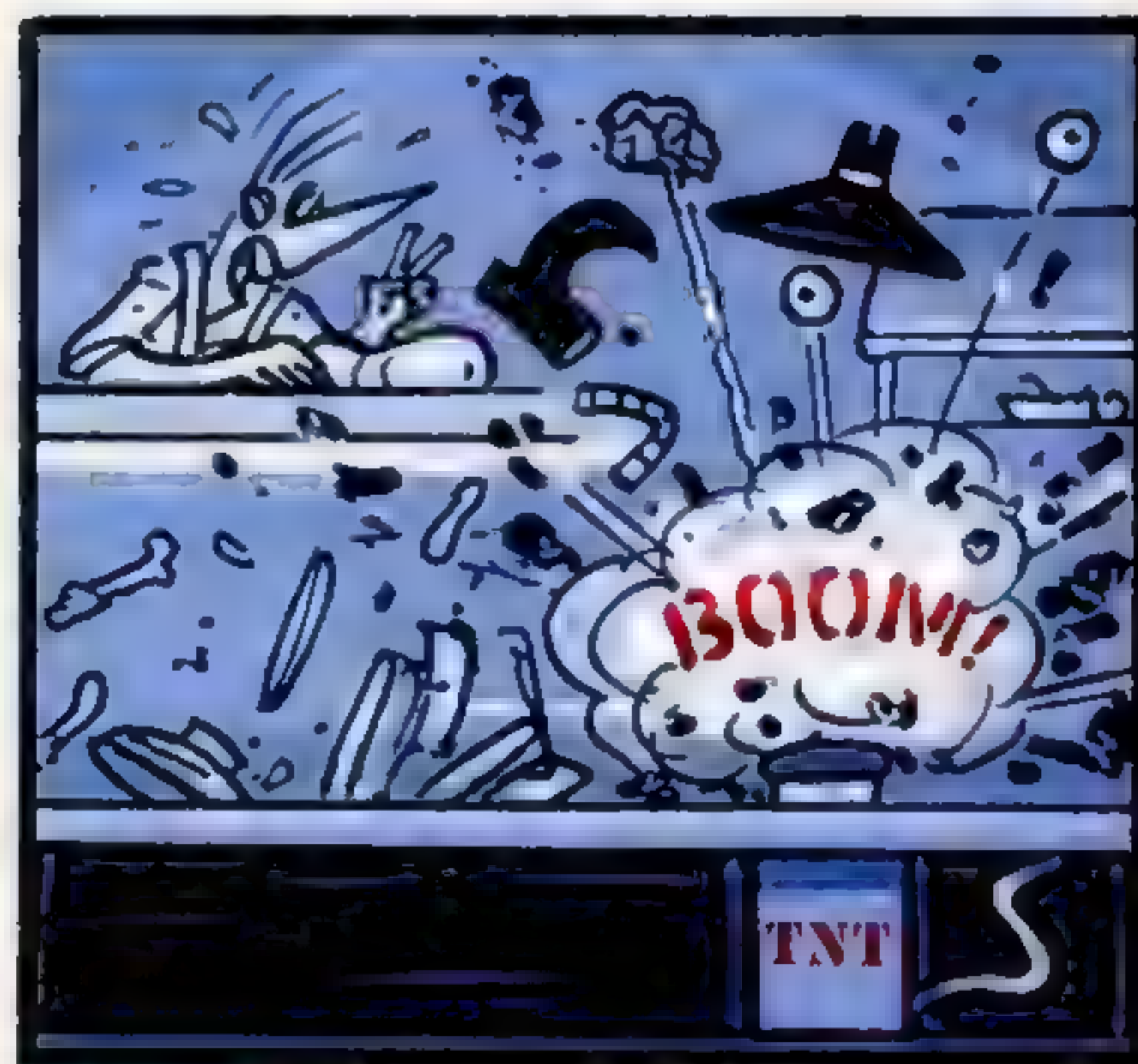
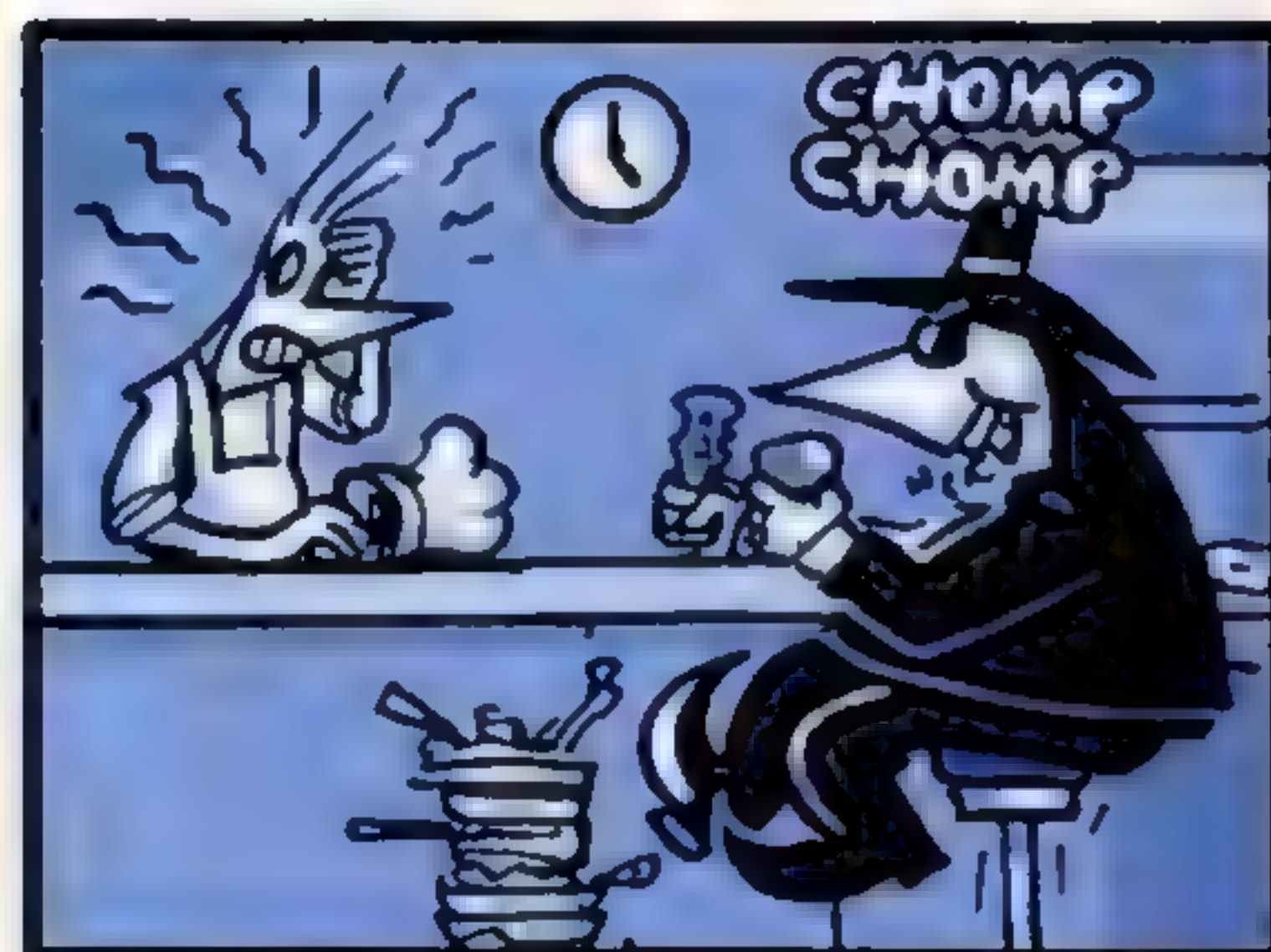
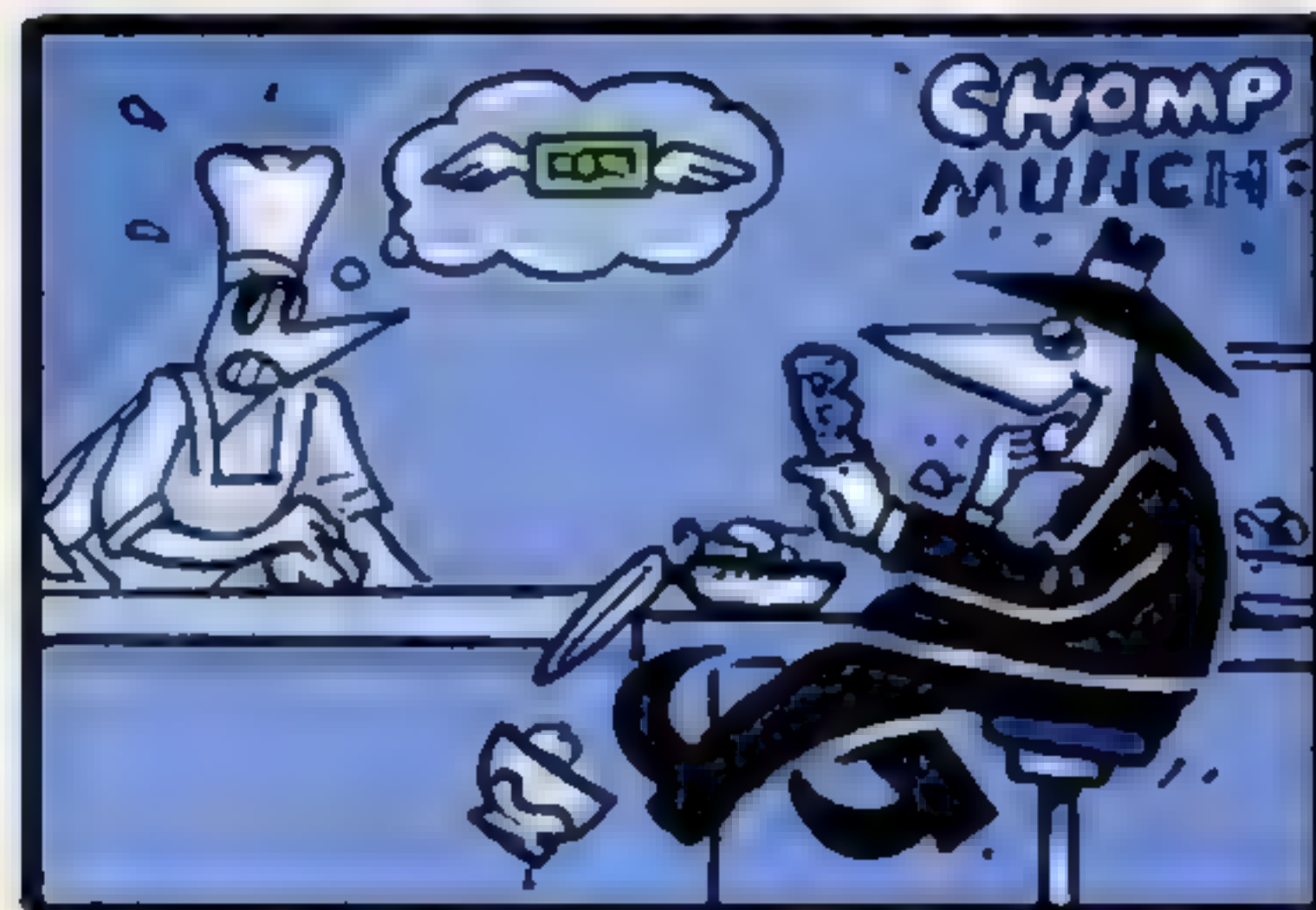




WRITER AND ARTIST: PETER KUPER



SPY VS SPY





On March 25, the highly-anticipated movie *Batman v Superman: Dawn of Justice* will debut. But why wait when you can create your own epic film right now? Lights, Camera! Action!

MAD's MAKE YOUR OWN BATMAN v SUPERMAN MOVIE

WHEN

WRITER: MATT ROPPOLIS



Batman



Wonder Woman



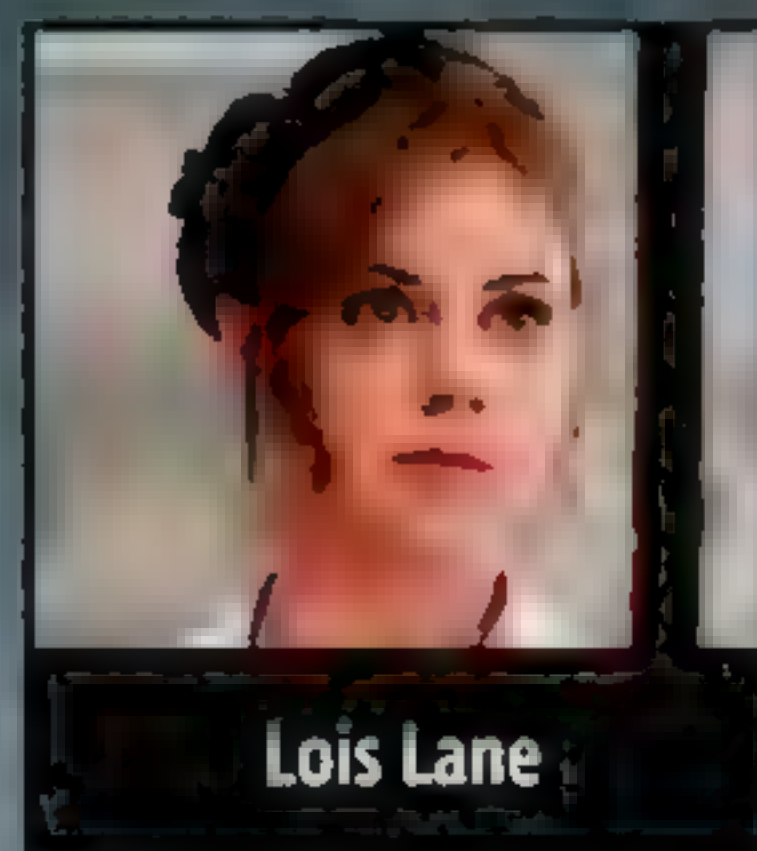
Cyborg



Aquaman



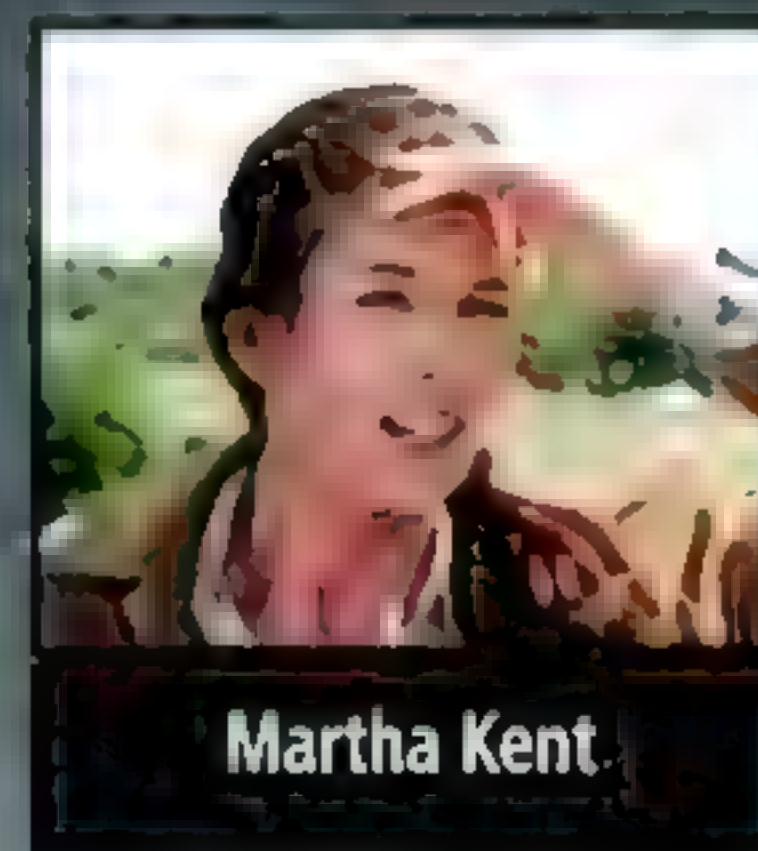
Alfred



Lois Lane

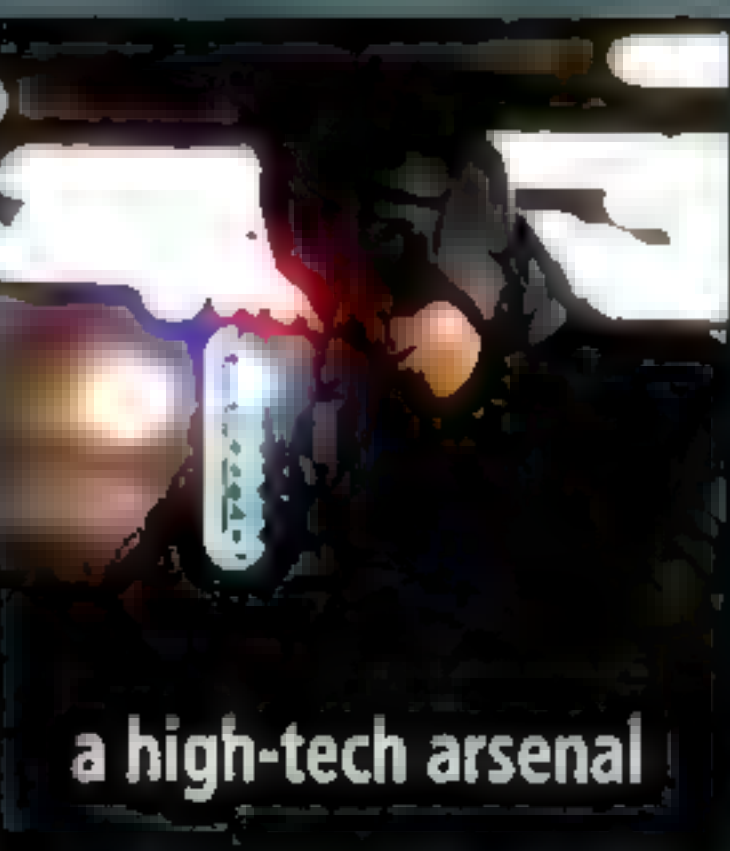


Perry White



Martha Kent

EMPLOYS



a high-tech arsenal



kimchi relish



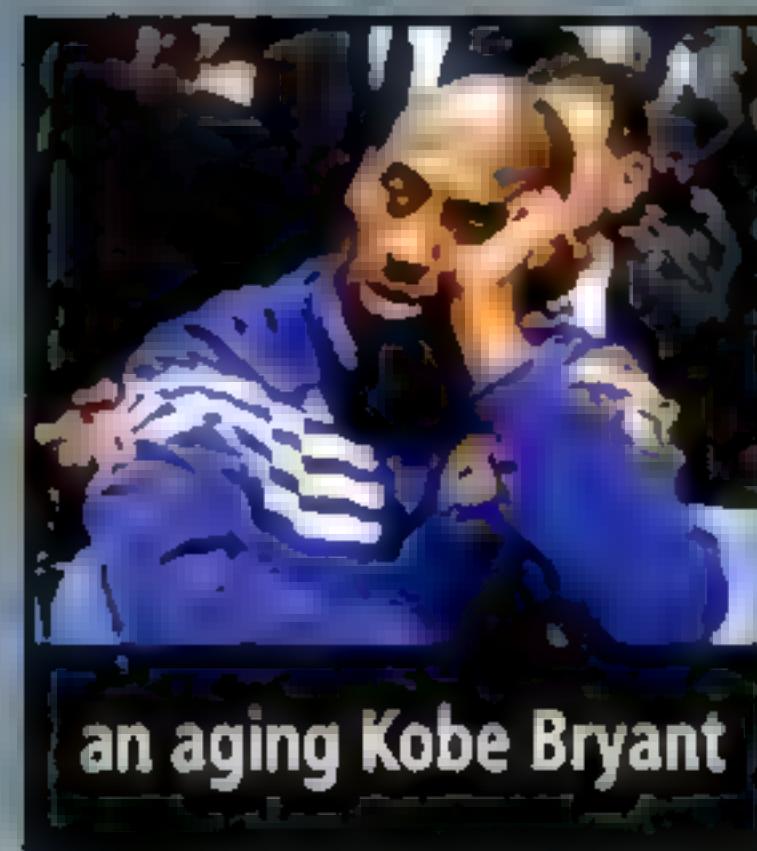
Amish Secret wood polish



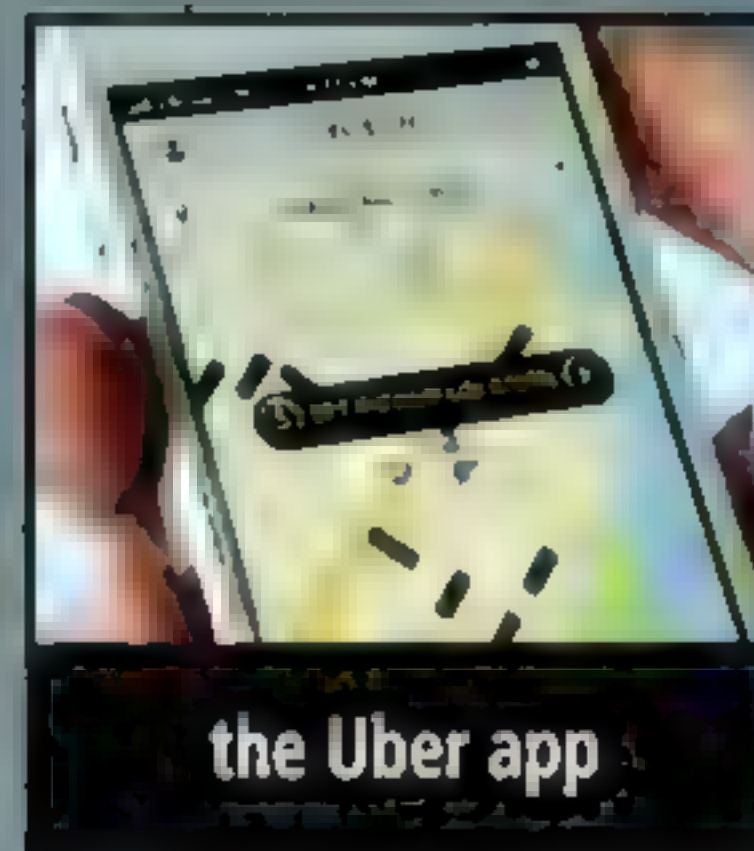
a Bulgarian au pair



a cat on a Roomba



an aging Kobe Bryant

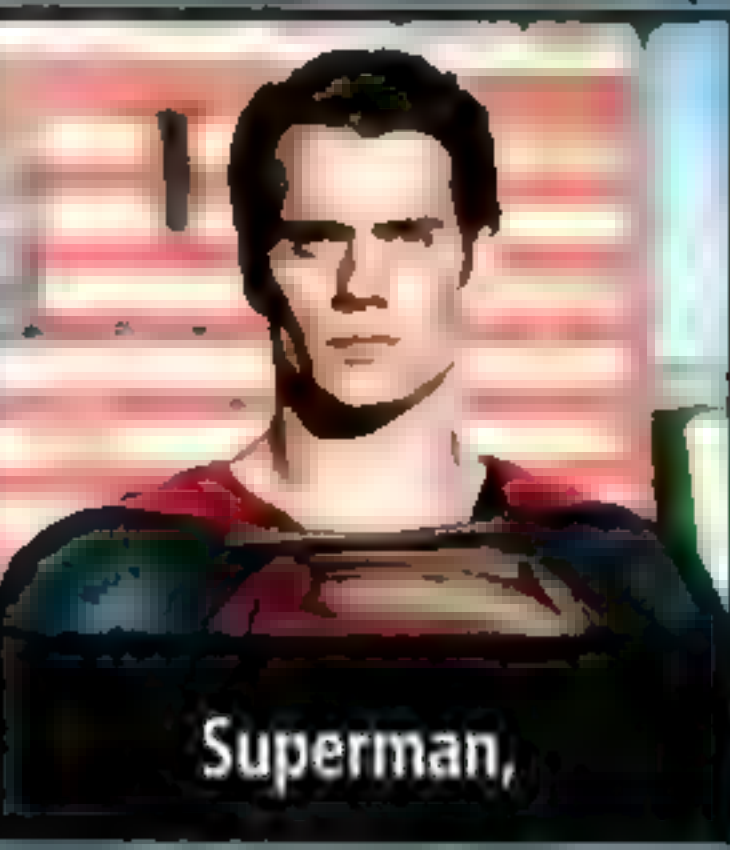


the Uber app



90s dance moves

IN A BATTLE AGAINST



Superman,



a rogue AARP cell,



the homeschool lobby,



a Whole Foods opening in the neighborhood,



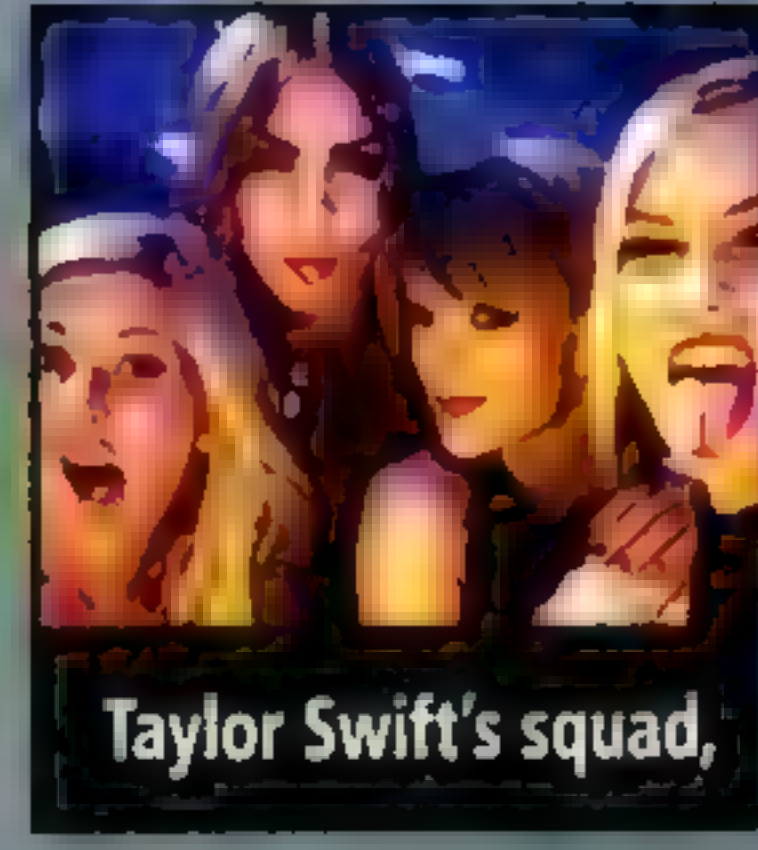
halitosis,



a huffing habit,



the liberal media,



Taylor Swift's squad,

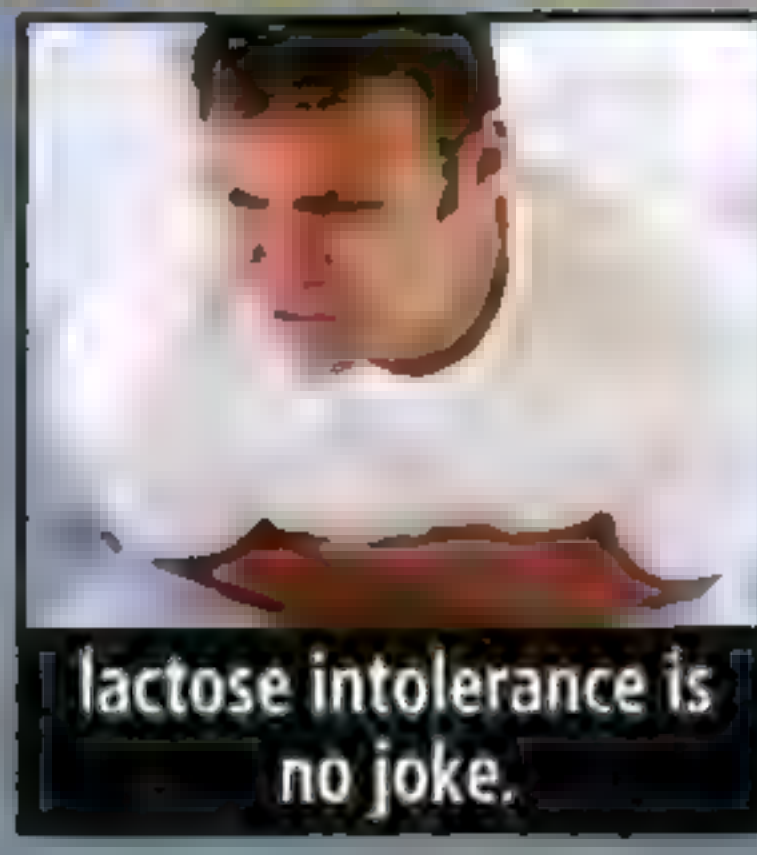
MAYHEM ENSUES UNTIL THE REALIZATION THAT



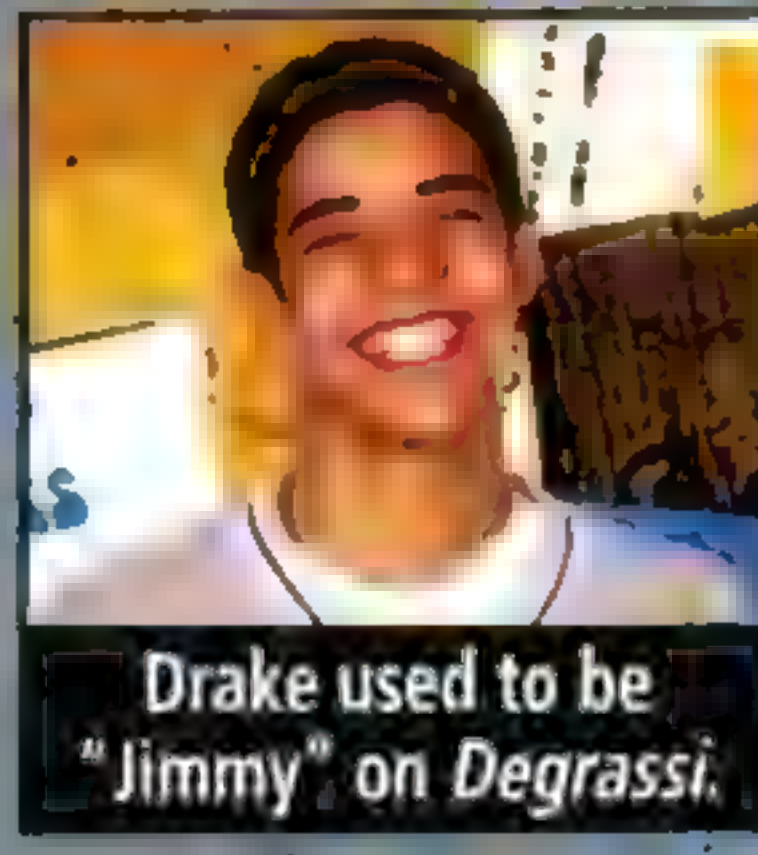
Doomsday must be stopped.



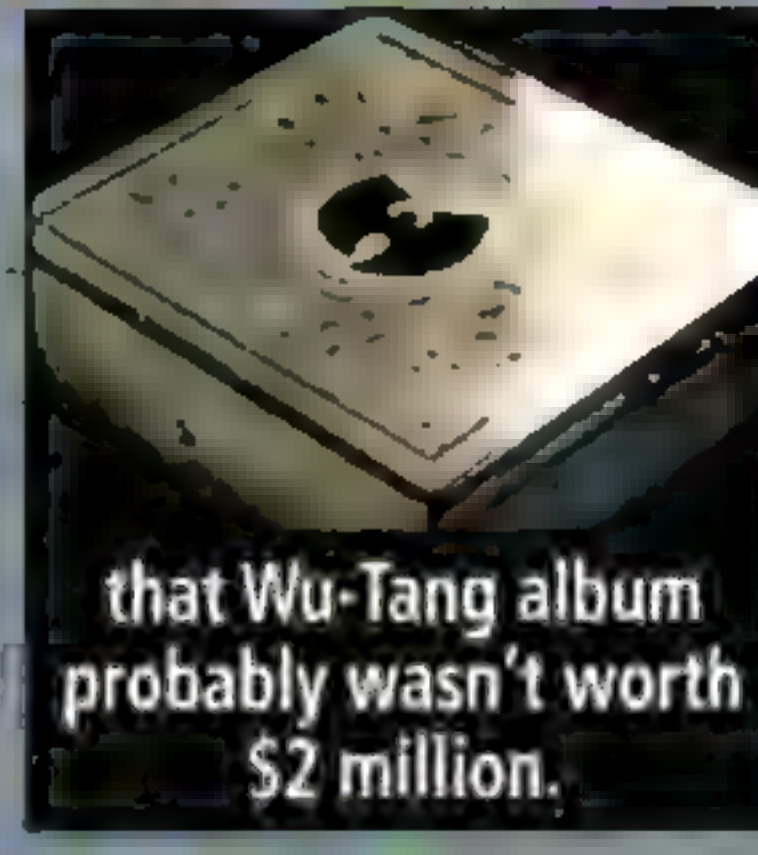
there's really nothing ever worth eating at Hardee's.



lactose intolerance is no joke.



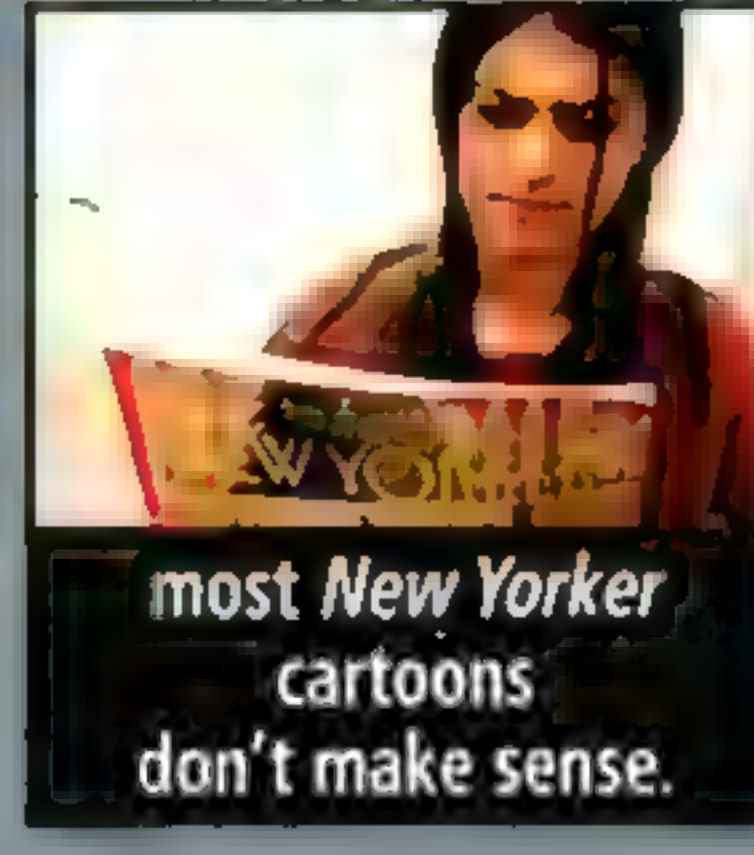
Drake used to be "Jimmy" on *Degraassi*.



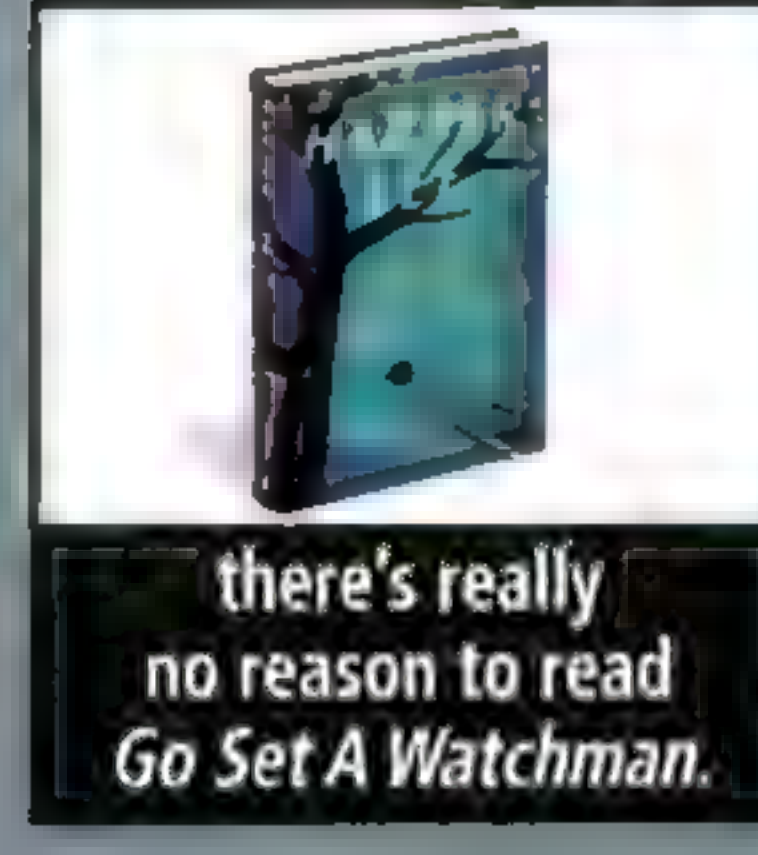
that Wu-Tang album probably wasn't worth \$2 million.



guys can pee standing up.

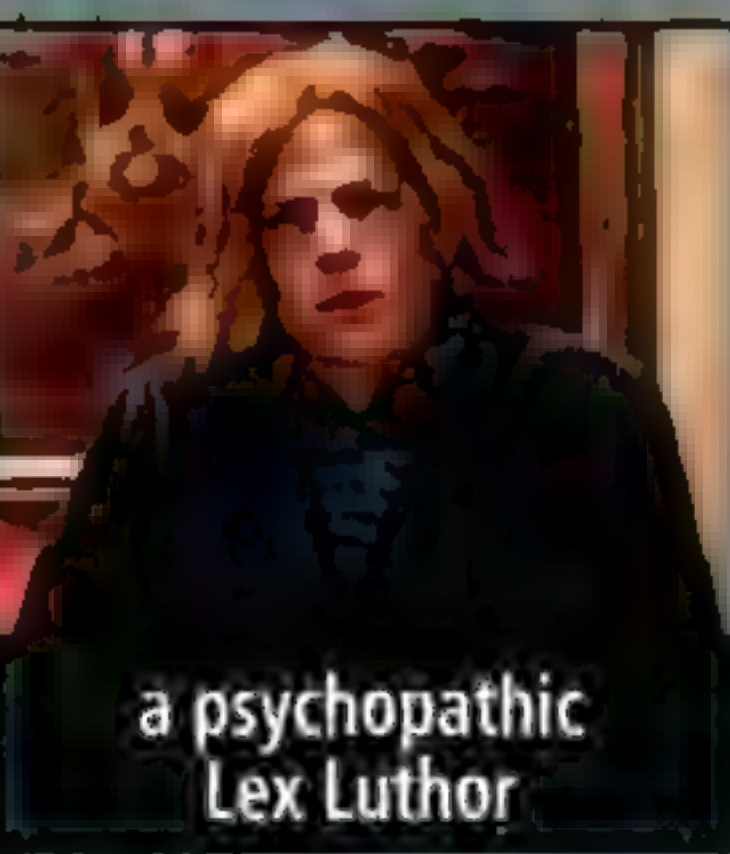


most *New Yorker* cartoons don't make sense.

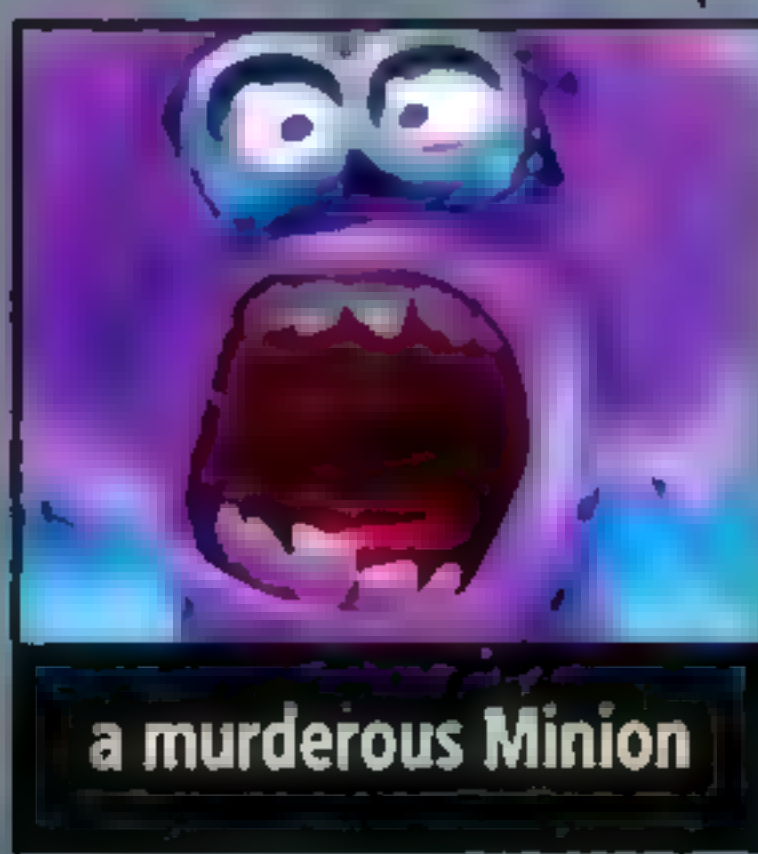


there's really no reason to read *Go Set A Watchman*.

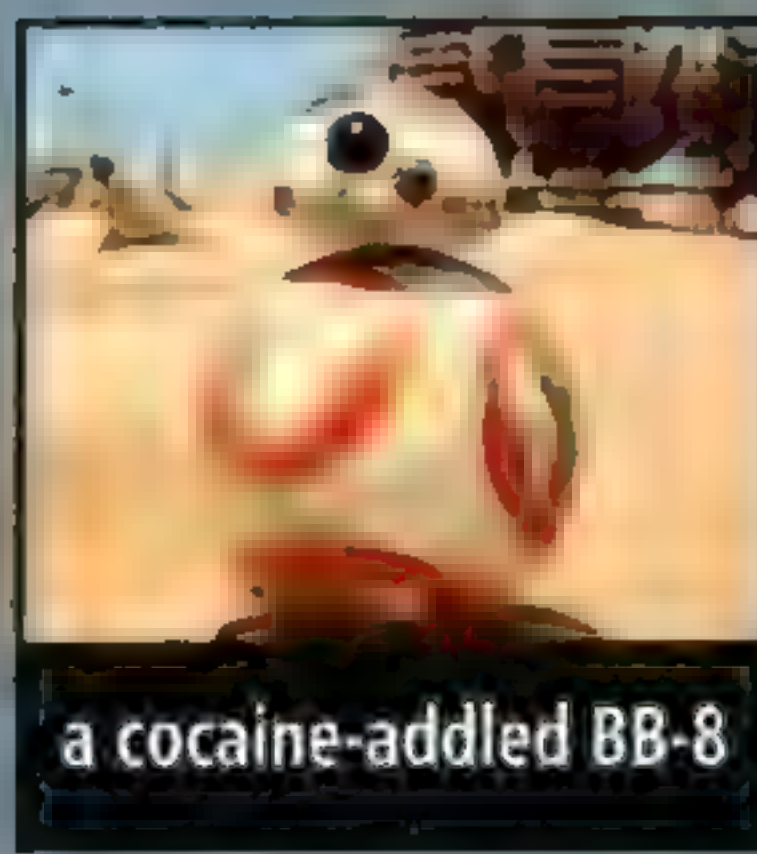
MEANWHILE,



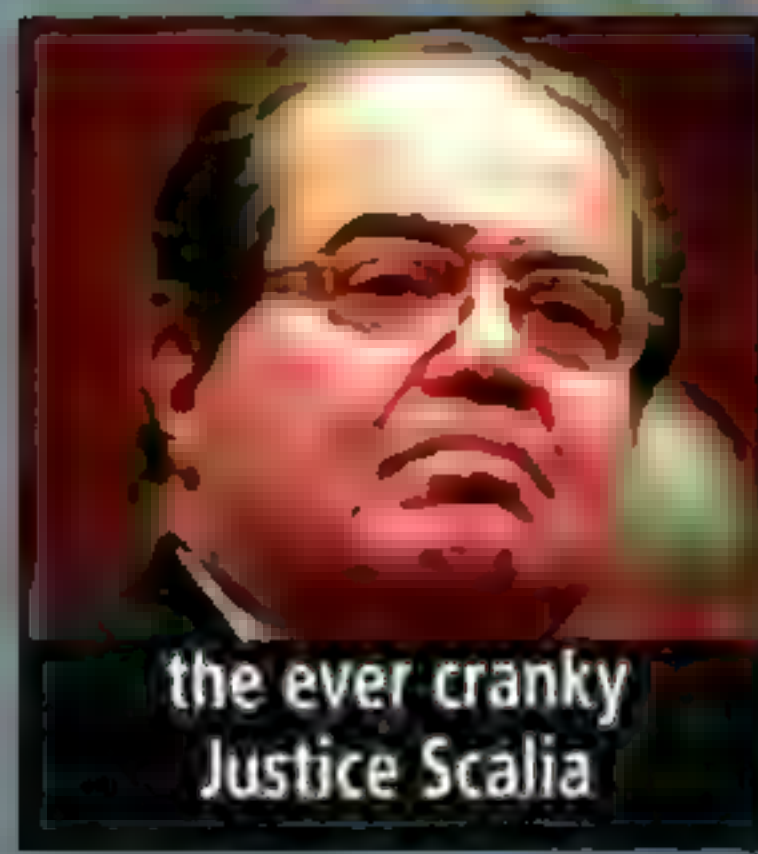
a psychopathic Lex Luthor



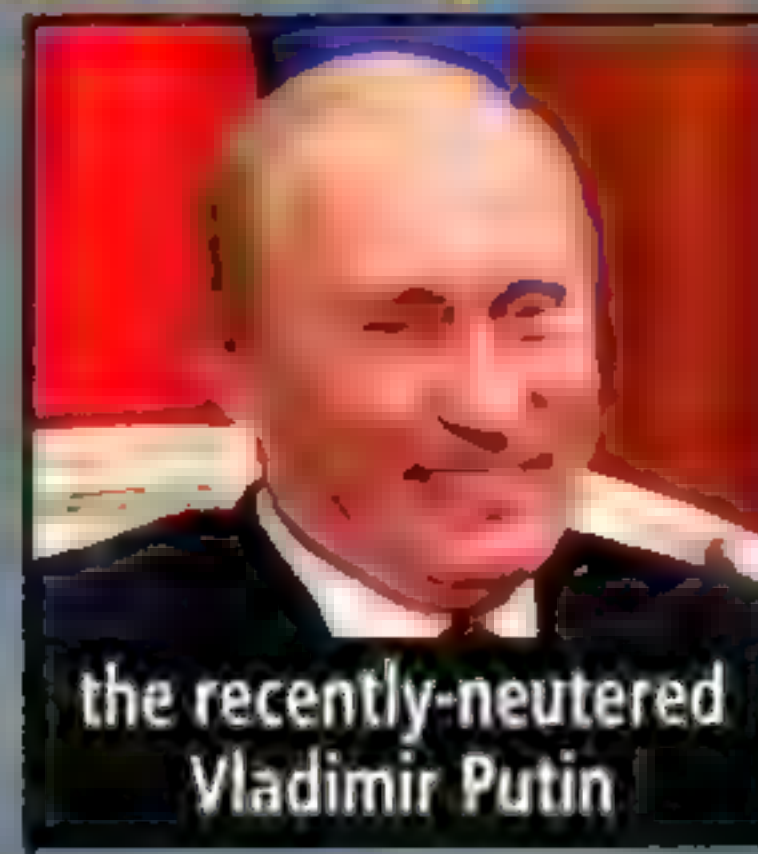
a murderous Minion



a cocaine-addled BB-8



the ever cranky Justice Scalia



the recently-neutered Vladimir Putin



the devious Martin Shkreli

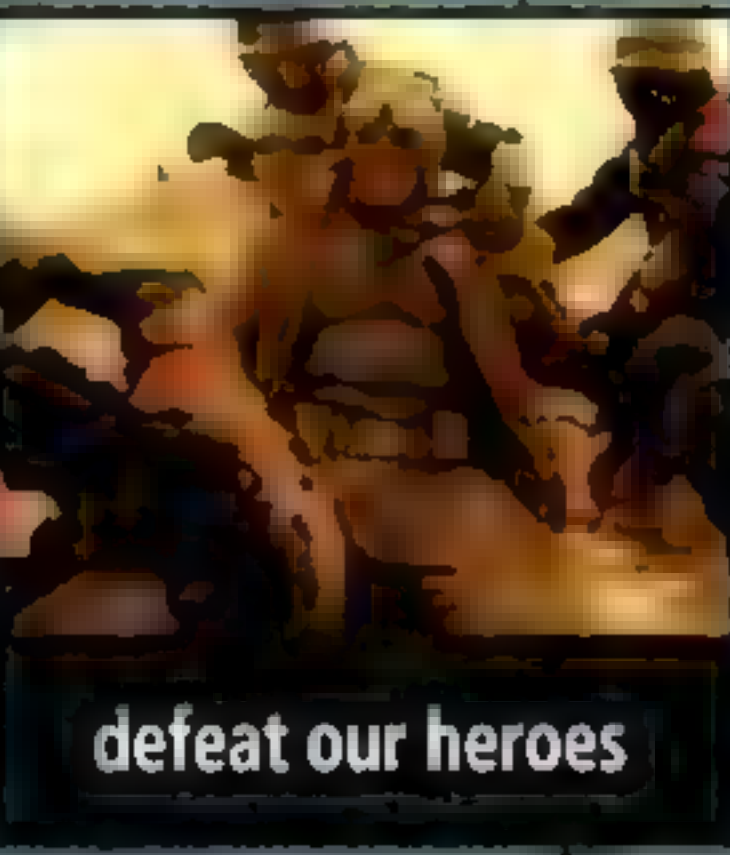


Joel Osteen's evil twin

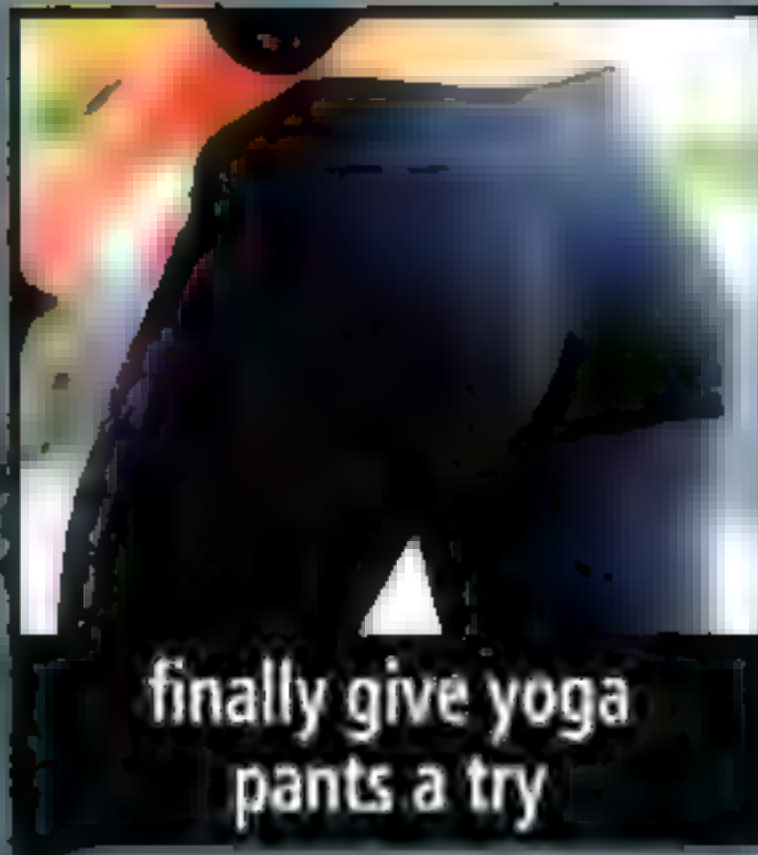


an invisible dwarf

SCHEMES TO



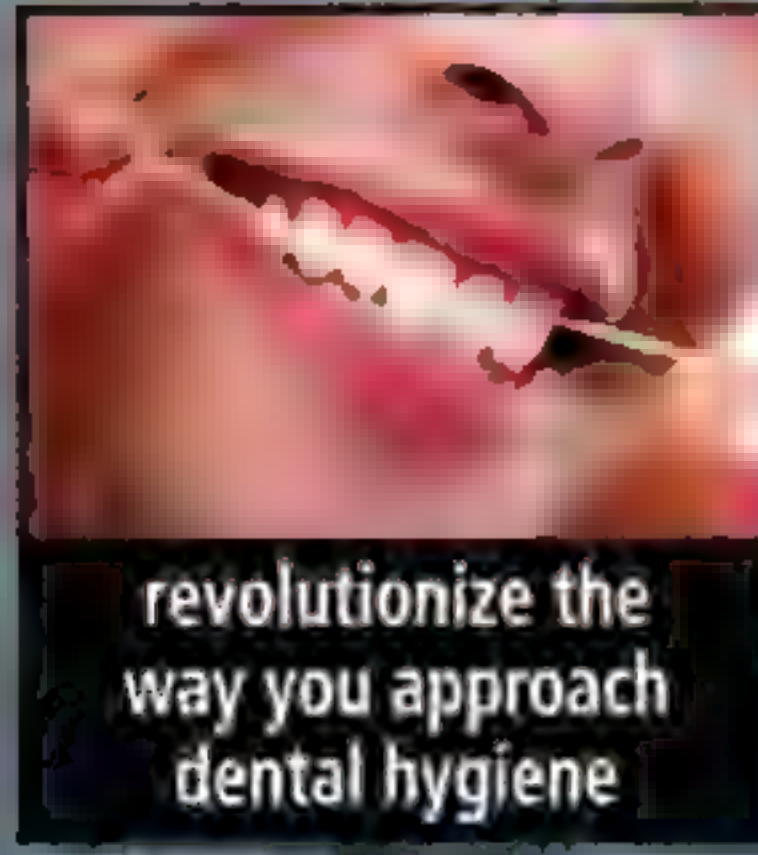
defeat our heroes



finally give yoga pants a try



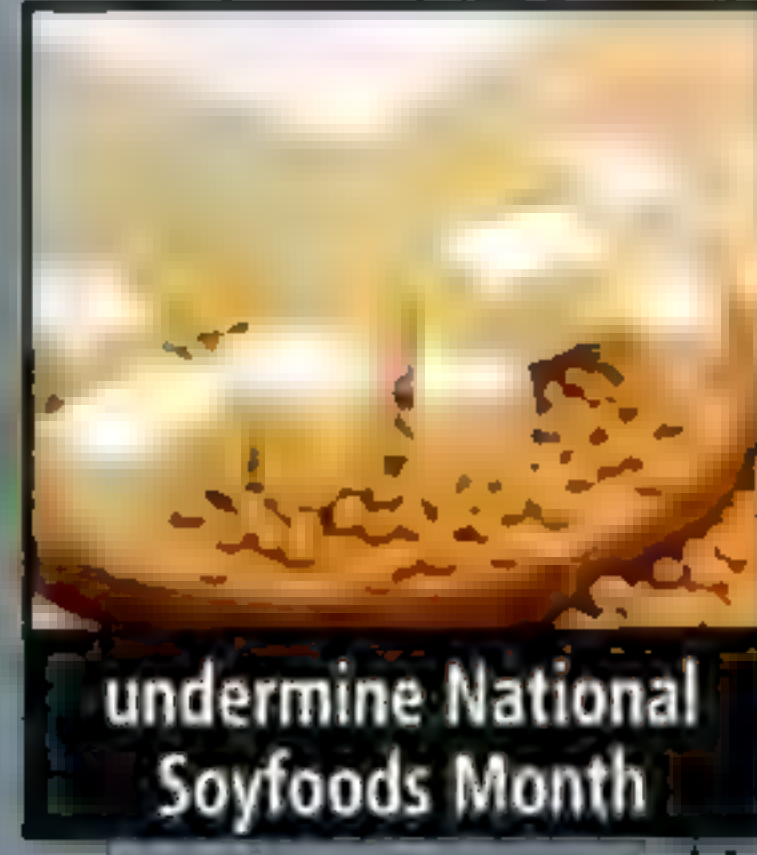
conquer Des Moines



revolutionize the way you approach dental hygiene



join a shave club



undermine National Soyfoods Month



be the tenth caller and win

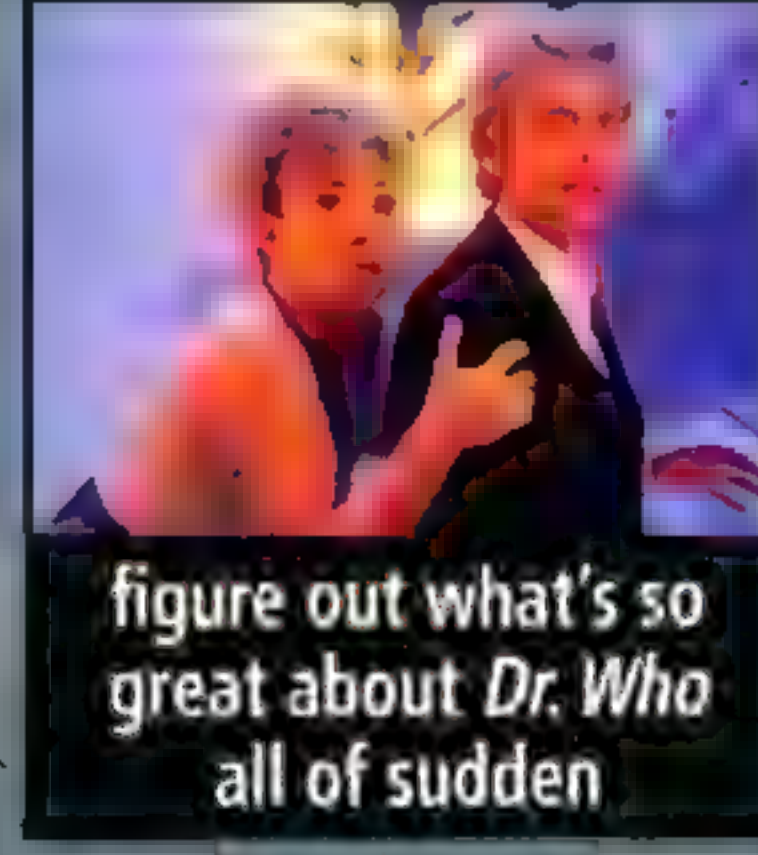
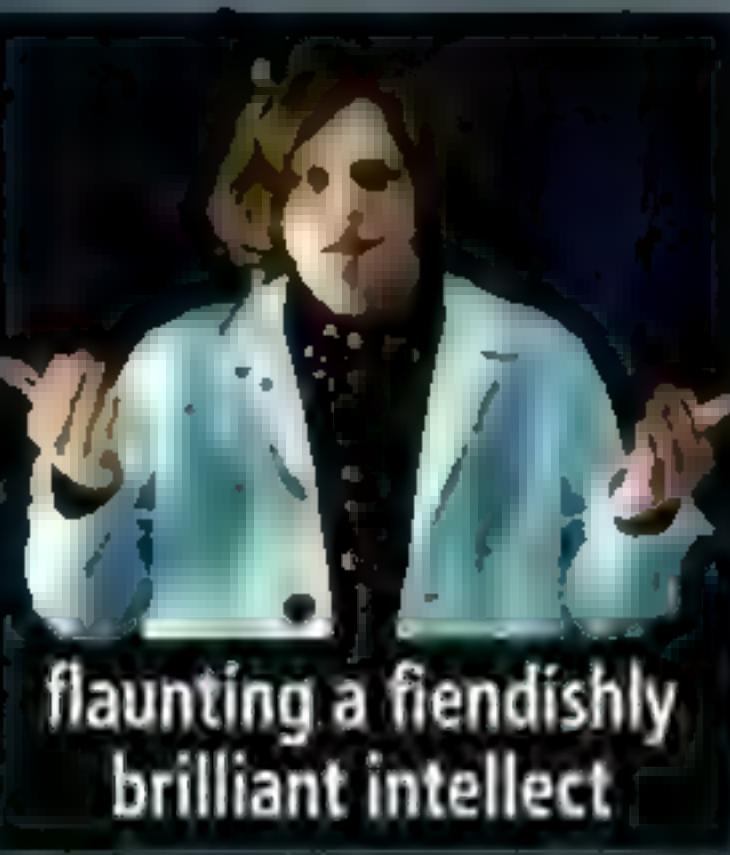


figure out what's so great about *Dr. Who* all of sudden

WHILE SIMULTANEOUSLY



flaunting a fiendishly brilliant intellect



making an unboxing video



enrolling in a Dothraki language class at the local community college



writing some *Wimpy Kid* fan fiction



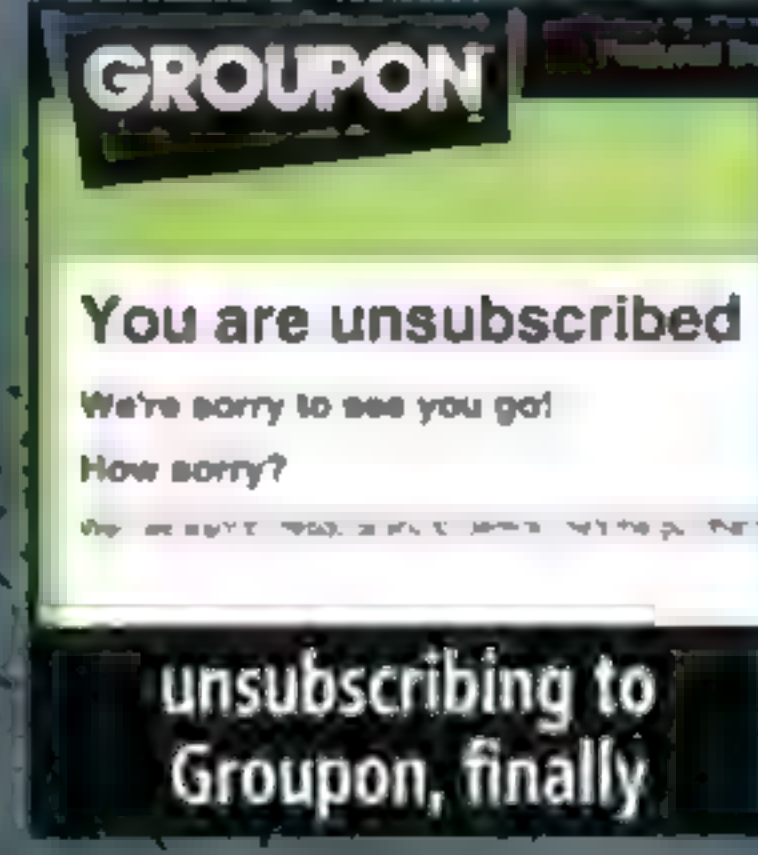
blogging about tween fashion trends



wiping out on a hoverboard



hosting a Yankee Candle party



unsubscribing to Groupon, finally

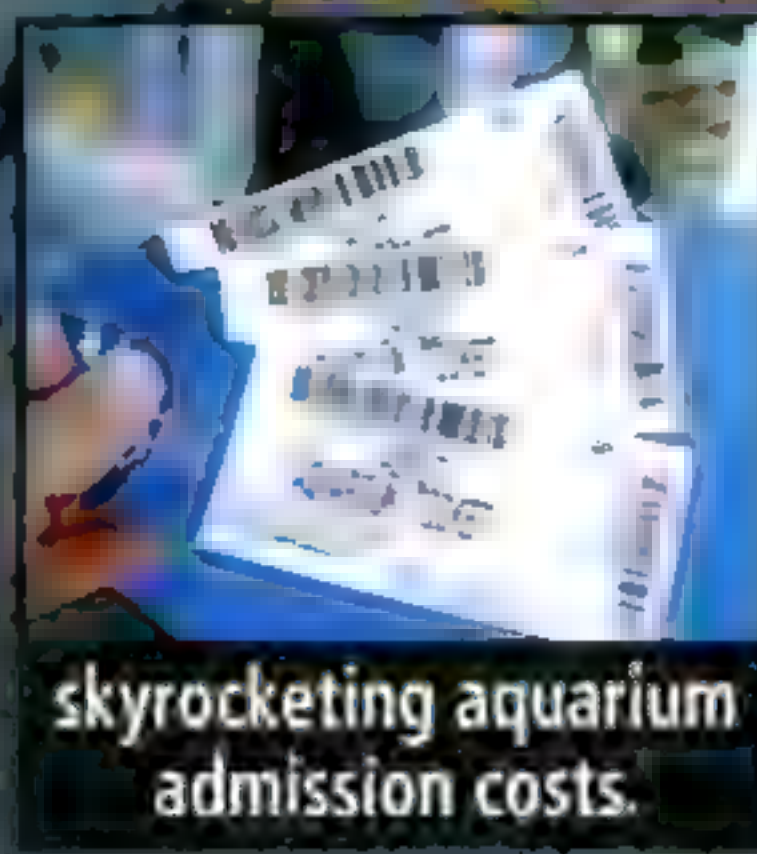
AS DISASTER LOOMS IN THE FORM OF



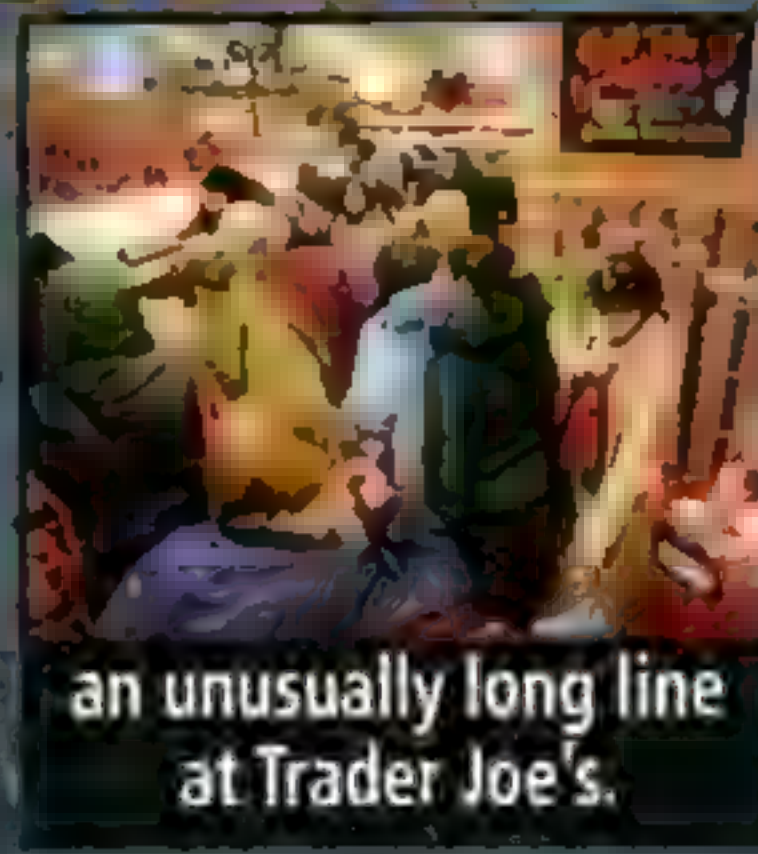
widespread destruction.



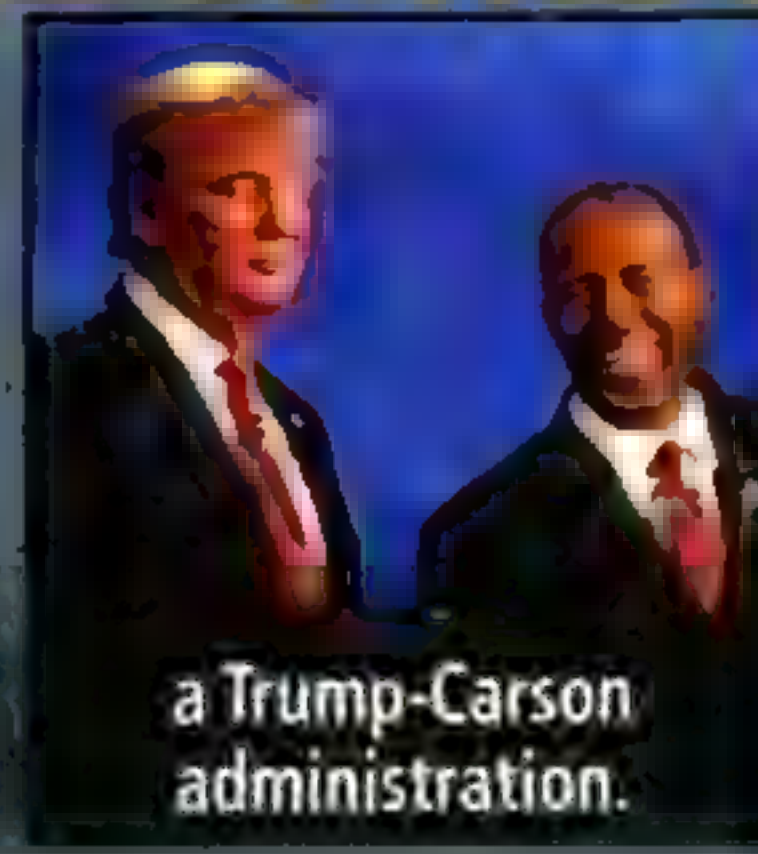
another season of *Dance Moms*.



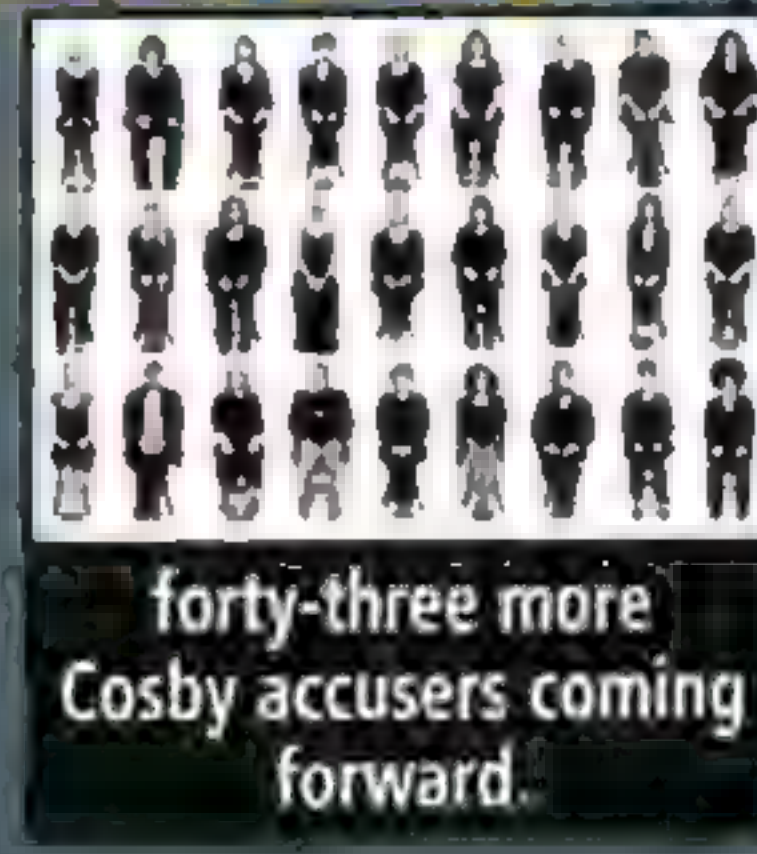
skyrocketing aquarium admission costs.



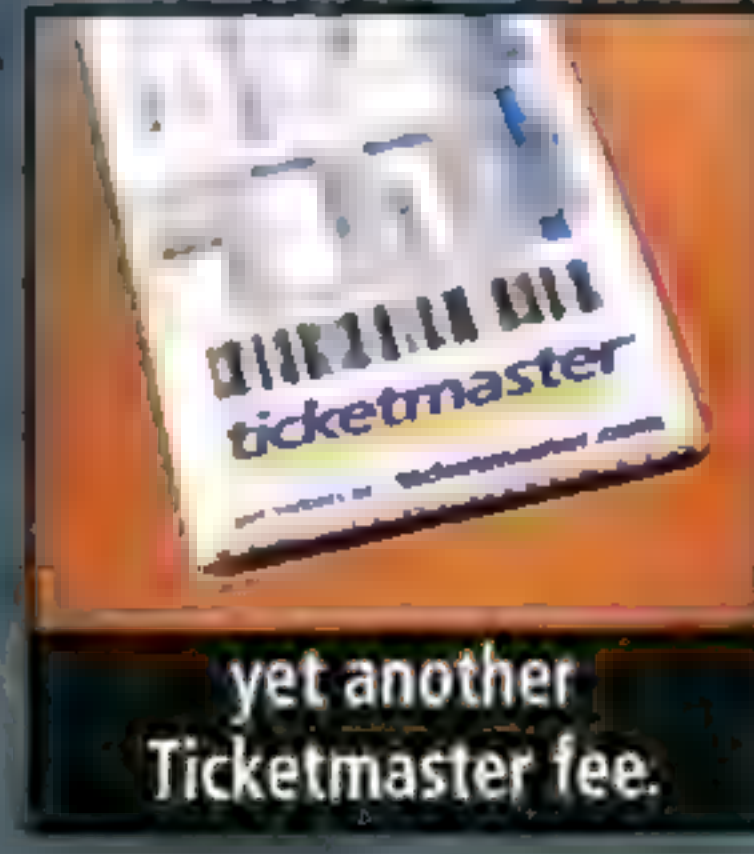
an unusually long line at Trader Joe's.



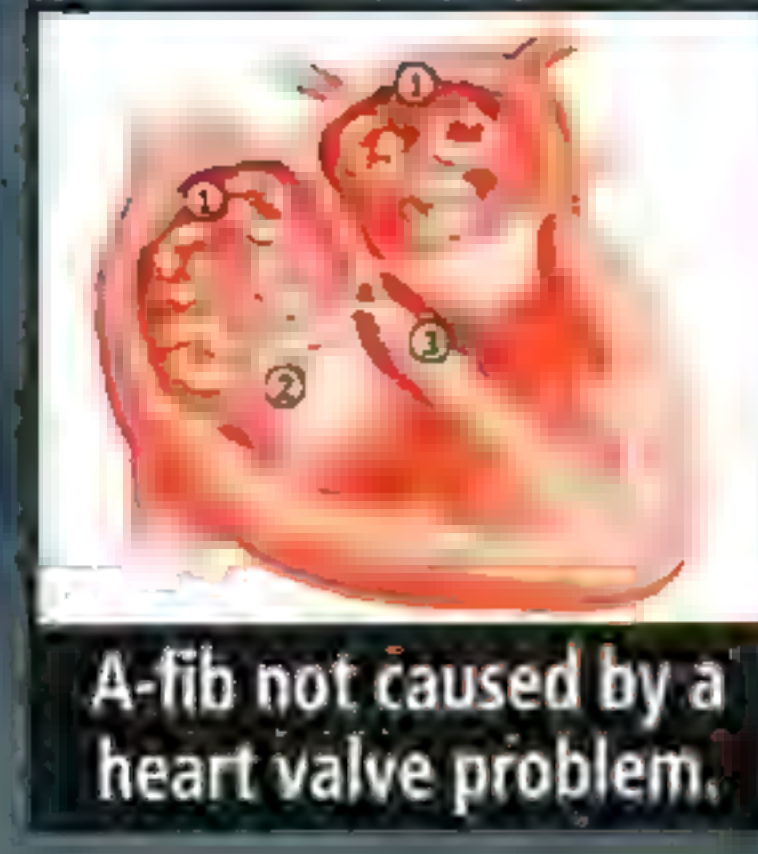
a Trump-Carson administration.



forty-three more *Cosby* accusers coming forward.



yet another Ticketmaster fee.



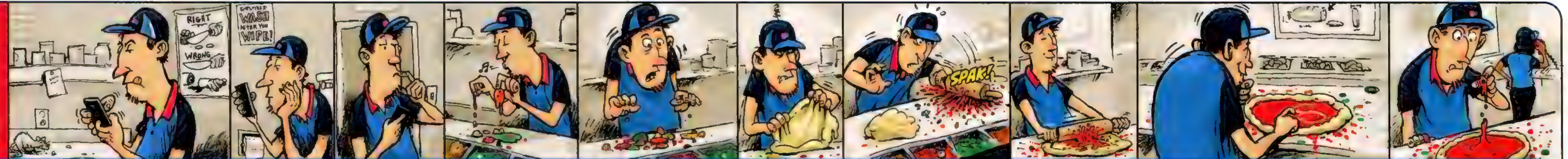
A-fib not caused by a heart valve problem.

The delivery "experts" at Domino's have engineered the Domino's Tracker® app to keep customers up to date on the but like their pizzas, it's half-baked and a bit cheesy. If Domino's wants to be really honest with their customers, they're

status of their order from the moment it's prepared to the second it leaves for delivery. It's a nice idea, going to have to add a lot more details to the long and circuitous road your pizza order takes. Yup, we're serving up...

MAD'S COMPLETELY HONEST DOMINO'S PIZZA TRACKER

YOUR ORDER HAS BEEN PLACED



Dwayne will begin cooking your pepperoni pizza as soon as he finishes playing *Clash of Clans*

Dwayne is using the bathroom

Dwayne forgot to wash his hands

Dwayne is laying out your pizza toppings

Dwayne just realized he forgot to lay the dough out first

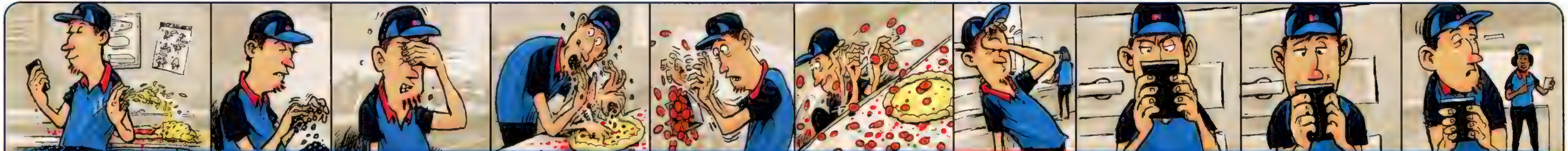
Dwayne is starting over

Dwayne just killed a cockroach with a rolling pin

Dwayne is rolling your dough

Dwayne is giggling uncontrollably while drawing lewd pictures in the tomato sauce with his finger

Dwayne is fishing his class ring out of the tomato sauce



Dwayne is tossing fistfuls of grated cheese in the general direction of your pizza

Dwayne is adding olives to your pizza

Dwayne just remembered you didn't order olives

Dwayne is eating all the olives off your pizza, one by one

Dwayne just spilled pepperoni all over the floor

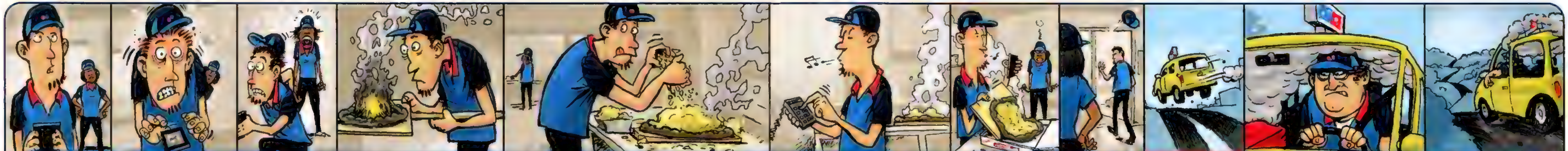
Dwayne is invoking the "five-second rule," so it's cool

YOUR PEPPERONI PIZZA IS BAKING

Dwayne is checking his phone for new job postings on Craigslist

Dwayne has given up on the job thing and is now on Facebook

Dwayne's manager, Jen, is asking Dwayne how your pizza is coming



Dwayne is blanking

Dwayne suddenly remembers your pizza

Jen is shouting

Dwayne has discovered he accidentally burned your pizza

Dwayne thinks he may be able to salvage the charred remains of your burnt pizza by adding an extra layer of cheese to it

Dwayne is charging your credit card for the extra layer of cheese

Dwayne forgot to slice your pizza

Jen just fired Dwayne

YOUR PIZZA IS OUT FOR DELIVERY

Jimmy is delivering your burnt pizza with extra cheese and isn't happy about it

Jimmy is passively-aggressively taking the long way to your house



Jimmy just received an Uber request to pick up a passenger

Jimmy is dropping off his Uber passenger at the airport

Jimmy is livid at his 2-star Uber rating claiming "the car reeked of burnt pizza"

Jimmy needs a drink

Jimmy is leaving the bowling alley

Jimmy just turned around to avoid a DUI checkpoint

Jimmy is pissed off about the lack of street parking in your neighborhood

Jimmy just parked his car in the middle of some dude's yard

Jimmy just "accidentally" dropped your pizza on the sidewalk. Twice.

YOUR PIZZA HAS BEEN DELIVERED...TO THE WRONG ADDRESS

A MAD THREE-FOR-ALL!

ON SALE
NOW



AVAILABLE INDIVIDUALLY OR
IN AN EXCESSIVE THREE-VOLUME SLIPCASE EDITION!



Ho, ho, ho, ho and also, ha! Seizure Flackerman here! We begin with a little history. *The Hunger Games* was a wildly successful book trilogy. Set in a post-apocalyptic world and filled with brave, interesting characters, the three novels seemed destined to become the inspiration for three great movies. But then along came the Hollywood weasels who decided that the last book should be split in half so they could make four films. Why'd they do it, you ask? Take 1.6 billion guesses! *Mockingjay, Part 1* was an inert, plotless, half-assed movie. *Mockingjay, Part 2* continued that shoddy tradition — but, hey, at least it was the final installment! The good news is that we here at MAD, much like the characters in the film, are rising up against such cynical, cash-grubbing tactics and combining the final two crummy movies into one final crummy satire! The odds are clearly not in your favor if you're sitting here reading...

THE HUNGER PAINS: MUCH DELAY

PARTS 1 & 2



All eyes are on me, Katfood Aspercreme! They call me the Girl on Fire, the Face of the Rebellion and the Mockingjay. If you don't like any of those nicknames, just call me "Moan of Arc!" You'd be bummed out, too, if YOUR boyfriend had been seized by President Snarl's goons and was enduring horrendous mental abuse. Don't they know psychologically torturing a man is the girlfriend's job? True, I've got Fail Hotporn's pecs as a viable fallback option. But lately we've been growing apart. Distant. And that's hard to do when we're living in cramped 5-foot by 8-foot underground vaults!

I'm Fail Hotporn and I don't get it! How can Katfood despair over losing a pasty, generic lug like Meatwad Stretchmark when I'm even pastier and *more* generic? We're the first love triangle that's duller than the actual Pythagorean theorem! How lame are we? Despite being on the brink of death for two years straight, there's been no sex, just despondent kissing. Get real! Most teens will have sex if their Netflix buffers for an extra two minutes!

I'm Meatwad, the Capitol's #1 hostage, and I know the unbearable pain of separation. The agonizing pain of heartbreak. Then there's the pain in my rib cage, collarbone and one remaining kidney! President Snarl's goons are thorough! But worst of all is the brainwashing. I HATE Katfood! But I LOVE Katfood! I hate her! I love her! I hate her! I feel like I'm writing a blog about J.J. Abrams! I truly hate the government, though. They promised that winning the Hunger Pains meant our starving families would be fed forever. But they didn't tell us it would be at the Olive Garden! Those barbaric monsters!

I'm Iffy Stinkpit, and I too have suffered. Amid all the violence and confusion, I had to leave my bedazzled purple Afro wig behind! Now what the hellzapoppin' am I supposed to wear that goes with my lime-green ruffled arm muffs? I have an image to uphold!

Brainitch Antipathy here! I fight to the death against my two greatest enemies: President Snarl and sobriety! O Lord, grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change. Like my contract, which obliges me to appear in both of...I mean, all THREE sequels! It all began with a drinking game: I had to chug whenever one of those depressive teen mopes made a glum face. By the third day, I was a raging alcoholic! But if I survive the war, I'm going to take much better care of myself. I'm going to start by eating better. From now on, I'm using TWO olives!

Everybody forgets about me, Weenee. It was my scientific genius that destroyed the Hunger Pains arena and saved Katfood's life. In this movie, I invent the weapons that allow her to shoot down Capitol aircraft bombers. I'm the one who hacks into the Capitol's broadcasts. My skills make the Meatwad rescue mission possible. Mockingjay, my ass! How is this story not about me?! I'm filing a discrimination lawsuit under the Sidekicks with Disabilities Act!

I'm Katfood's little sister, Prune! If Weenee is the unsung hero of this story, I'm the unsung villain. Remember the beginning, when they randomly picked my name for the Hunger Pains tournament? If I had just gone there and died, there'd have been no war and ten thousand people would still be alive. Hope my three minutes of screen time has been worth it! So far, Katfood's been stabbed, burned, bombed, whipped, clubbed, poisoned, deafened and electrocuted. It isn't fair. She gets ALL the attention!

Yes, I had a minor breakdown after my fiancée was captured and tortured, but I'm absolutely all absolutely better absolutely! Not a bit of brain damage, glurpy glibpy glumbo! Also, no brain damage! But the good news is, there's no brain damage!

According to the polls, my presidential approval rating is down to two percent. Which means all I have to do is murder the other 98 percent and I'll be totally popular! There's no reason for my people to fear their sweet, lovable President Snarl. Why, I'm like Santa Claus! We both have white beards. We both exploit slave labor to create marvelous gifts. And with my inescapable surveillance grid, I literally see you when you're sleeping and know when you're awake. Have a holly jolly bloodbath!

During the last Hunger Pains, the Capitol never figured out I was the mole. What, seriously? I look like an ACTUAL mole! Unbeknownst to the public, I constructed the last Hunger Pains arena with a fatal design flaw that wrecked everything! Yup, you guessed it: I also used to program Microsoft Windows! Now I have the key job in the rebellion: sitting around and perfecting my wistful eye-twinkle. My boss is President Owma Groin, the breakaway leader of District 13. An alternate president for people who don't trust the real president? It's the Republican Party's wet dream!

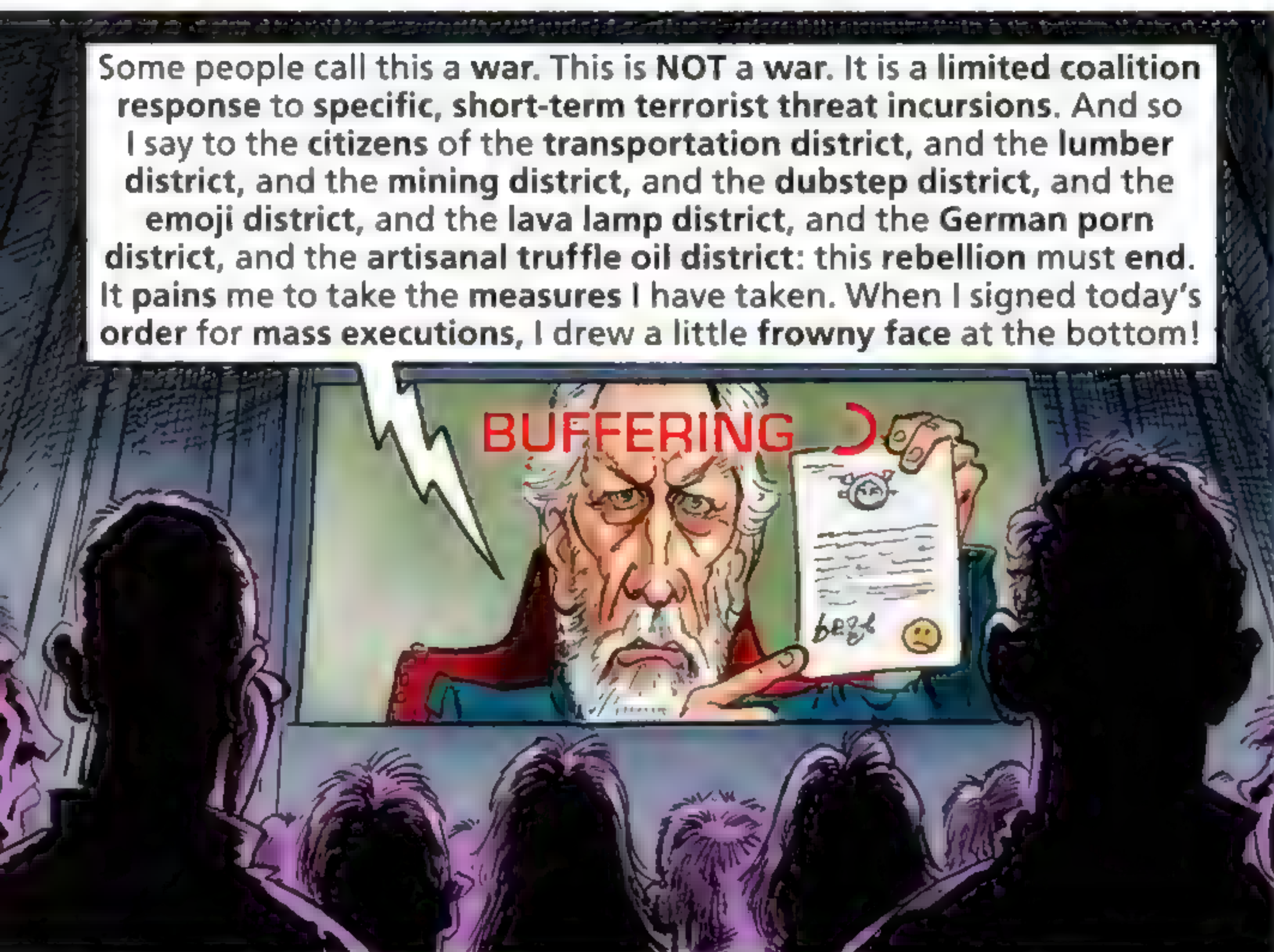
Thank you for that fine introduction, Putrid Heftybag. Please don't let my chilly, severe outer shell fool you. My children made that mistake, so I had them assassinated. It served them right for trusting someone with the same hairstyle as Lucius Malfoy and the girl from *The Ring*! I'm 50 years old and I've spent my entire life in a barren underground bunker. I just wish someone had thought to bring down a second board game. Hi Ho! Cherry-O loses a bit of its strategic zip after the 30,000th time!



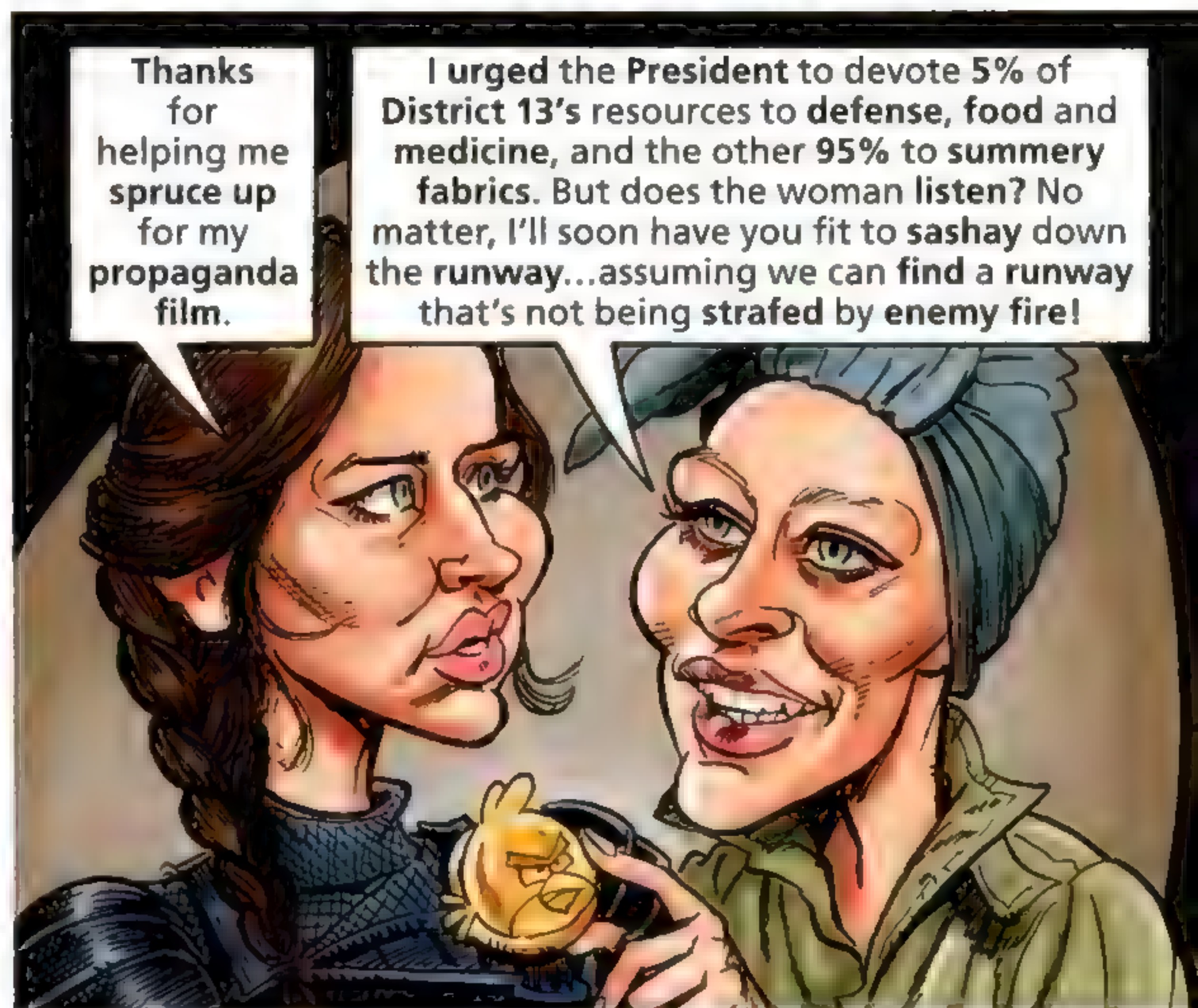


District 12 has been reduced to a smoldering shell of its former self, beyond all salvation. We've renamed it District Cosby!

This was my neighborhood! That smashed house is where the oldest person in town used to live, until the rats got her on her 44th birthday. That's the street where I ate the two-legged dog. Over there is where they used to stack the body parts after every coal mining disaster. So many of my precious childhood memories...gone!

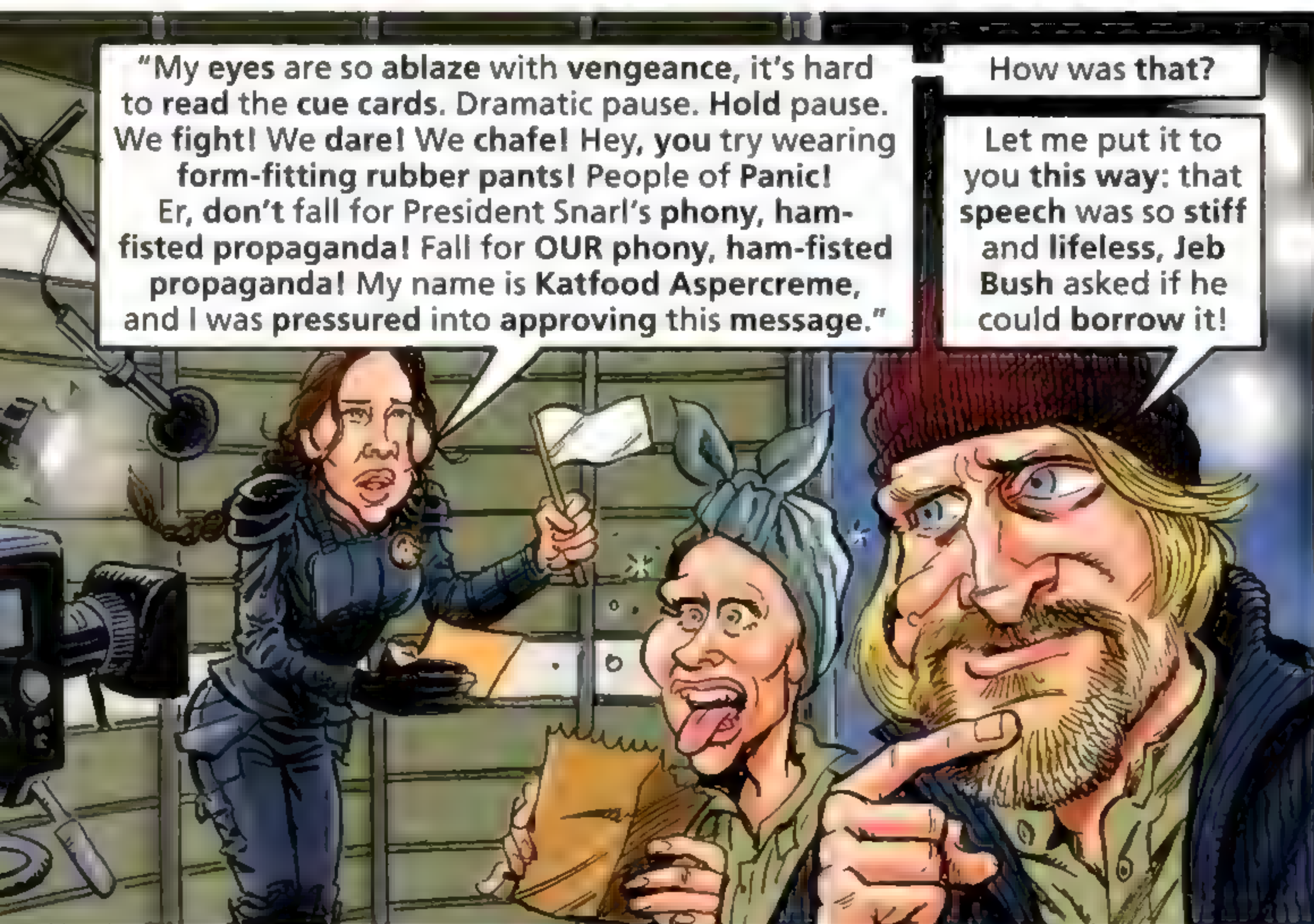


Some people call this a war. This is NOT a war. It is a limited coalition response to specific, short-term terrorist threat incursions. And so I say to the citizens of the transportation district, and the lumber district, and the mining district, and the dubstep district, and the emoji district, and the lava lamp district, and the German porn district, and the artisanal truffle oil district: this rebellion must end. It pains me to take the measures I have taken. When I signed today's order for mass executions, I drew a little frowny face at the bottom!



Thanks for helping me spruce up for my propaganda film.

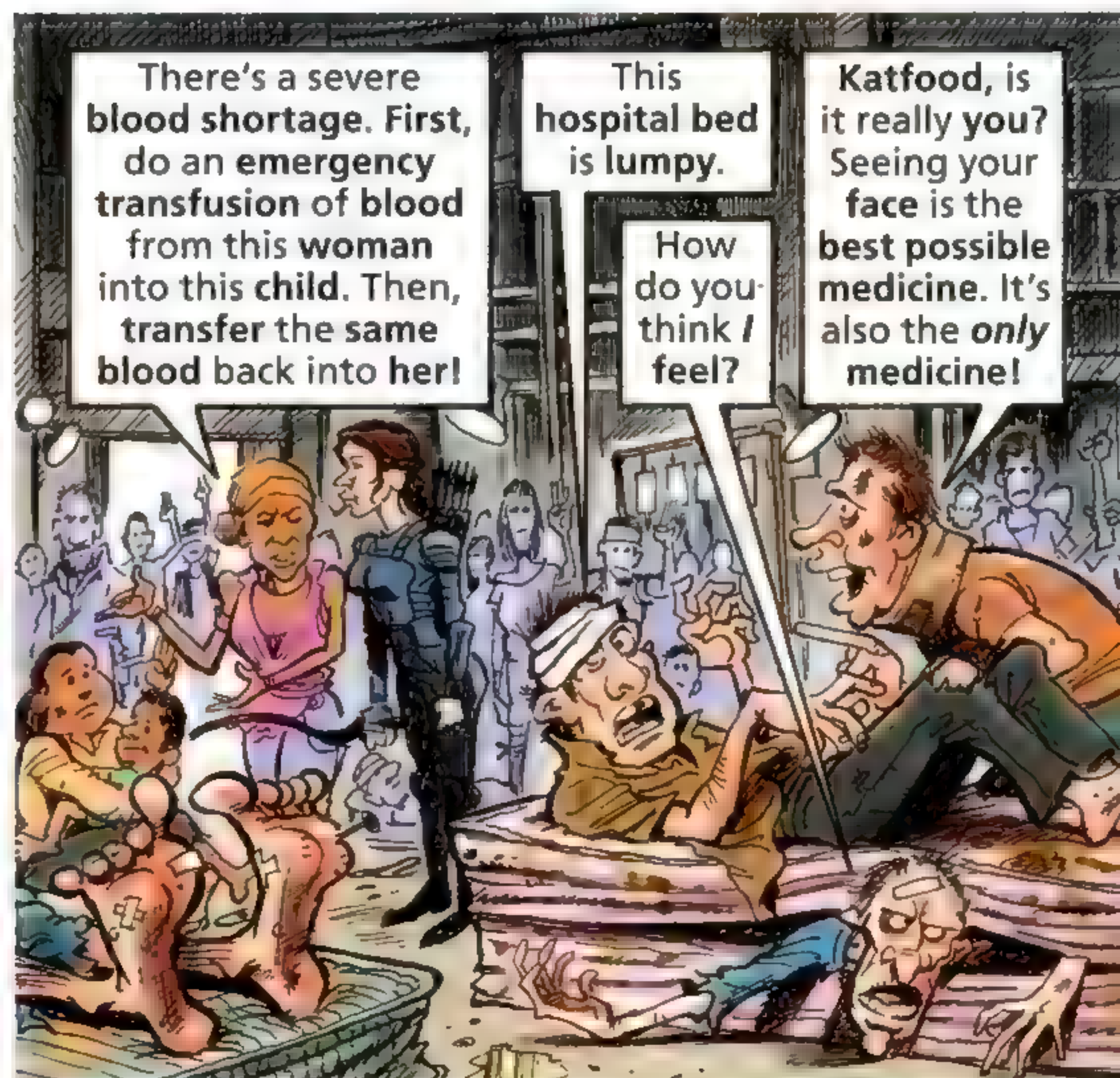
I urged the President to devote 5% of District 13's resources to defense, food and medicine, and the other 95% to summery fabrics. But does the woman listen? No matter, I'll soon have you fit to sashay down the runway...assuming we can find a runway that's not being strafed by enemy fire!



"My eyes are so ablaze with vengeance, it's hard to read the cue cards. Dramatic pause. Hold pause. We fight! We dare! We chafel! Hey, you try wearing form-fitting rubber pants! People of Panic! Er, don't fall for President Snarl's phony, ham-fisted propaganda! Fall for OUR phony, ham-fisted propaganda! My name is Katfood Aspercreme, and I was pressured into approving this message."

How was that?

Let me put it to you this way: that speech was so stiff and lifeless, Jeb Bush asked if he could borrow it!

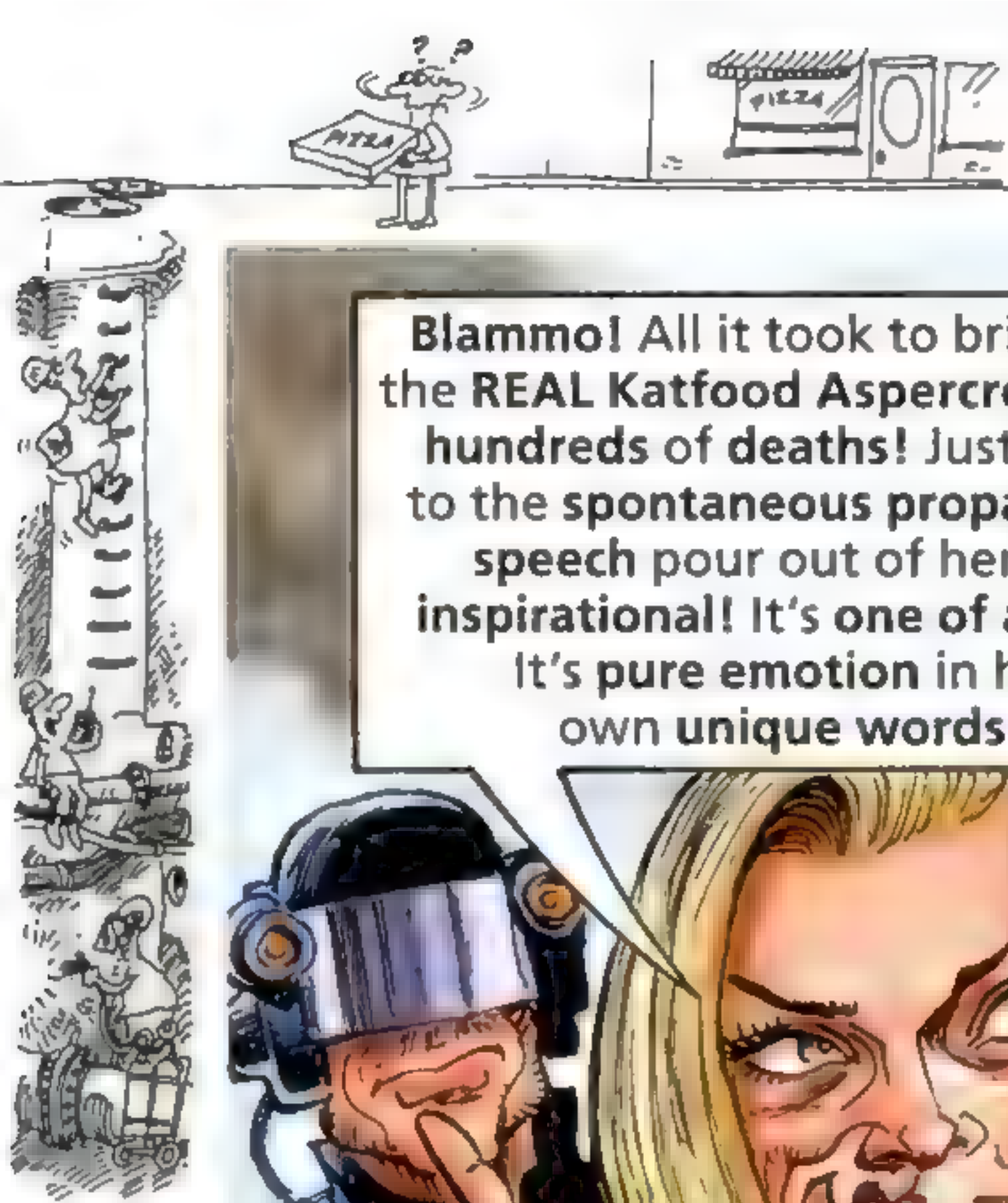


There's a severe blood shortage. First, do an emergency transfusion of blood from this woman into this child. Then, transfer the same blood back into her!

This hospital bed is lumpy.

How do you think I feel?

Katfood, is it really you? Seeing your face is the best possible medicine. It's also the *only* medicine!



Blammo! All it took to bring out the REAL Katfood Aspercreme was hundreds of deaths! Just listen to the spontaneous propaganda speech pour out of her. It's inspirational! It's one of a kind! It's pure emotion in her own unique words!

Clear eyes, full hearts, can't lose! Was it over when the Germans bombed Pearl Harbor? I am sick and tired of these mother#\$%ing snakes on this mother^\$&ing plane! I want you to get up now, go to your windows, open them and shout, "I'm as mad as hell, and I'm not going to take it anymore!" I believe I can fly. I believe I can touch the sky! Wax on, wax off! They may take our lives...but they'll never take...our FREEDOM! And that's the bottom line, 'cause Stone Cold said so!

Well, it's inspirational, anyway!



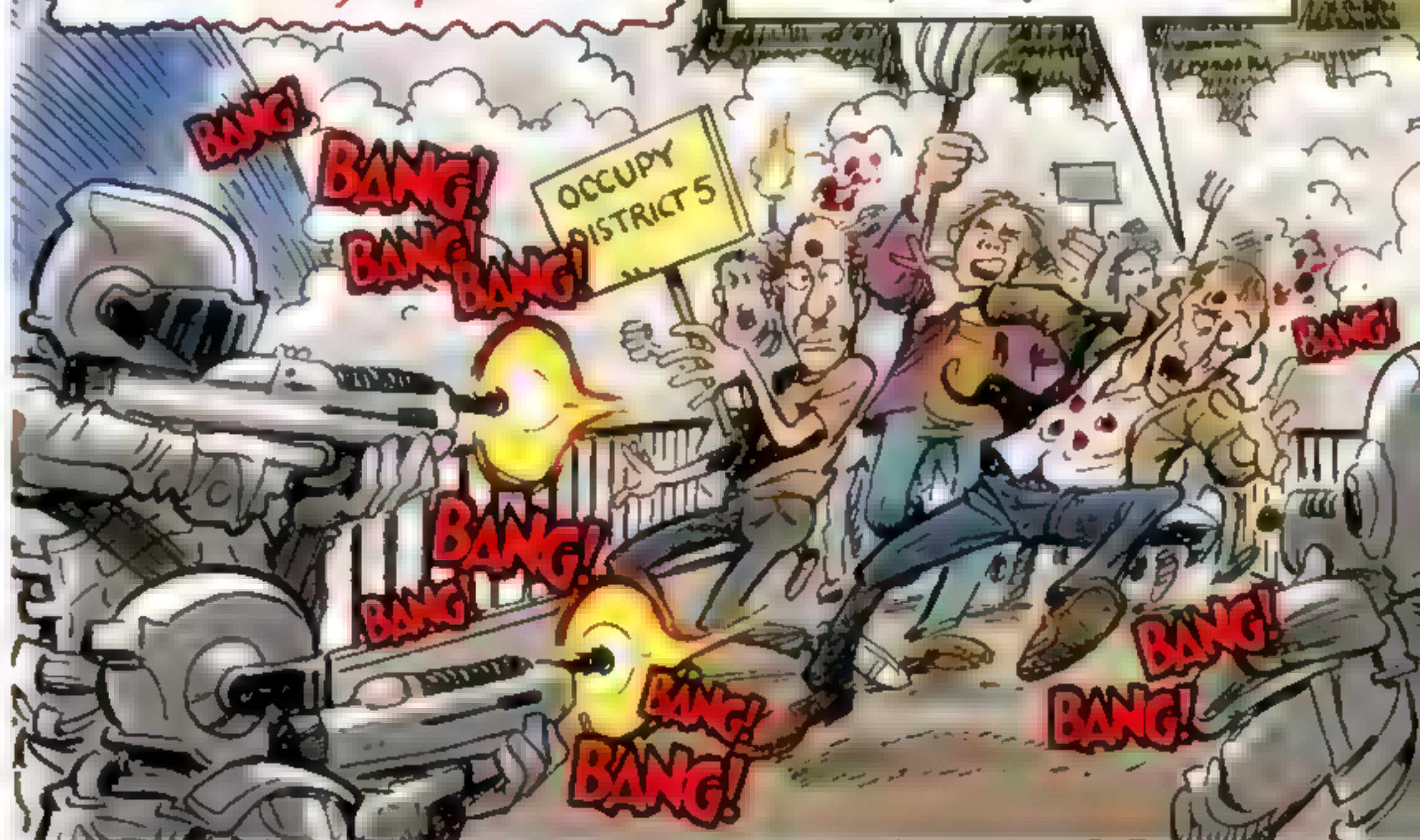
It doesn't seem possible, but the inertia has screeched to a halt. And we've still got another forty minutes to kill before Part Two starts. There's only one kind of slow filler we haven't used yet. And that's a MUSICAL NUMBER!!!

*Are you, are you...
listening to me?
Bad move, chump, as I...
croak these words tunelessly.
I sing worse than the frogs.
At least they stay on key.
Now you know...why I...
was rejected by Glee.*



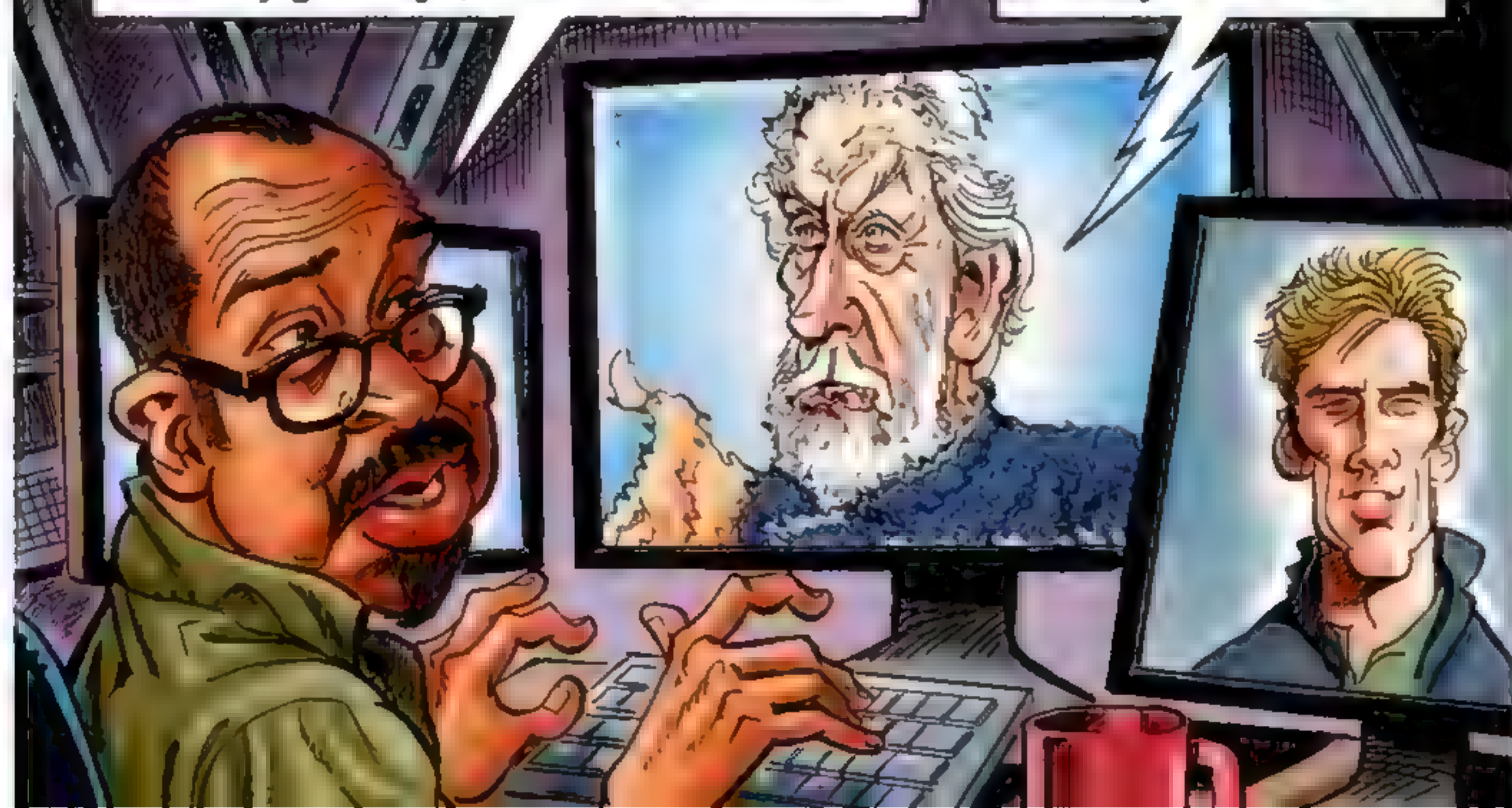
*Adele, Adele...
she's better than me.
You'll just have to bear...
my weak facsimile.
We'll switch on Autotune,
if I can't hit low G
I'll still get a cut...
of every mp3!*

Ever since Katfood's droning death song has been playing everywhere, volunteerism is up 50 percent. And volunteering for suicide missions is up 800 percent!



Our plan is foolproof! I'm cutting into the Capitol's TV feed. Everyone will see Fishstick talking instead of the President. While they try to unscramble the signal, our men will rescue Meatwad! Say goodbye, President Snarl!

Hey! I'm broadcastin' here! Don't cut my mic off, as if I'm the winner of the "Best Documentary Short Subject" Oscar!



Oh, trachea! Sweet trachea! How I've longed to hold you in my fists!

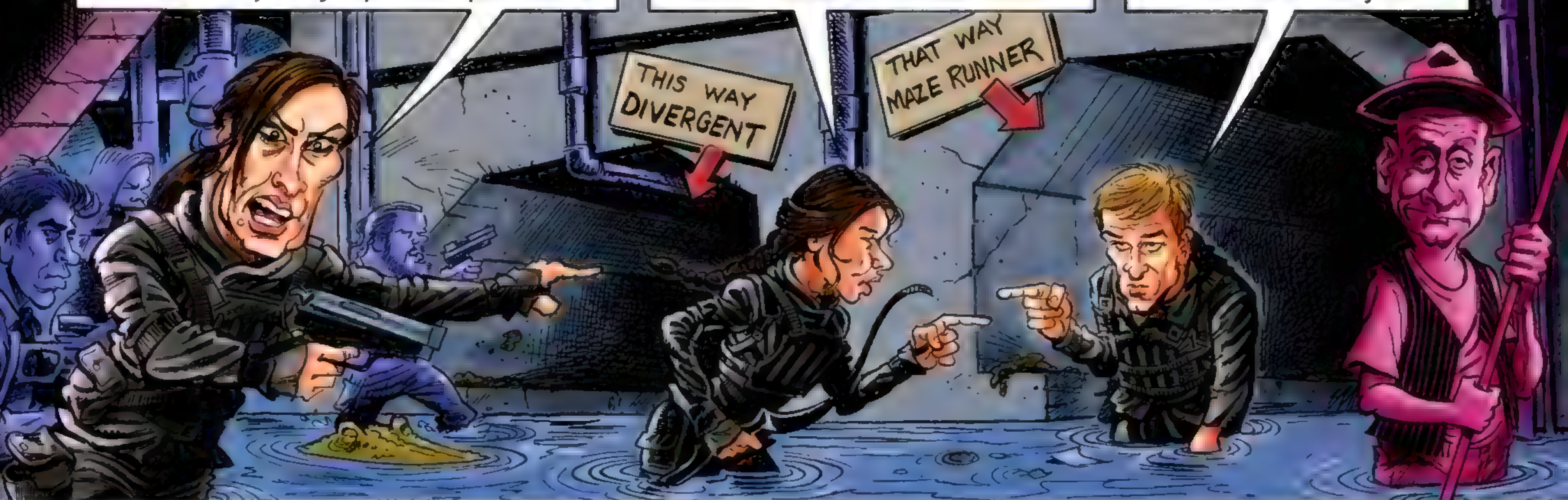
Somebody stop that man! But not right away! This is the first interesting emotion anyone has shown in two hours!



Into the sewers! We'll be safer underground, without all the distractions of visibility or escape routes! If nothing else, the smell will blot out the fouler stench of your dystopian teen pheromones!

I know the real you, Meatwad. Your favorite color is orange. You're a baker. You once gave us some bread, with those delicious raisins that walked around!

And I know the real you! The second I saw those leaked nude photos of you, I told everyone that was the real you!



God, no! I've never seen anything this violently ravenous, other than the time a chorizo truck broke down right across the street from the set of *Mike & Molly*!

Aarrgh! Eeegaaa! Goodbye, Katfood! I'm starting to find small strategic flaws in your "we'll just go thataway and wing it" plan to assassinate President Snarf!

Snarf! Yum, yum! This is the first decent meal I've had down in these sewers since we ate those ninja turtles!

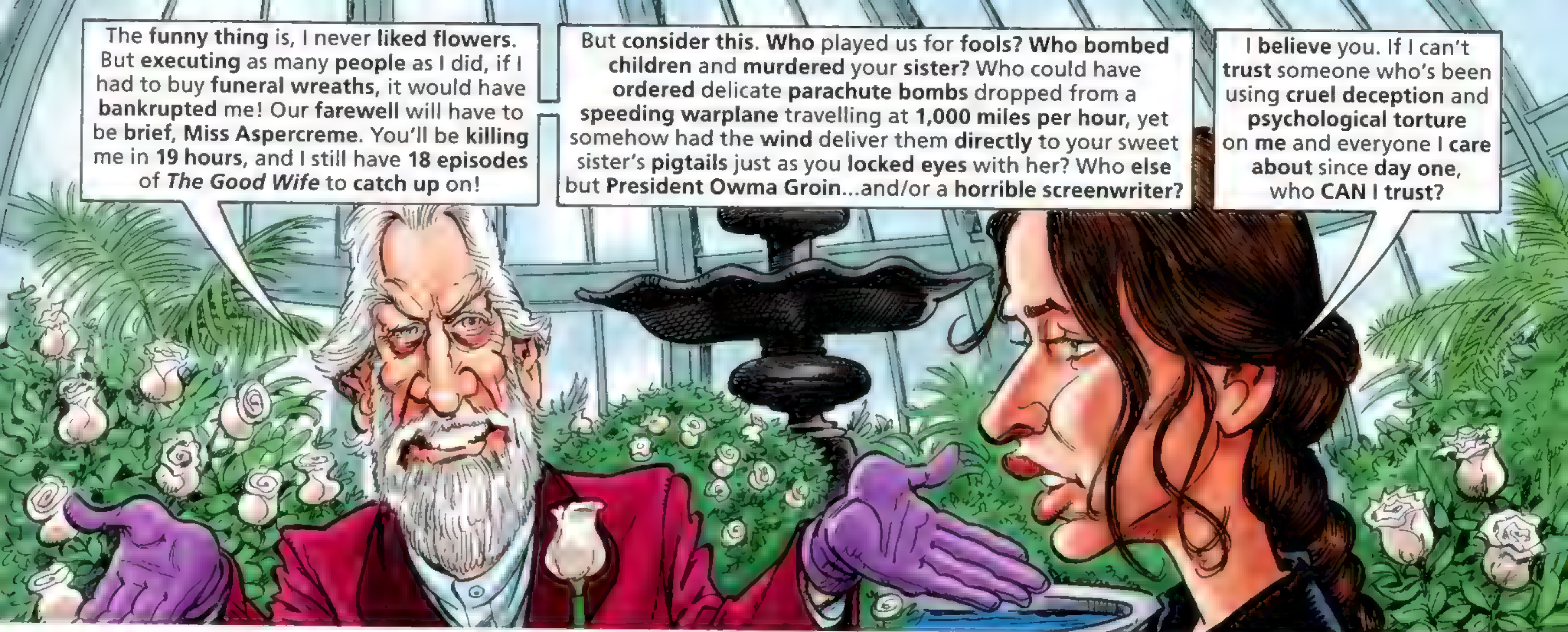


YAYYYY!!! Free sky balloons! Food! Toys! Blankets!



Sucking chest wounds! Skin grafts! Artificial limbs!

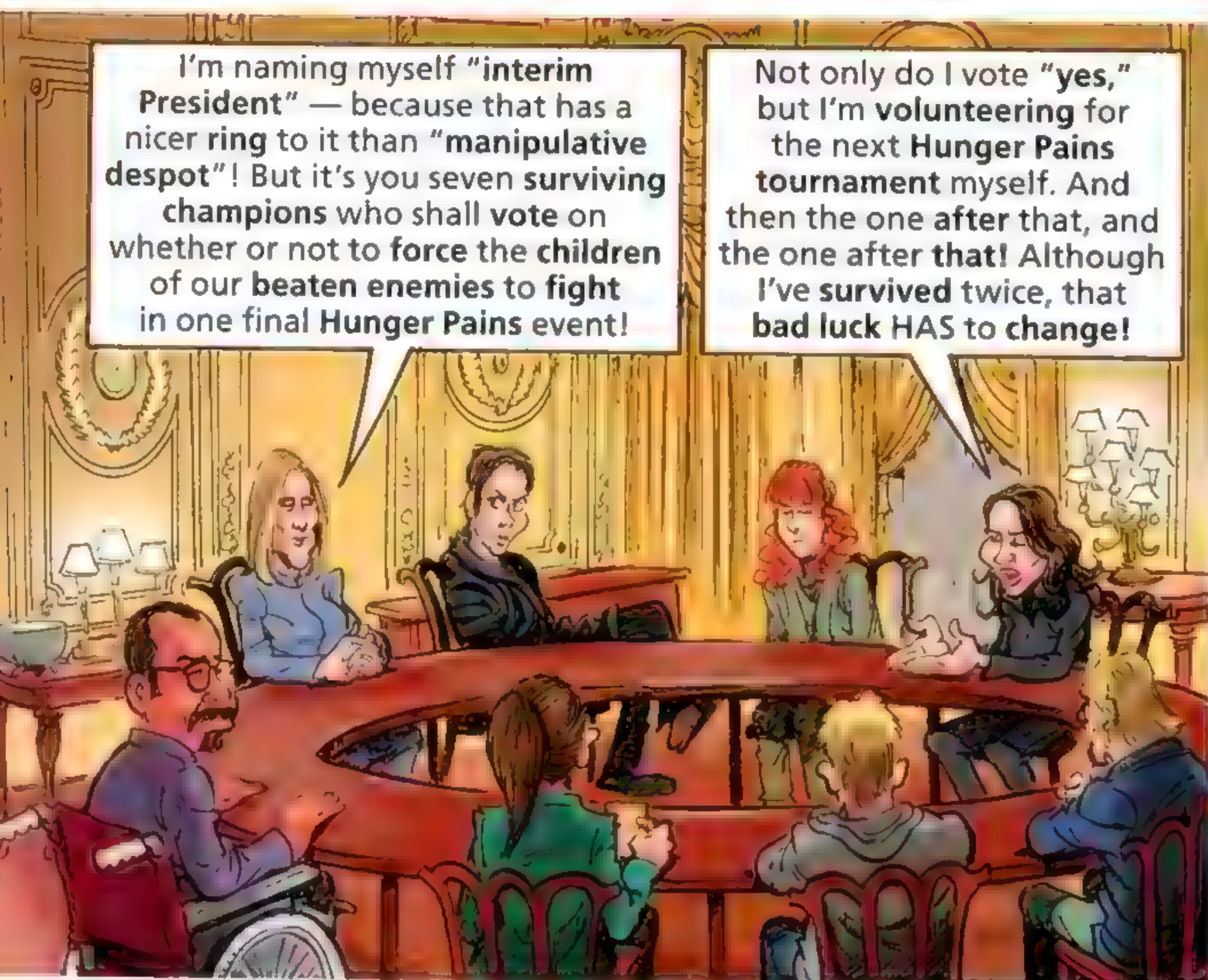




The funny thing is, I never liked flowers. But executing as many people as I did, if I had to buy funeral wreaths, it would have bankrupted me! Our farewell will have to be brief, Miss Aspercreme. You'll be killing me in 19 hours, and I still have 18 episodes of *The Good Wife* to catch up on!

But consider this. Who played us for fools? Who bombed children and murdered your sister? Who could have ordered delicate parachute bombs dropped from a speeding warplane travelling at 1,000 miles per hour, yet somehow had the wind deliver them directly to your sweet sister's pigtails just as you locked eyes with her? Who else but President Owma Groin...and/or a horrible screenwriter?

I believe you. If I can't trust someone who's been using cruel deception and psychological torture on me and everyone I care about since day one, who CAN I trust?



I'm naming myself "interim President" — because that has a nicer ring to it than "manipulative despot"! But it's you seven surviving champions who shall vote on whether or not to force the children of our beaten enemies to fight in one final Hunger Pains event!

Not only do I vote "yes," but I'm volunteering for the next Hunger Pains tournament myself. And then the one after that, and the one after that! Although I've survived twice, that bad luck HAS to change!



My message is that we must stop this plotting, intrigue and bloodshed. My message is that violence is useless, that killing solves nothing. My message is...eat arrow!

I am not a crooo-ooooo-ook!

If only real elections worked like this!

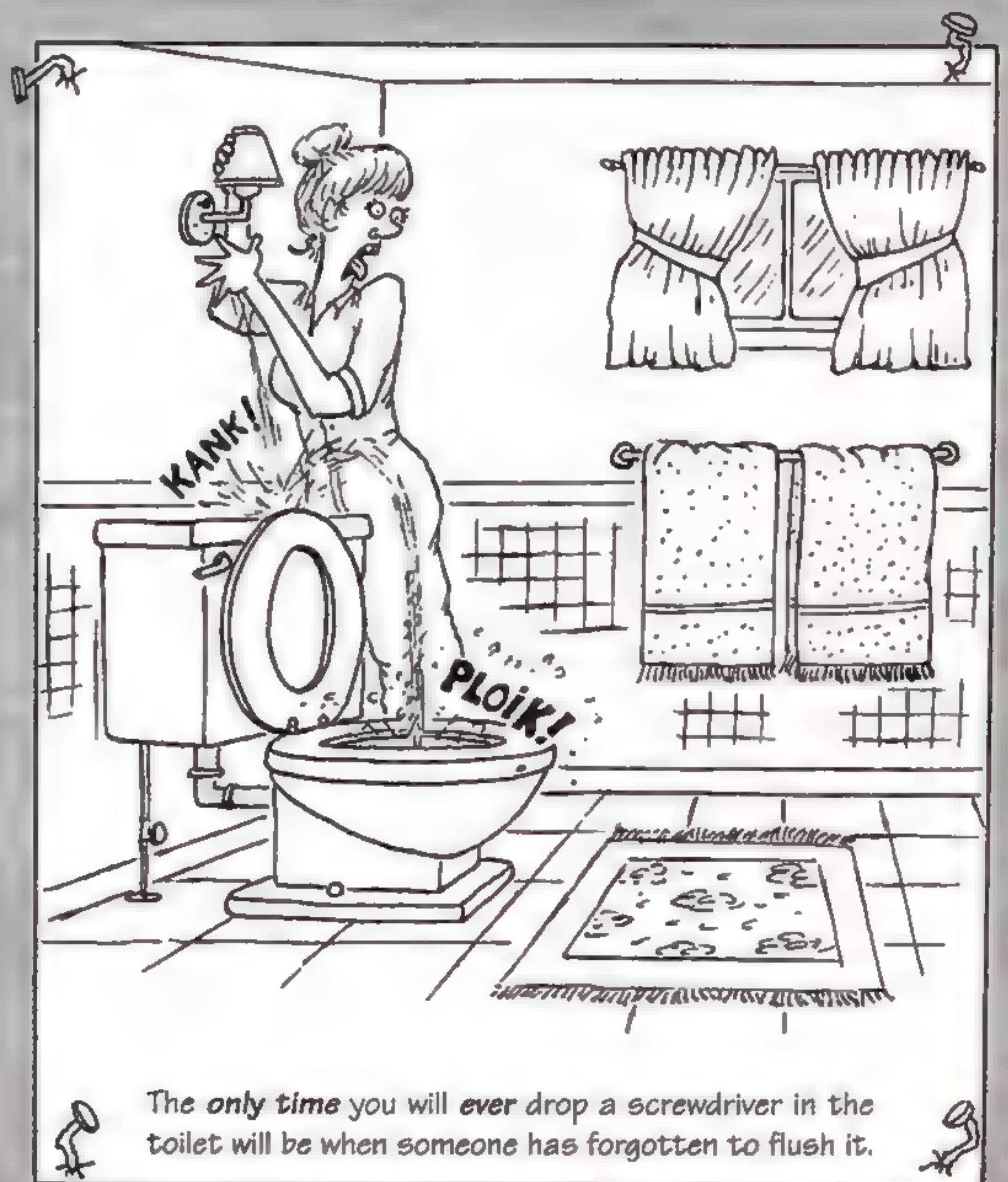
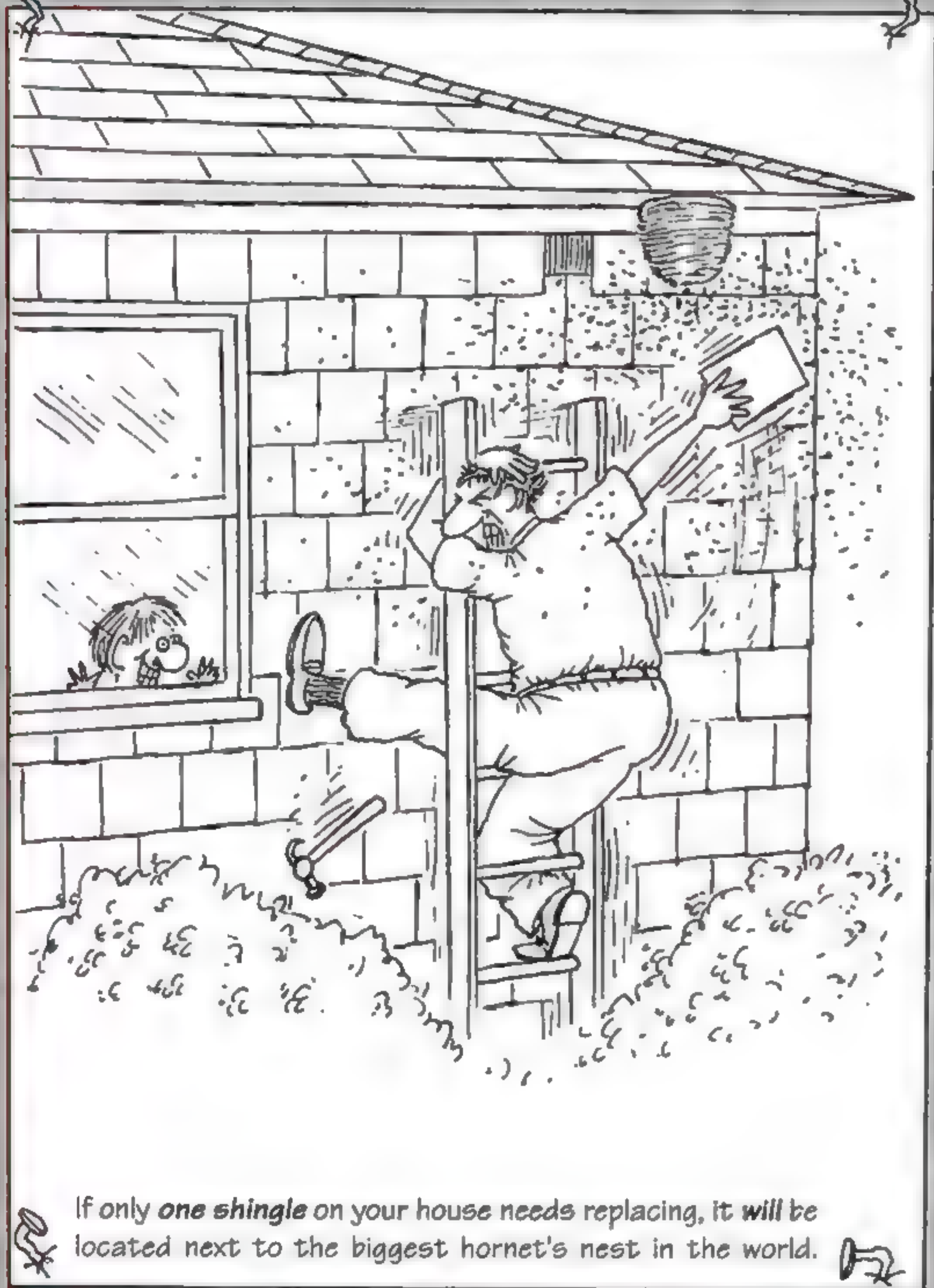


Well, it's fifteen years later, and we're a happy family with two healthy children. Best of all, Katfood has finally gotten over the emotional trauma of her past.

*Rockabye, baby, on the treetop.
I could hack off your arms with one chop.
Don't expect mercy, just 'cause you're small.
Listen to mommy — murder them all!*

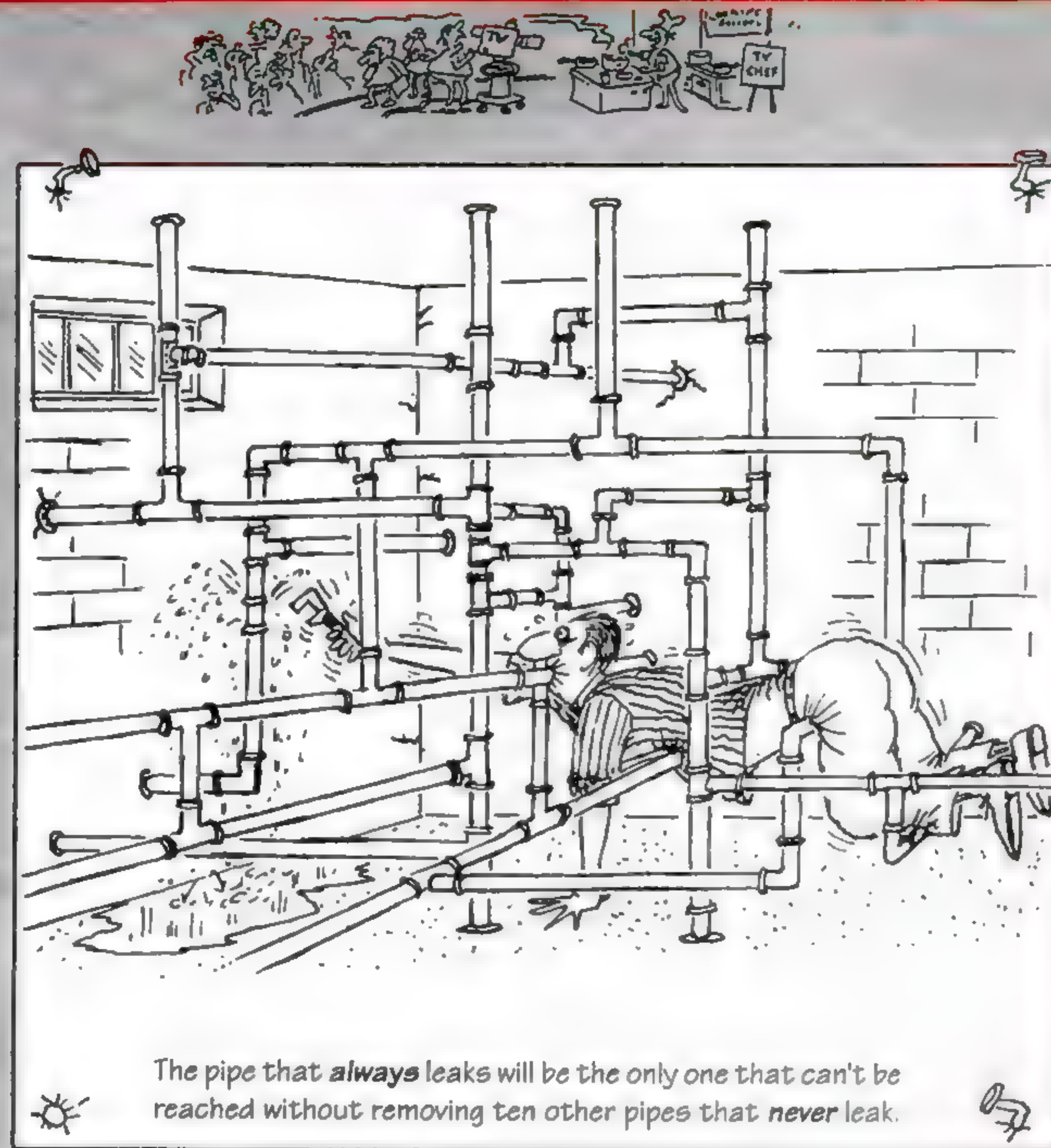
DOMICIDAL MANIACS DEPT.

HI THERE, DO-IT YOURSELVERS! I'M HAP THE HANDYMAN HERE WITH SOME ADVICE FOR ALL YOU HOME CRAFTSMEN. BEFORE YOU TACKLE ANY PROJECT AROUND YOUR HOUSE, PUT DOWN YOUR BALL-PEEN HAMMER, AND MEMORIZE THESE **TEN CONCRETE LAWS OF HOME REPAIR!**

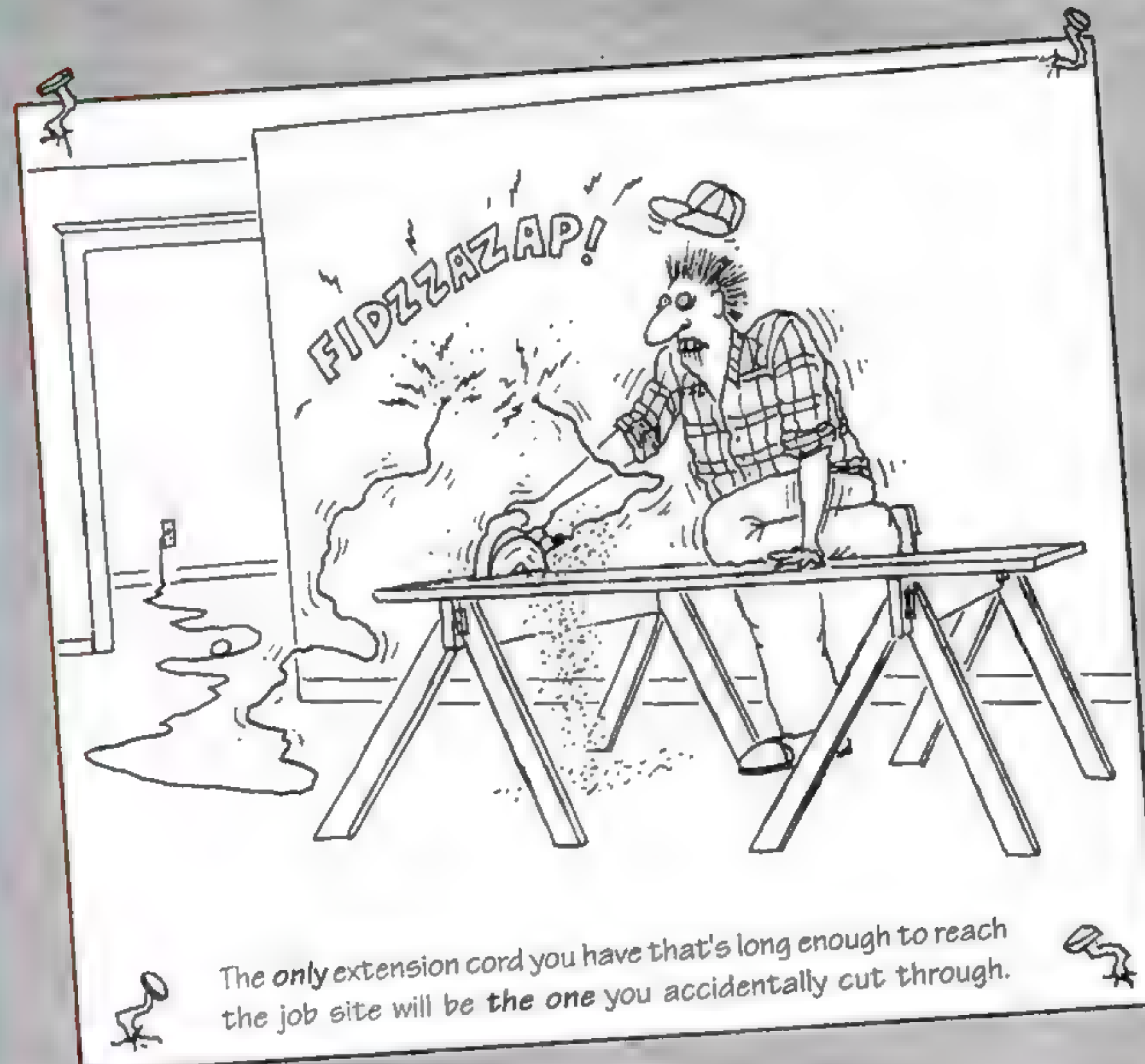




Products labeled, "Use only in well ventilated areas," will be needed **only** in rooms that **don't** have windows.



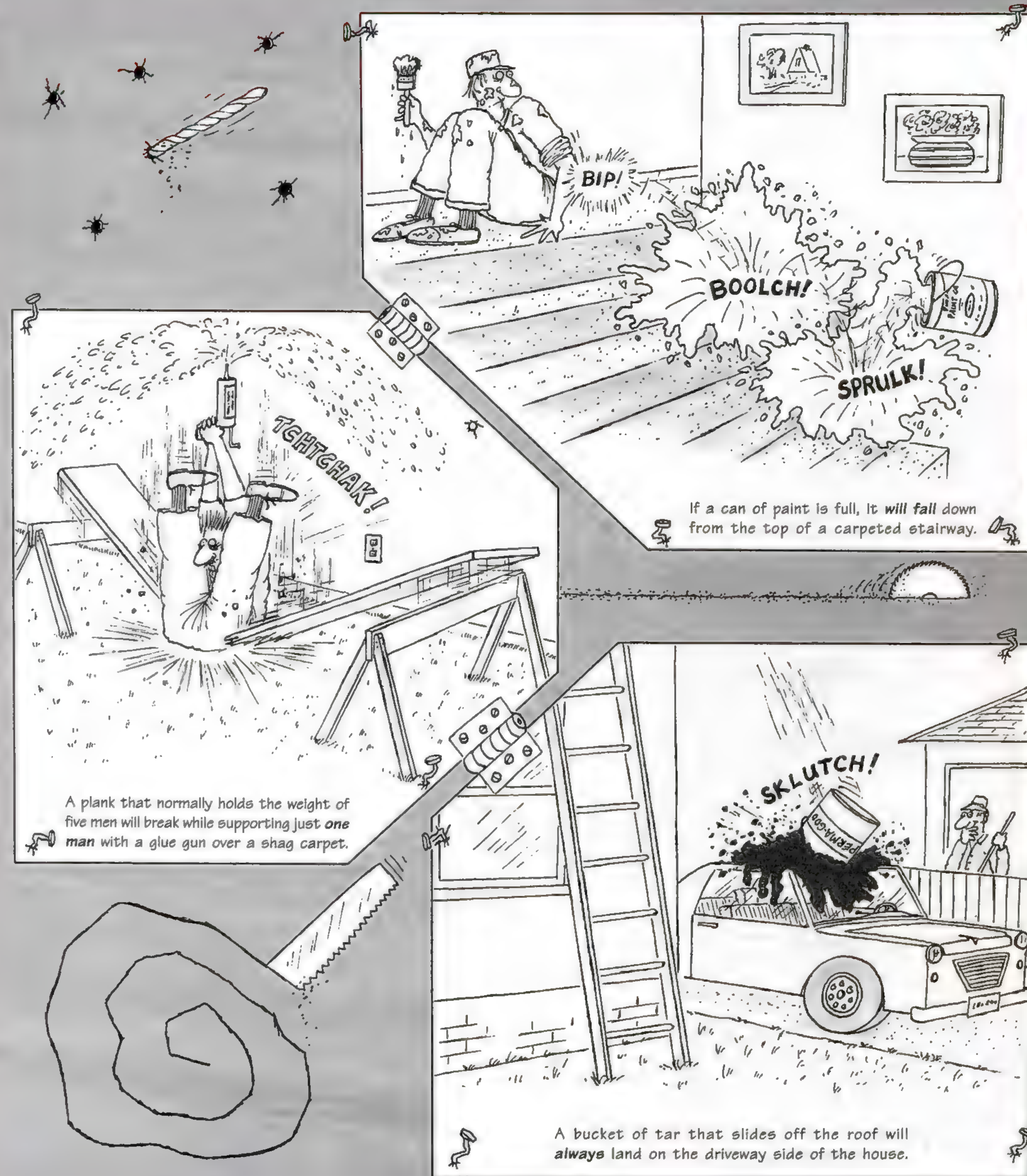
The pipe that **always** leaks will be the only one that can't be reached without removing ten other pipes that **never** leak.



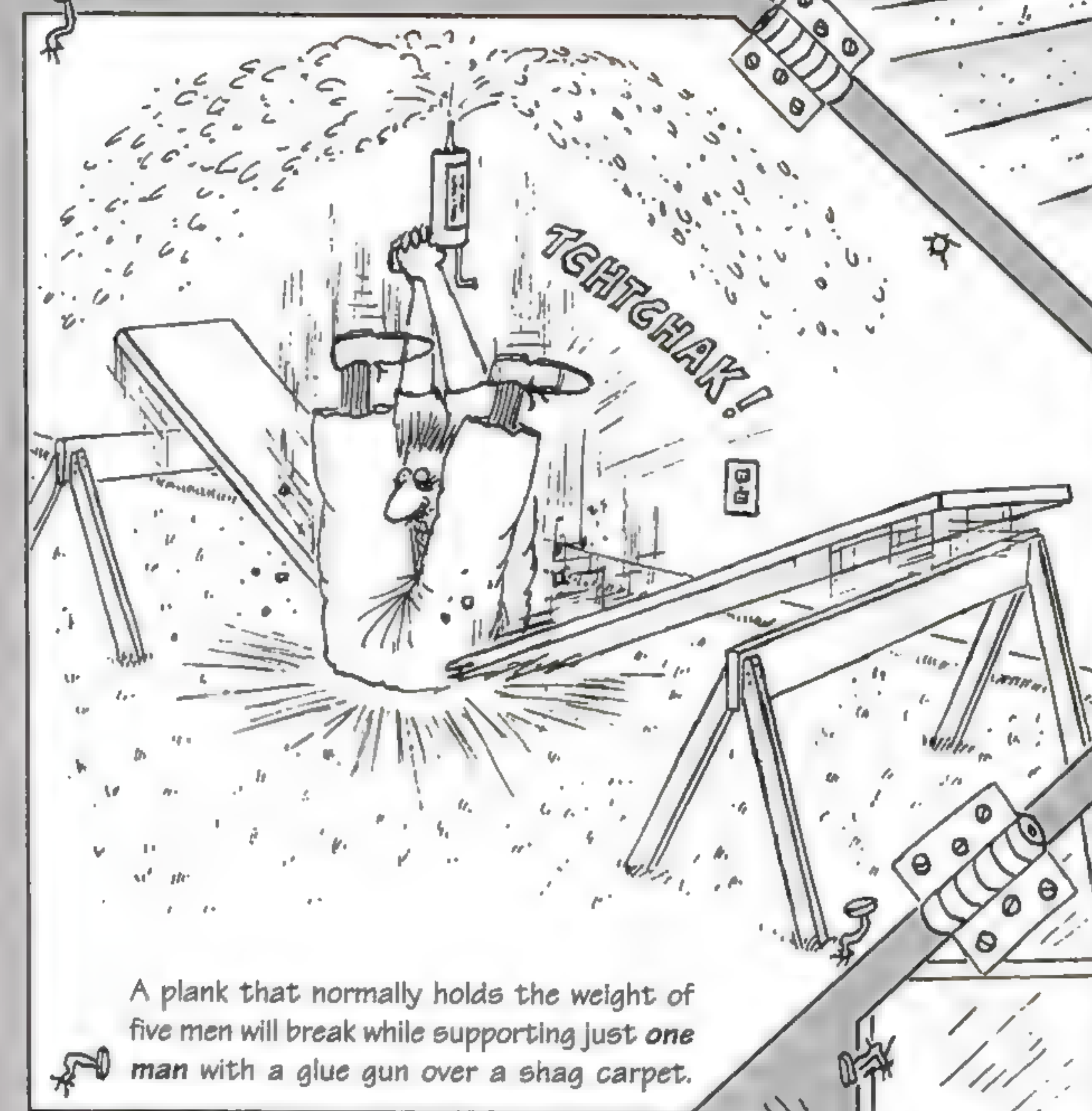
The **only** extension cord you have that's long enough to reach the job site will be **the one** you accidentally cut through.



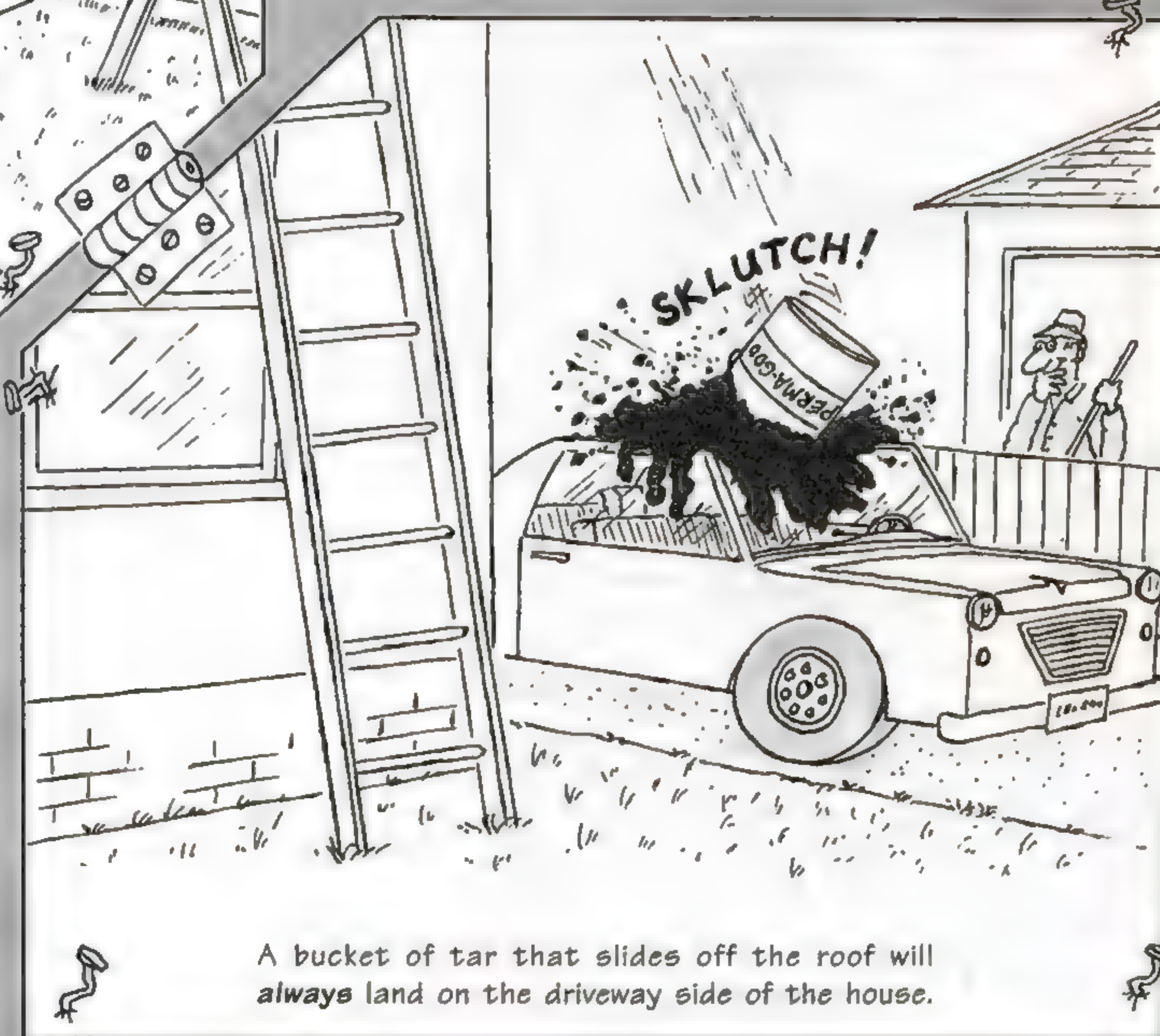
No matter **where** you choose to drill a hole in the wall, it **will** be where pipes are hidden behind the plaster.



If a can of paint is full, it **will** fall down from the top of a carpeted stairway.



A plank that normally holds the weight of five men will break while supporting just **one** man with a glue gun over a shag carpet.

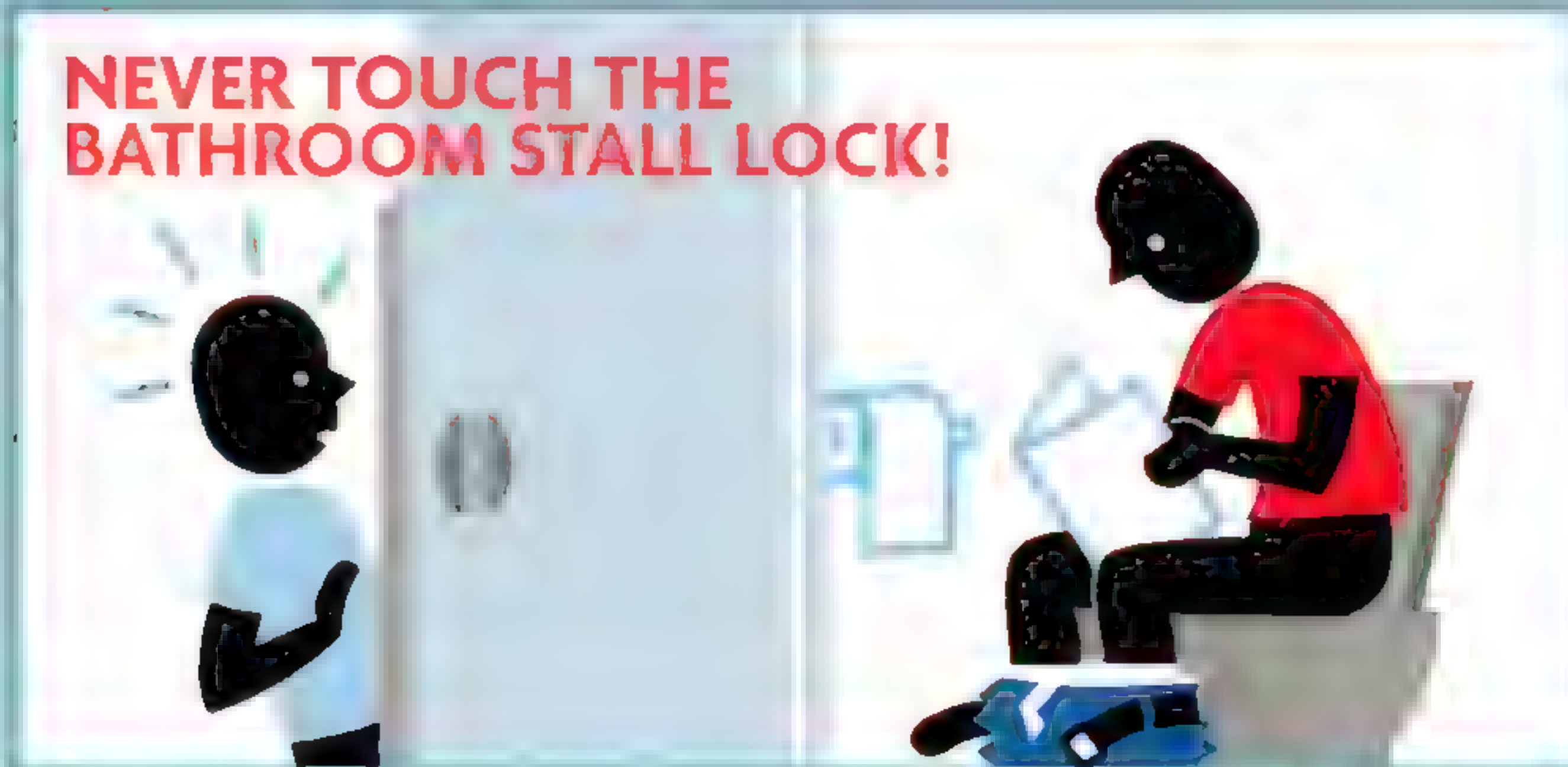


A bucket of tar that slides off the roof will **always** land on the driveway side of the house.

HOW TO AVOID THE FILTHIEST PARTS OF AIRPORTS AND AIRPLANES

AT THE AIRPORT

**NEVER TOUCH THE
BATHROOM STALL LOCK!**



Just leave the door wide open so you don't have to touch the latch.

**DO NOT TOUCH
THE DRINKING
FOUNTAIN
BUTTON!**



Watch for someone using the water fountain. Quickly tap them from behind! As they turn to look, take a quick drink before they let go of the button.

ON THE AIRPLANE

**DO NOT TOUCH THE
OVERHEAD AIR VENT
CONTROL!**



Instead, just "crack open" your window a touch. At 500 mph, 1/4" should be plenty.

**THE LAVATORY FLUSH
BUTTON IS FILTHY!**



Simply poop and scoot — DON'T flush! (Your fellow passengers will understand.)

**DON'T TOUCH THE SNACK
TRAY HANDLE!**



A snack tray is teeming with germs and bacteria — even more if you ordered the in-flight meal! Always use your handkerchief as a placemat.

**THE SEAT BELT
BUCKLE IS LADEN
WITH GERMS!**



Don't buckle up! It's just not worth the risk!

WHAT'S THE GREATEST APRIL FOOL'S JOKE EVER?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS **MAD FOLD-IN**

Every April 1st, there's a slew of pranks, jokes and tricks — and most of them are completely forgettable. It's difficult to identify the best prank of them all, but we've figured it out, simply by taking the matter into our own hands. The answer is right under your nose. Take a page from our book, and you'll be able to see for yourself!



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A

FOLD PAGE OVER LEFT

B

FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"



A FUNNY APRIL FOOL'S JOKE IS A PLEASURE TO BEHOLD
IN THAT IT TICKLES OUR FUNNY BONE. EVEN THE VICTIM DOESN'T
WORRY BECAUSE IT'S A BREAK FROM THE WORK WEEK.
APROPOS OF ALL THIS, IS A DESIRE TO UTTERLY DERAIL
FORMALITIES AND PRETENSIONS. THIS IS REALLY COOL!

A

WRITER AND ARTIST: AL JAFFEE

B

WHAT'S THE GREATEST APRIL FOOL'S JOKE EVER?



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

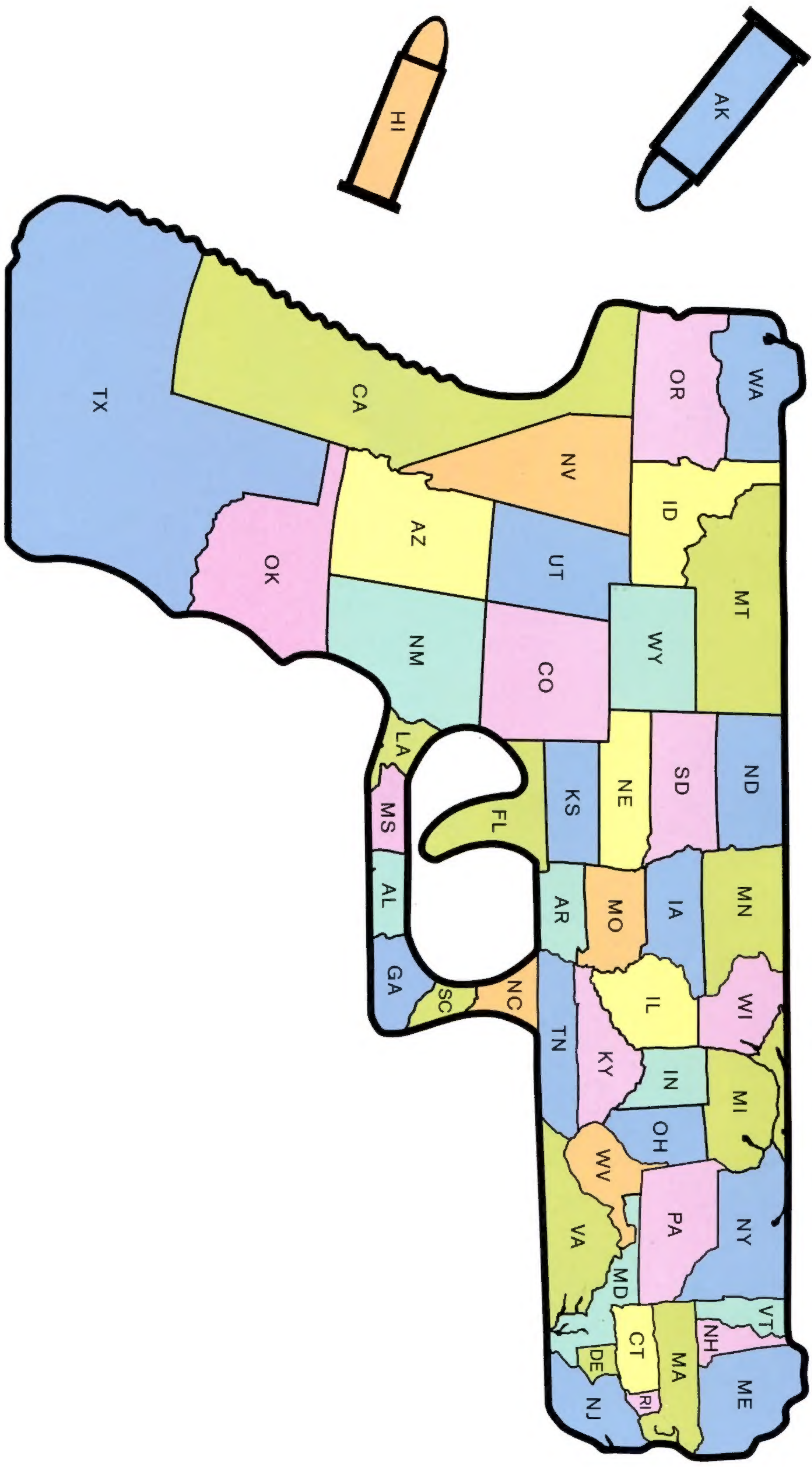
A **B** FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"



A FOLD
IN THAT DOESN'T
WORK.
APRIL
FOOL!

A **B**

MAD REDESIGNS THE U.S. MAP



GREEN MAN

Green

Man

Group

